

brought that fact patently before your eyes. Ceciley always said you were nervous."

"Dear old pippin!"

"However, that does not make your eyes so dark, they almost look black, instead of blue or gray. Oh, Leslie, dear, I wonder if you can ever realize how I have loved your beauty all these years."

"Why, Margaret Crowley, you old goose!" cried Leslie tenderly. "I am not beautiful, and no one realizes it better than I. The sad part about it all is, that I am the dreadfully disappointing person who 'goes off,' as our English sisters say. I have to be young to look nice; in middle or old age, I would have looked hideous." She used the "would have" quite unconsciously, and Margaret did not notice. "Now, Vera Stearns will grow old gracefully and prettily, so will you, dear. You will be regal and duchess-y. I have now to resort to all sorts of petty devices to even fool people into thinking I am good-looking. Curl papers, massage, lots of sleep, regular hours for food, et cetera, have preserved me, if you like, but I am not beautiful, my dear."

"We think so, at any rate." The pronoun slipped out inadvertently, but they both noticed, and ignored it. "Some people can't be beautiful, no matter how hard they try. Will you not come to our house and have dinner to-night?" asked Margaret. "It has been so long since you came?"

"There is nothing I should like better," exclaimed Leslie sincerely, "but to-night Algy is