

showed me how good it is to be good and how nice it is to be nice, I really have behaved pretty well upon the whole."

Mark took her into his arms.

"My own little child, how I adore you!"

"Little child indeed—when I'm getting into the shadier shadows of the thirties!"

"I don't care for that, my sweet; you'll always be young to me—always the girl who looked at me through the hammock, and stole my heart away."

"The same sauce which is used for the goose is the proper condiment to serve with the gander," Eileen replied, "so you'll always be my young lover to me. They can make you a Prime Minister as often as they like, or even Archbishop of Canterbury if it pleases them, as far as I am concerned; but to me you'll never be anything but a fairy-prince—the best, nicest, dearest, cleverest fairy-prince in all fairyland. But oh, my love," and here the laughter died out of her eyes and her voice broke, "how splendidly you have done, and how proud I am of you!"

Mark stroked her hair tenderly, but he did not speak.

"I always knew you'd win success in the end," Eileen went on, "because you are so good. You are a good man, Mark!"

"I have tried to be," replied Mark simply.

"You have done more than try, my beloved; you have succeeded."

"All the same," said Mark, with his old whimsical smile, "I don't think that the secret of my success lay in my own goodness, but in my belief in the goodness of the English people."

"But, dearest, you have always tried to do what was right in the abstract, rather than what was advantageous to yourself or acceptable to the country at large?"