

hues, laces, satins and jewelled nets, to create new tints; to reconstruct, and "go one better" the ideas of the great Parisian dictators.

"The shade called 'fire through ice,' that was one of the hits last winter, was Mrs. Heath's discovery," said Mrs. Murray proudly. "She just throws herself into her work body and soul — almost forgets to sleep or eat *while in the grip of Inspiration*. I was in Paris with her all this summer and last. Oh, Miss Onderdonk," she said, suddenly her old wondering, pathetically desiring self, "can you imagine me in the Rue de la Paix? *Me?* I never let on — kept up that half-dead-and-alive air — but the first time I struck it, I wanted to do a cake-walk right in front of Paquin's!"

"And now tell me," said Miss Onderdonk, her eyes beginning to twinkle, "something about Mrs. Heath's sister — that charming young creature to whom I rented my rooms? I only saw her that once, for a few hours, but she made such an impression on me! Mr. Freitag told me she had married the Englishman who came to live next door. Is she happy?"

"Happy?" Mrs. Murray demanded; "Miss Onderdonk! Happy? Did n't you ever see Mr. Cross?"

"No. I left shortly after he came, you know, and he was very ill."

"Then," said Mrs. Murray, shaking her turreted head, "you never saw the grandest man! Any woman