

satin tie. As Elton expressed it, he looked like a musical-comedy conception of a bookmaker turned philanthropist.

Galvin House was there in force. Even Gustave obtained an hour off and, with a large white rose in his button-hole, beamed on everyone and everything with the utmost impartiality. Miss Brent, like Achilles, sulked in her tent.

"The only two men I ever loved," wailed Lady Peggy to a friend, "and both gone at one shot."

"She's a lucky girl," said an old dowager, "and only a secretary."

"Some girl. What!" muttered an embryo field-marshal to a one-pip strategist in the uniform of the Irish Guards, who concurred with an emphatic, "Lucky devil!"

At Galvin House for the rest of the day they talked, dreamed and lived the Bowen-Elton marriage. It was the one ineffaceable sunspot in the grey-ness of their lives.

THE END