

she sorry that all her freshness, all the golden possibilities of her youth, should go for nothing but that one kiss? Even now she did not know.

Less poetically, she was a little sorry that she had not had a chance to say good night to Chan. Three times she had seen him start across the floor to her; she was sure it was for her; and each time some one detained him, or another took her out to dance. There was something tantalising about that. He had only danced with her once, though he had asked her for another and missed it.

She took off her slippers mournfully, and stooping, knocked a book from the edge of the bed. Hilda was wont to read in bed. Hilda woke.

"Huh! Oh—'s you—'dje have a nice time?" mumbled Hilda, rubbing her eyes and preparing to be very wide awake and interested.

"A lovely time," said Lesley lugubriously. "I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, Hilda. Please unhook me now; I'm so cold. And tell Mrs. Holt I'll kill any one who wakes me in the morning. I'm not going to work." She wriggled out of her silvery panoply like a snake and threw it across a chair, and crept into the soft bed. How tired she was, all suddenly! The last dance, that had been playing when she left, sang in her head; it had some repeated thrumming chord in it, like the characteristic note of a guitar—something Spanish and delicately sensuous and sad. And Chan was looking for her, but always across the room. . . . Hilda spoke to her twice, and she did not answer; she was fathoms deep in sleep.

The next she knew some one was shaking her by the shoulder, and Mrs. Holt's pleasant, broad-vowelled Irish voice was repeating:

"Wake up—wake up, ye unnatural girl. There's a young man to see you, downstairs."