

discredited his own sobriety as he looked, surely there was some mistake.

"Where have you been," he demanded suddenly, "and with whom?"

Leslie started, and, in passing her hand across her brow, the white mantle slipped from her shoulders to the floor. Tressidar caught his breath; never had he seen anything so maddeningly beautiful as his wife, as she stood mockingly before him. Gowned in flaming red, she looked like a vivid bird of the tropics.

Her neck and bosom were dazzling in contrast, and the brilliants in her hair and around her throat seemed indeed a part of her. But, oh, the other!

"I know what's you think, my hus-band," she said, frowning and speaking more rapidly and carelessly. Then, with a secretive nod, she repeated: "I know."

"Where were you, and with whom?"

"Supper—Sh-Sh-Sherry's—with th' Count," was the defiant answer.

"*Oh, my God!*"

A foolish giggle broke the silence which followed these words.

"You're a joke, Algy! But you're all right, Kid, an' I like you."

"Stop," Tressidar took a step forward and caught his wife by the wrist, roughly. "You are a woman——"

She interrupted with a delighted laugh.