

Jack dropped back as if he had been shot, blushing and furious with himself. To be a peeping Tom! a thing he loathed. He silently cut across the room within the balconies, praying that they might not hear him. Wild horses would never have dragged any admission from him of what he had seen.

But when he got his breath again, as one might say, oh! but he found his heart was beating blithely! He felt as if he had burst out of a hateful chrysalis. Life was full of joy after all! A little song rang in his ear: "It's all right! It's all right!" Laughter trembled in his throat.

He waited about on the stairs for Linda to come down. She finally appeared, cool and scornful, her heels tapping on the stairs, the thing in her hair nodding and sparkling. Who would ever guess that her little Mightiness had just been kissed! The spring of laughter bubbled up inside Jack. He presented a bland face to her, but he could not hide the shine in his eyes, nor the smirk about the corners of his lip.

"What is it?" asked Linda, staring at the change in him.

"Whom have you the next dance with?"

She named a name.

"I know him," said Jack. "Wait for me upstairs, and I'll see if I can't make an exchange. I want to talk to you."

Linda's curiosity was aroused, and she went back upstairs with Lord Spurling. In five minutes Jack