

She was merciless. "It's not only to-night. It's all the time; ever since you've been here. It's not very flattering to me to have you go round with me as if you were dragged against your will."

Jack pulled in his lip obstinately. He had made his apology; she had rebuffed him; very well. Linda, glancing sideways under her lashes, saw that she would get no more out of him in this connection. She made another lead.

"Take me to the north end of the gallery," she drawled. "I promised to meet Lord Richard there at the end of this dance."

Jack obeyed without comment.

"He's an awfully good sort, isn't he?" she went on, with another sidelong glance at Jack. "I was surprised to find out how well he dances. Englishman, you know! He likes Canada better every day, he says. He's going to stay over for the golf tournament if I will let him. He is looking for a ranche somewhere near town."

Jack woke up. "First-rate head," he said heartily. "We've talked a lot about the North. He wants to make a trip with me."

Linda bit her lip.

Later Jack sought out Kate Worsley, with whom he had a dance. These two had made great progress in intimacy.

"Shall we dance?" she said.

"No, please," said Jack. "Linda says I dance like her grandfather. One gets rusty in five years!"