

slight and supple, but womanly. Her hair was of that strangely delicate gold which other women, less fortunately endowed, refuse to believe natural. She had remarkably long eyelashes, on which faint traces of powder were perceptible. Her eyes were dark blue, and shone clear, though somewhat veiled by the long lashes. Her profile, her forehead, ears and throat were really beautiful and distinguished-looking. But on her right cheek could be detected the evidences of the dreadful illness which had disfigured her father. Light brown lines, almost hidden by powder, stretched up from her chin to a level with her mouth, like the fibres of a leaf, producing the effect of a birthmark.

"I like discussing with my daughter everything that interests me keenly," Lloyd continued, "so you must not mind my having talked to her about your scheme. She can hold her tongue."

"Yes, I can hold my tongue!" Ethel echoed laughingly and nodded her beautiful head. "My father and I have spent hours studying your scheme, and have talked and talked it over together until he became really enthusiastic about it. And he is really enthusiastic about it now, aren't you, Papa?" Lloyd's mask-like countenance remained motionless. "Papa thinks very highly of you, Mr. Allan. You must come and see us, won't you?"

Ethel allowed her eyes to rest a moment on Allan's, and her beautifully-formed lips curved in a gracious, happy smile.

"You are really most kind, Miss Lloyd," Allan answered, smiling in his turn at her youthful ardour and her lively way of talking.

Ethel liked his smile. She continued to look at him, noting in particular his strong white teeth. She opened her mouth to say something else, but at this moment the orchestra began again. Touching her father's knee with her hand, by way of excusing herself for speaking, for he was an ardent music-lover—she whispered earnestly: "You have an ally in me, Mr. Allan. I give you my promise that I shall not allow Papa to change his mind. You know he does change his mind sometimes. I shall force him to carry this thing right through. Au revoir!"