

"Any newer sensations, Capt. Chancer, since our pleasant little chat in the *salons*?"

"In my heart—no," he said quickly; "(with you a man must grasp his opportunity to speak of himself, you are in such request); I have the same dull pain engendered by you, and which you alone can heal; do you believe in affinities—love at first sight? yet you must; I am not the only man, others have suffered, and not silently;" and there is a ring of truth in his words which she reads also in his handsome manly face; but she says gently:

"Don't let us talk sentiment in this maddening crowd; there's a dear fellow," returning greetings to right and left; "but listen instead to that waltz, a song of love itself."

"Oh, yes," he said eagerly; "the song you promised you will not deny me?"

"If you care, yes; after our waltz; and now ere we lose ourselves in the soul-stirring music, tell me, did I hear aright, have Blanche Tompkins and Sir Tilton Everly joined their fate together?"

"They have; Lady Everly announced the fact herself."

"Ah! instead of the *Morning Post*; 'All's well that ends well;' but wee-mouse plays a game all hazard, my dear soldier; she has taken the plaything from under the paw of puss; puss will purr, arch her soft neck, look lonely and loving, and win him back."

"What a power you women are! When the great powers met at Berlin, we should have sent you to represent your sex;" and his face is lit up with the flame from his heart as they stand in position, so that step and note will be in rhythm, and his eyes rest on the fair flower face, while he breathes the odour of tea-roses and clematis from her corsage.

We shall leave them so, not an unpleasant parting, and return to the boudoir of Mrs. Haughton.