

without them, the ball was set rolling by a young lady from the theatre singing her song from the new revue and after that Sophina was to dance.

She had gathered confidence in the theatre, knew exactly what she could do, and made no attempt to go beyond her capacity. Every one applauded her except Cora, who glared at her, suspecting her of designs upon Trevor. She knew Sophina for what she was, the pushing little Jewess too clever by half for any Christian woman. And Cora suffered, too, because she had no accomplishments. She showed as much of her back as she could, but no one took any notice of it. It needed the limelight. But in spite of these mortifications Cora enjoyed her party. It was the beginning of things undreamed of only a year ago when she was living in Gerrard Street with Estelle, and Estelle too loved the party, with a lot of rich men and clever women, though she strongly disapproved of the artistic and intellectual element introduced by Cherryman. They were neither one thing nor the other—according to Estelle, neither rich nor on the game. She regarded them as nondescript and somehow indecent: rather what she had always suspected Trevor of being.

He, for his part, revelled in the party, though he longed for Mr. Angel and Mr. Ysnaga to come to give it the patriotic finishing touch. How Hardman would have loved it! What jokes he would have invented! What lessons he would have pulled, metaphorically and in fact! How he would have delighted in introducing the young man who talked of Chinese poetry and nothing else to Cora! Trevor did that. Dear old Cora, with her Jews and her money and her bare back, she could be happy anywhere! Since she had gone into the theatre she had lost her old restless jealousy, and she seemed to accept that she was losing him and that every day brought her nearer to the end.

"Let me introduce you," said Trevor. "Miss Cora Dinmont—Mr. Twemlow, who knows all about the Chinese aristocracy." And as he moved away he heard Mr. Twemlow saying: