

"So," he mutters, "both are eligible men. How well Lady Beranger knows what she's about. I wonder for which of her lovely daughters she is trying to hook old Hamilton?"

"For Trixy I think, Trixy always gets on with elderly men. I believe she is really in love with someone, and is therefore indifferent if her companions are old or young."

Carl Conway reddens. Of course everybody knows that Trixy Beranger, who used to be the biggest flirt in town when she came out two years ago, has sobered down strangely, and everybody puts down the change to the influence of Carl Conway.

"And Delaval is asked for *you*," he cries jealously.

"Oh, Gabrielle will take care of *him*," Zai laughs brightly. "Gabrielle is more fitted for a coronet than either of us. She is so tall and stately, and has so much of what mamma calls worldly guile."

"Which, thank God, *you* haven't, my own Zai. I have got an invitation for the day after to-morrow to Elm Lodge."

"Ah!" she cries, with a happy smile, "that is only a mile from Sandilands."

"Yes, but you know Crystal Meredyth is rather fond of me, and Mrs. Meredyth doesn't object to followers, even if they are artists or actors."

Zai shivers from head to foot in the warm June night, and grows white to her quivering lips as she draws herself away gently from his clasp.

"What is it, darling?" he asks anxiously.

No answer.