

as I looked, I told myself she was an ideal heroine, intensely interesting, because she looked rather different from the ordinary dazzling creatures with perfect features and crowns of golden hair whom we are expected to trot out in the pages of fiction for the delectation of those who admire such uncommon beauty. I have always considered Elizabeth Glen to be a beautiful woman, and she is so still. Can you conceive of a perfect combination of womanliness and strength in the outline of face and figure? Rather above the middle height, straight as a pole, well moulded, and elegantly dressed, a sweet, grave, attractive face, with a mobile yet firm mouth, and glorious grey eyes, capable of a bewildering change of expression—such is my friend as she appears to me; beautiful, womanly, lovable exceedingly.

“I am very well,” I said, “and I am happy because I have got a new idea, though it is just possible that you may shatter it to atoms.”

“Am I such a bloodthirsty wretch?” she inquired, as she laid down her hat, and pushed her fingers through the short bright hair above her brow.

“I knew you were here to-day; I felt it as I came