

as long as it continued to wail and saw and thump and bray, the tables were deserted and the open space in the middle of the room was filled with clinging, cavorting couples.

Charles Beauchamp talked, with only an occasional glance aside from the girl in front of him. Miss Featherstonhaugh was a good listener. She had a pleasant trick of averting her face from him, but without any hint of lack of attention to what he was saying, and then bringing it slowly back until her glance met his fairly. And whenever their glances met she smiled—and so did Charles.

He wanted to question her about herself, for he was keenly curious; but as his standard of manners did not permit his questioning her, he told her a great deal about himself. He told cheery little stories of his care-free life at home, at school, in London, and in many out-of-the-way corners of the world; and while he talked he studied her and wondered at her.

Her manners and voice and speech were as charming as her person. Her breeding and good-nature were as undeniable as her youth and beauty. All these things made up more than he had expected of her even after their first meeting—more than a man has a right to expect of an attractive stenographer whom he invites out to tea. He knew it and acknowledged it, and his wonder grew.

Beauchamp looked at the others—at all the