

minded what people said. Now, in his altered circumstances, he felt that his public life was public property. Surely that was enough.

"Everybody will discuss us," continued Lady Mary Hunt; "from my aunt of Birmingham down to—down to the buyers of the penny society papers. I wonder what sort of people those are? I should like to meet one; just as the Princess Pobolski, who had known hundreds of English abroad, said she hoped, when she came to London, she should meet a Home Ruler.

"I don't quite see the connection," said Anthony carelessly.

"My dear Anthony, I am not algebra. If you expect me to talk like a—what do you call it?—a theorem, you will be immensely disappointed. If there is anything Euclidian in my conversation, it must be the reduction to the absurd."

She went on talking for the sake of talking, distressed by his white face, the set look