

"Am I, father? But you think I'm all right, don't you?" she said archly.

"Well, well, child, have your own way," he said. "By the by, Lily, what did you think of the play last night?" he suddenly inquired, twining his long moustache around his fingers.

"It was splendid, father."

"Yes, it was indeed. Mdlle. Solferino is a fine specimen of womanhood. And how she acts!"

"A little full-blown, perhaps," said Lily.

"Full-blown? Oh, dear, no. What notions you have! Why all society is at her feet; she is talked of everywhere. What would people say if they heard you saying the Mdlle. Solferino was vulgar. You would be the laughing-stock of society."

"Society! What have I to do with it?" she exclaimed indignantly, proudly tossing her head, her eyes flashing defiantly.

"Lily!"

"Is that going too far for you, daddy?" she said, as a hot flush lit up his cheeks and an angry light shone in his eyes. "Don't be angry with me," she pleaded. "Oh, daddy, why should I feel different from other people? I sometimes think that I am different. Society seems to bore me. Why I don't know. I seem to be different from your friends, my friends, from our world."