

and both men rose quickly as she did.

Vanderlane had not paid special attention to his friend's description of Lady Wentwood, but he remembered that Guy had said she was "saint-like" and that she was continually counselling Magda to prudence of conduct.

Now that he saw her, he told himself that "saint-like" was not an exaggerated adjective.

Not beautiful, like the Duchess, and perhaps a few years older than she, "Madonna" Wentwood was singularly attractive, and at first sight every man who looked at her must be inspired with an impulse of protection. As a saintly being, she was to be revered; as a fragile woman she was to be screened against the tempests of life.

There could scarcely have been a greater contrast between two women of the same class and much the same age, than there was between the gorgeously handsome young Duchess and the spirituelle Countess.

Doris Wentwood, seeing the two men with her friend, shrank back a little on the threshold, as if surprised, then smiled with sweet friendliness at Guy. She was not as tall as Magda by three inches, yet she was not short, for she had a good five-foot-five. Magda was rounded and slender at the same time; Doris was thin, but extraordinarily graceful, with a singular, individual grace, and she had little dainty, restless movements of the neck and hands, as if she were unconsciously asking everyone stronger than she to take care of her. Her features were delicately aquiline; her mouth full and small, with a tiny dimple in each corner even when she was not smiling. Her complexion was neither

fair nor dark; yet her finely-penciled brows had a high, saintly arch, her large eyes were hazel brown, wonderfully sweet, a little sad; and her hair, also hazel brown, parted in the middle above a low forehead, lay on either side of her face, folded down like the wings of a dove. She wore a dress of black tissue, which showed an ivory gleam of arm and neck, under a black ostrich boa; her early Victorian, bonnet-like hat was black and even her gloves.

"You, too, in town, Madonna!" exclaimed the Duke, who was on terms of close friendship with both Lord and Lady Wentwood.

The graceful black figure sank into a white fauteuil. "I had to come," answered a soft voice, which had been likened once by a poet to the "sweet breath of a flower." That awful tragedy! Never, never, have I been so shocked. Our poor, poor friend! To think he should have died so terrible a death, with no one to help him. You know, my heart isn't strong, and Gordon thought I ought to see Doctor Balastare. He would have telegraphed for the poor, overworked man to come down from London, but I would not hear of that. In the first place, it would be taking him from many other patients who need him, perhaps, more than I; in the second, I would rather have the hundred guineas he is obliged to charge for going out of town, for the poor people in my Convalescent Home. Fortunately, in a way (though I hate to lose them), all our guests were leaving this morning, so I was able to come. I really think the change and exertion, as well as seeing dear Doctor Balastre, have done me good, and I'm sure it will make me