

"The frills are all right," said Leslie whimsically, "but oh, the face!"

She saw a pair of unnaturally large eyes, indescribable in color, shaded by long dark lashes, and further beautified by straight brows. Beneath them were heavy shadows merging their bluish tints into a delicate flush on either cheek. The nose was a little sharp, and had the appearance of being pinched; the mouth quivering even now, as she looked, was the most tender, appealing and at the same time strongest mouth, one could have and yet be human. Still, the drooping lines about the corners gave it the look of sadness, of suffering, which God in his goodness had never intended it should wear. The lips were colorless, and to Leslie's keen eyes there appeared a blueness across them which fascinated her.

She looked at the clock. It was seven-thirty. Simultaneously with the striking of it, a voice called softly:

"Mrs. Tressidar?"

"Yes," answered the woman, turning.

"Shall we wait for Mr. Tressidar?"

"Wait half an hour."

Leslie dined alone, and also on the following night. Then she telephoned Don Crowley.

"My pride is broken, old friend," she told him.

"Algy is gone. Do you know where?"

"Yes, I know, dear Leslie, and I have been waiting for some word from you to offer my help. Oh, darling, hear me," he cried, unable to bear the re-