

## THE LIFTED VEIL

rose with a rim like a tiara. What he noticed in particular was the decided manner in which she turned to Endsleigh Jarrott, as if anxious to ignore himself.

"But she'll have to speak to me soon," he reflected, when Mary Galloway had been claimed by Reginald Pole, who sat on her right. With the fixed rule of dinner-party etiquette to support him, he knew he could afford to wait.

But she took no notice of his silence and isolation. All round the brilliant oval of flowers and lights, of porcelain and glass and silver, about which twenty persons were seated, there was eagerness and animation, while he was excluded from intercourse on either side. Once or twice Mary Galloway endeavored to draw him into the conversation between Reggie Pole and herself, but with little success. As a matter of fact, he preferred to sit waiting and dumb while his eyes sought the curve of the shoulder so persistently turned away, and the line which was all he could see of the carefully averted cheek.

But his reward came at last. With a sudden lull in the talk Endsleigh Jarrott spoke to the lady on his left, so that the face of which Bainbridge had not yet obtained a glimpse moved slowly into profile. It was a pure profile, high-bred and delicate, with the hair simply parted in the middle, waving over and away from the brows. Nevertheless, she continued to ignore him by smiling across the table and exchanging remarks with Harvey Colfax and Mary Pole, who sat opposite; but Miss Galloway was watching for her chance.

"Clorinda, I want you to know Mr. Bainbridge. He's a great friend of Maggie's and Leslie's."

Slowly, reluctantly, and under compulsion she turned and looked at him. He remembered afterward that her