

CHAPTER XXXIII

**P**HILIP was standing before Grace, with his hands deep in his trousers pockets.

"You should feel very flattered," she said, "that I thought it worth copying."

"I do," he assured her, "and I think it looks charming in the flesh, if I may use the expression."

"I should have said that the flesh was in it ; however, that doesn't matter. As you see, I haven't imitated the colour of your she-devil's dress, only the design, and being a wise she-devil myself I do not show my cloven hoof to the world."

"Are you a she-devil ? " he asked, in simulated surprise.

"According to you, we are all devils ; even Claudia, since Claudia is a woman."

"I'm going to amend my sweeping assertion—all women are diabolic except those who are divine."

"And I forgot to put on my halo to-night—*quel dommage !*" she said languidly.

"So far, your travels don't seem to have been successful."

"Why do you think that ? "