

"Do tell me all about it. What happened?" she said, turning her face for the first time upon him.

Her eyes had lost the traces of recent tears to a great extent, though they had a heavy look which added to their softness, and her cheeks were still flushed from the surprise of his sudden appearance, while the soft brown hair beneath her sailor hat was tossed in a picturesque way which increased her beauty.

He was looking uneasy when she turned to him in questioning surprise, but his look of embarrassment gave place to a wistful glance of such respectful tenderness that she turned away again. Unconsciously, he moved nearer to her, without answering her question.

"You were at the party yourself, were you not?" she asked with a brightened colour.

"Yes—I wonder how long this hot weather is going to last."

"It was very hot the day of Mrs. Johnson's tennis party. Were there any good games?"

"No, I don't think they played at all."

"You speak as if you had nothing to do with it. Did you not play?"

"No, I didn't go near the grounds."

"You are so reticent about it, I shall think you behaved rudely too, and helped to drive Mrs. Johnson off," said the young lady mischievously.

Her companion bent over the dog and patted him, getting a low growl in response.

"What a cross brute he is! We used to be good friends, too."

"Joe likes him to be reserved with strangers."

"Am I a stranger, Louie?" And there was a tone in his voice which brought the colour to her face again.

"Nero thinks so, evidently, and I think you are very disagreeable not to tell me the news. I am so quiet here in the country, that I know nothing of what goes on."