

least once a week. She is advertising herself unceasingly, just like Hobby. She even turns her good works into advertisements."

"Well, but she may have a good heart for all that," pleaded Allan.

"Ethel Lloyd!" Maud laughed again. Then she suddenly looked Allan straight in the eyes, gripping tight the nickel handle of the motor as she did so. "Is she really so very beautiful, Mac?" she asked.

"She is certainly beautiful, but Heaven knows why she puts such a lot of powder on!"

Maud's face became grave. "Have you lost your heart to her, Mac, like all the others?"

Allan laughed and drew her to him. "You are a little donkey, Maud," he cried, and pressed her face up against his cheek.

Maud was now entirely herself again. How was it that every trifle had managed to annoy her all that day? What did Ethel Lloyd matter to her?

She remained silent a while. Then she said quite sincerely: "Very likely Ethel has a good heart, after all; in fact, I believe she has.

She had no sooner uttered the words than she realised that she did not really believe in the goodness of Ethel Lloyd's heart. Decidedly, nothing seemed to go right to-day.

After supper, which they had served to them in a private sitting-room, Maud went straight to bed, while Allan remained writing letters. But Maud could not get off to sleep. She had been on the move all day, and was over-tired. The dry, hot atmosphere of the bedroom seemed to make her feverish. All the excitements of the day—the railway journey, the concert, the crowded audience, Ethel Lloyd—kept coming back to her overtaxed brain. The music and the buzzing of voices were still in her ears. Outside in the streets motor-cars rushed past, blowing their horns. In the distance she could hear the trains. Just as at last she began to doze, a crack in the steam-heating apparatus awoke her. She could hear the humming sound of the lift as it went up. Light still shone in through the chink of the door.