

"No, it's not in the least nonsense. I shall know at once if I know her."

"Most people know her."

"Is she so popular?"

"With everyone? I defy a man to see her without falling in love with her; yet there is something about her that disarms jealousy. There is no woman who could be jealous of her—no nice woman!"

"Is she so good?" asked Violet a little jealously, wondering why all men held so precious in women what so many of them were ready to kill.

"She's very, very good. There's only one time when she is more delicious, and that is when she is very naughty."

"What is she like?"

"In appearance?"

"Yes," said Violet, wondering what else he could have imagined she meant. Didn't he know with what relief some women hear that another isn't really pretty, but has a very sweet face? Violet was hoping for this comfort—in a way.

"Well, to begin with, her eyes! They are as clear and as unclouded as the heavens on a summer's day. They are, perhaps, even more beautiful when they are like the heavens reflected in a still pool."

"Blue?" said Violet.

"Sometimes!"

"But—go on!"

"What shall I say? She's truthful, sober, and honest!"

"No, seriously."

"She's never serious—at least not often—unless you tell her an untruth, something that isn't quite true. Then she looks at you with those solemn eyes of hers and says, 'Is it true?' and she twists your