

from the inside the most complete and searching knowledge of the condition of the people, would make good.

She did not discern him for quite a while, nor did she greatly care.

It was nearly five o'clock and in a full house when Bygrave rose to his feet. A good many looked at him with interest, for he had made a bold, brave fight at East Breen, and a fair fight, moreover, which had won the respect of all and had secured for him the friendship of his opponent, a man of middle age, representing one of the biggest vested interests in the kingdom.

Estelle was conscious of a thrill of pride when she saw the slender, virile figure of Dick slowly take the floor. He held a small slip of paper in his right hand and prepared to speak.

When he spoke, his clear, pleasant voice, capable of great modulation and amazing in its range, easily commanded attention.

Eliza Inman, in a fidget of excitement, simply dying to keep up a running fire of comment, was presently arrested by the expression of Estelle's face.

"Well, I never!" she said under her breath. "So it's him! Well, I never did!"

Her discovery was sufficient to keep her quiet for the hour during which Bygrave held the House. Her intelligence was hardly capable of following, or, at least, of grasping the substance of Bygrave's impassioned speech. But Estelle did not lose a word. Her bosom heaved, her eyes glowed, and it is certain that, had Bygrave looked up and been able to see her face through the envious Grille, there could not have been a single doubt in his mind. It was his mate who listened to him up there behind the bars—the woman given to him by God.

When he sat down Estelle rose quietly and said to Eliza Inman that she would have to go.