

## THE LANTERN OF LUCK

"who has waylaid me already, forgetting that I am no longer an official personage." And she, catching her husband's eye, accepted the statement for what it was worth.

Casado picked up his glass, and spoke again, meditatively. He had already dismissed from his mind the incident that had intervened.

"A girl among millions," he said. "And — how a crown would become her! I always imagine her so — among drawn swords — on a throne. Gentlemen — will you drink with me to the hope that she may some day meet — the right man?"

They rose to their feet, every one of them, and so, amid the stares of the onlookers, the hope that was one day to be fulfilled so far away, was toasted at Maxim's, in Paris. And only Casado could not understand why all the others had just clinked glasses with Tommy Judson.

THE END