

dress which, however, is relieved here and there by the brightness and warmth of the uniform of some young officer of "The Guards" or "The 43rd Battalion" who has just arrived from an official dinner at the Governor's, permeate all with a sense of beauty, making the nerves thrill with pleasure. Strong arms joyfully encircle forms breathing the breath of Paradise for the hour. Perfume steals upon the senses, silks rustle, fans flutter, jewels glisten, eyes sparkle, hearts beat.

Near the door stand two gentlemen who have not as yet entered into the spirit of the place. They have just arrived, and are looking for familiar faces among the throng. Both are tall, dark gentlemen, past their youth,—one being a portly good-natured looking lawyer of forty, and his companion a slight, reticent-looking man (a lawyer also) of about thirty. By and by them float gauzy draperies in the mazes of the dance, and ever and anon there passes a figure as slight and airy and graceful as a fairy, with feet in time and heart in tune with the sweet notes of the "Forget-me-not" waltzes. The band plays on for fifteen minutes and neither gentleman has said a word. Their gaze instinctively following the swan-like movements of that lady gliding round and through the dancers with a young officer, the two forgetful of everything earthly but themselves and the dance.