

the orchestra crashed out, and Miss Rose Adair, the goddess of the evening, bounded lightly on the stage.

A thunder of applause greeted the appearance of their favorite—her last appearance, as they knew. A slender little creature—a mere fairy sprite, with luminous dark eyes and a wonderful fall of yellow-brown hair. With those amber-dripping tresses went a skin of pearly whiteness, just tinted ever so faintly on the oval cheeks with rouge. As Mlle. Ninon, the witching little *grisette*—singing, dancing, coquetting—she acted *con amore*—filled the house with tumults of applause, and covered herself with bouquets and glory. More than once the great dark eyes flashed electric glances at the group of young officers—personal friends, all, of Miss Adair—flashed oftenest of all on stalwart Cyril Trevanion, as he towered like Saul, the King, above the heads of his fellow-men.

The vaudeville was over. Singing and smiling to the last, the lovely Rose sung and smiled herself off the stage. The young officers had flung their elaborate bouquets, and Cyril Trevanion, with a smile on his handsome face, had drawn a knot of Russian violets from his button-hole, and threw them last of all. And Rose Adair had lifted the violets, as she vanished, with one parting flash of her eyes at the donor—one parting, electric smile.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" growled Ensign Stanley, "what did I tell you fellows? I say, Trevanion, the talk at the club is that you are going to make a wife of Rose and a noodle of yourself. Why, the beggar's gone!"

"And very lucky for you that he has. Trevanion's a dead shot, and not the man to be patiently stigmatized as a noodle. He's gone to drive to Brompton with Miss Adair. *Væ victis!* Let us go, you fellows. We shall see the lovely Rose no more." The last speaker was quite right. Lieutenant Trevanion was driving swiftly along to Miss Adair's Brompton cottage, while the youthful officers were seeking their clubs. The little actress, muffled in furred wraps—for the October night was black and bitter—cuddled comfortably beside him, as one well used to being there.

"And you really go to-morrow, Rose?"

"I really do, Lieutenant Trevanion—back to dear Paris—charming Paris. One can not endure your horrible English climate forever, and besides—"

She broke off.

"Besides what, Rose?"

"Oh, nothing!" with a little laugh—"only no one will regret me here, and there I have many friends."