

tion or consciousness of self, never failed to put all who talked with her at their ease.

"How do you do, Eugene?" she said, smiling happily. "We had 'The Deep Channel' sent to us at Cannes, and there was such a regular fight for it. I believe everybody down to Lulu read it, and certainly everybody felt the better for it. So glad, Eugene—so very, very glad."

"Thank you," said Eugene, and his voice was a trifle unsteady.

John turned his head and looked away. He would have walked away, only, as he supposed that the errand of Woods was identical with his own, he reflected that they had better enter the Strangers' Gallery together.

"Why, there is Eliza Inman now!" cried Estelle joyously. "It is quite a gathering of the clans. Oh, do go and fish her out, John, and get her safely across, or something will happen as sure as fate! Eliza doesn't see very well, and she is as rash as any nipper."

John departed obediently to pilot the tall, angular figure in deep mourning, worn for Mrs. Dyner, who had left the house in St. John's Wood and a small annuity to Eliza, her secretary and companion, that being her last act of loving kindness and mercy performed towards the needy.

Eugene Woods stood by Estelle, and his face wore a strange expression which slightly embarrassed her.

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Estelle—not for over six months. But you don't change. You are one of the women who will never change."

Estelle laughed.

"I shall only grow older like everybody else. But don't say that, Eugene. If we don't change we stagnate, and these are rapid days."

There had been a new and extravagant exhibition of the tactics of the militant suffragettes in the neighbour-