

The Kitten thought for a moment.

"What's the matter with the Carlton?" he asked.

"If you wish it, sir," she answered mischievously.

"Pat, I've asked you not to call me 'sir.' Have you forgotten?"

"I never forget anything, Mr. Markham."

"Then do you remember saying that, if I wasn't a prince . . ."

Pat blushed vividly.

"You're keeping the Prince waiting!" she whispered.

"Let him wait! I waited all night in a cell on his account, and he can wait while I tell you two things." He hesitated, and Pat's blue eyes looked inquiringly into his. "Oh well, I don't suppose you want to know. Tell him the Carlton."

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Don't be exasperating, Kitten!" she exclaimed.

He could not help smiling at her use of the name.

"We-ell, I wanted to tell you," he said, "that I honestly believe there's no one like you in creation."

She sniffed contemptuously.

"The Prince told me that ages ago—early this afternoon."

"He's got devilish good taste," said the Kitten, looking across the room with an appreciative smile.

"The other thing—no, I won't tell you that. It would be mere waste of breath, if you haven't for-