

bringing home two old country friends of his, so, of course, I must stay home."

It was on the tip of her tongue to invite Margaret to dine with them, then she thought better of it—it would never do to let Margaret know of Algy's "attack," granting he had one. Leslie Tressidar tried to be sure that her husband would come, but corroding fear ate into her peace of mind, and she was silent.

Soon the visitor left.

Calling the maid, Leslie began to dress, although there was more than an hour before dinner. Even when finished there was still an eternity of heavy minutes ahead, and she walked restlessly up and down in her room. Suddenly she stopped before the cheval mirror and looked intently at the image reflected there.

She saw a slender woman, clad in a white, clinging crepe gown, open at the neck, displaying a rather thin, but beautifully white and shapely, throat; and sloping shoulders from which hung long Japanese-looking sleeves, lined with cloth of silver. Fine silver wire traced a fantastic design on the gown, and a band of cloth of silver made a wide hem effect. Long filagree earrings of the same metal hung against the curve of her neck, and swung gracefully with every move of the head. Leslie's wavy blond hair crowned a broad and serious brow, and it, in turn, was surmounted by a peculiar antique silver tiara.