

"Wait for a minute!" she said sharply—"wait for a minute!" And turning, she hurried back to where Daisy Estcoit was still sitting.

"Daisy," she said, "tell Pierce that I have gone out with Walter, and that I'll be back in half an hour. Tell him that it's something most—most important." She spoke hastily; and, without waiting to see the effect of her words, turned again, and threaded her way between the groups of people back to where Gore was standing.

"Call a cab, Walter!" she said. "We *must* talk."

"But, Nance——"

"A hansom, please!"

She turned without embarrassment to one of the attendants.

"But Nance——"

"You cannot refuse me, Walter. Clo is everything in the world to me."

The jingle of harness sounded, as the hansom drew up; and, walking deliberately forward, she got into the vehicle.

"Tell him to drive anywhere that will take half an hour," she said to Gore, as he reluctantly followed.

"Out Holland Park way!" he said, pausing on the step. "I'll tell you when to stop."

He took his seat and closed the doors of the cab.

"Won't you be cold without a wrap?"

Nance ignored the question.

"Now," she said, "what is it? Is it about Deerehurst?"

At the sudden onslaught, Gore started, and turning round, looked at her.

"I don't intend to discuss this matter," he said in his coldest voice.

"But I mean to discuss it." She met his glance with a resolution that was not to be denied. "Is it about Deerehurst?"

"If you wish to know, it is about Deerehurst."

In his voice there was all the reserve, all the coldness of the Englishman who has been very sorely wounded.

"And what about him?"

Quite suddenly Gore's reserve flamed to anger.

"Do you think I am going to talk of such things with a child like you?"