

smoking their final cigar, Jack said, "You met Dora Fenton to-day." "Yes," he answered, "how splendidly she plays tennis and rows."

"She does everything well," Jack replied. Then somehow neither cared to continue the conversation. Jack and Dora had emulated Jack and Jill of nursery fame, in their early days, when one fell down the other usually "came tumbling after." Jack's three years of seniority made him an object of much respect to Dora during childhood, but by one of those sleight of hand tricks of Time, the dignity and wisdom were Dora's now, and Jack gave her respect. Dora, a "finished" young lady and the sole heiress of a wealthy father, looked at the world with a sphinx-like gaze very unlike the anxious peering of Jack, who, though an honor graduate of his university, was still a law-student. His father had ample means, but four children, and was, moreover, a man who believed in boys making their own way in the world. Jack had too generous a nature to think of what might eventually be his, could he have done this, his father's iron constitution was one that would postpone the final adieu to life far beyond the scriptural three-score-and-ten.

But habit is very strong, Jack had loved Jean in pinafores, and could not cease to love her in evening-dress. Fearing to lose all by venturing too much he was restless and unhappy, jealous, just now, of Conrad Van Dusen, and unable to keep back suspicious thoughts of his friend Harold. The latter and he had met first when he had gone to New York on business for his firm, for Harold was studying law too, and had been sent in turn to Montreal. They had conceived a great liking for each other, Jean had gone to visit friends in New York, Harold had called, and had not concealed his admiration for his friend's sister. Now Harold had observed that the cyclones of fortune respect nothing in their course,

and had resolved to be prepared for any such onslaught, and so had been very diligent in his profession notwithstanding his hampering millions; this added to his other qualities had made Jack hitherto regard him as an American Admiral Crichton. Now when all sorts of thoughts about him came crowding into his mind, like the old woman in the fairy tale, he felt surely "this is none of I." And when he found himself speculating upon the earliest date when Harold could be expected to leave, he hated himself bitterly.

Harold's dreams were strangely disturbed that night, Dora and Jean danced a minuet, then they merged into a kalidoscope, sometimes one face and then the other gleaming out from the changing colors. This was very annoying. Jean had never danced into his slumbers before, nor had any other of the many fair ones before whose shrine he had temporarily bowed. He looked at his tongue in the morning, took his temperature, thumped his chest, but finding nothing abnormal, he thought of the disturbers of his dreams till breakfast. Then he grew quite calm in the presence of one of them.

A few days later Mr. Fraser, Jean, Harold Macintosh, and Jack were at a dinner-party at the Fenton's. Jean's beauty, grace, and wit prevented a return of the kalidoscopic trouble until they were all in the drawing-room, when Dora sang. She sang the "Shadow Song," and Mr. Fraser forgot that he had been wishing for his after-dinner nap, she sang a cradle song and Jack felt his heart beating till he could hear it, at somebody's urging she sang, "Who'll be King but Charlie" and Harold Macintosh left his place by Jean to go to Dora to look into her eyes and say, "Thank you."

There was only one face standing out from the mingled colors now. Within a month their engagement was announced, before three had passed they had sailed for Egypt.