

## THE LIFTED VEIL

ever met in the common ways of social life had he gone so directly to the subjects that formed his chief preoccupation. She had a need to discuss them similar to his own. She had a need to make use of them, too, though she was without a knowledge of their rules and principles. While it might be his part to help her to this knowledge, he was already aware dimly that his interest in her was essentially elementary and personal.

Beyond intermittent remarks on trivial things he had no further speech with her till the ladies rose. Even then it was not he who spoke to her; it was she who spoke to him, turning as he drew back her chair.

"I've been so glad to meet you. You've given me ideas that are new to me; but I don't understand them all. Perhaps some day we can have another talk." She smiled, too, a dim, far-away smile that was less on the lips than in her unquiet eyes. As if with an afterthought, she held out her hand. "I do hope we shall meet again."

Mary Galloway also smiled, but he was so absorbed in watching the other woman's swan-like movements as she joined the defile of ladies, most of them in sweeping trains, that he scarcely noticed it.

In the smoking-room he tried to attach himself to Leslie Palliser in order to talk of the new acquaintance he had been privileged to make. But Leslie, who wasn't smoking himself, dodged about with a box of cigars in one hand and one of cigarettes in the other in such a way that it was impossible to nail him down.

"Oh, Clorinda Gildersleeve," he responded, absently, when Bainbridge detained him a minute to force the subject. "Yes, yes. . . . Saw that Maggie had put you next to her. . . . Mighty nice woman. . . . Yes, yes."