

CHAPTER X.

"Will you see Count de Vinville, Madame?"

Leslie lay inert and weak upon a rose-covered couch, in her dressing room. She was wondering whether or not to send for Ceciley to come back from Edgeville. Since the afternoon of the girl's visit she had found it hard to keep up, and the haunting fear that she would bore Algy and send him off to break his word and her heart, never left her. She contrived pitifully tender little devices by which she could keep him at home in the evenings. Sometimes she would put a note on his dressing table, which he would see while changing for dinner, asking him to call upon Mlle. Fifi at nine o'clock. At a few moments before that time she would run upstairs and dress herself in some dainty costume, indicative of her part, and they would play like children at a masquerade. Another time she would be a Japanese, as far as costume would permit, and would insist upon Algy's sitting on the floor and drinking tea from diminutive cups. Again there would be the alluring inscription:

"The Pixies have got me," and then Algy knew that it was to be an evening of lovable pranks and jokes such as no one but Leslie could devise. He