

"Mason, what do you think ; am I paler than usual ?"

"No, ma'am, you are looking very well."

"So my mirror tells me ; nevertheless, as I am to say yes to a second husband this morning," and the large white teeth show as she smiles, "I think a slight blush would be becoming."

"Perhaps so, ma'am, but I like your white skin, it shows off your black hair and eyes real well, better than all the English colour ; and so you are going to marry again, ma'am ; well, I thought the gentlemen wouldn't leave you alone long, ma'am."

And the confidential maid applies with skill a slight touch of rouge to the cheek, which only has colour when the somewhat fierce temper causes the blood to mount.

"There, that will do ; don't prate of what I have told you."

"I have kept your secrets for ten years, ma'am."

"You have, and may you keep them as many more, and here is a gold dollar for the term ;" and her mistress tossed her carelessly two fives in the precious metal. "See that I am not disturbed, and only admit as I have given orders."

Alone she moves towards the hangings, through the opening in which Major Delrose had stealthily watched the night before, and through which she passes, giving him as she does only a passing thought. 'Tis a pretty room, this boudoir of Madame, with its gaily-painted hangings, its windows in stained glass, letting in the sweet June breath from the park. Too great a display of wealth, perhaps, but in the taste of the best New York artists, who revel in the gorgeous, and who have had full play for their talents at No. — Eaton Square. The black-brow'd mistress picks up a novel (Mrs. Southworth's last) ; when, throwing herself onto a lounge, her well-shaped feet encased in her favourite black satin boots stretched out, she endeavours to get the thread of the tale ; but