

kindly. She was noting, with her quick and clever eyes, that Netty seemed happy and was exquisitely dressed. She was quite ready to be really interested in this idyll.

"I do not know," answered Netty. "He is not unknown in London. His name is Burris."

"Oh!" said Lady Orlay, "the comp——" Then she remembered that to call a fellow-creature a company promoter is practically a libel. "The millionaire?" she concluded, rather lamely.

"I believe he is very rich," admitted Netty, "though, of course——"

"No, of course not," Lady Orlay hastened to say. "I congratulate you, and wish you every happiness."

She turned rather abruptly towards Deulin, as if to give the next word to him. He took it promptly.

"And I," he said, with his old-world bow and deprecatory outspreading of the hands, "I wish you all the happiness—that money can buy."

Then he walked towards the fireplace, and stood there with his shoulder turned towards them while the two ladies discussed that which was to be Netty's future life. Her husband would be old enough to be her father, but he was a millionaire twice over—in London and New York. He had, moreover, a house in each of those great cities, of which details appeared from time to time in the illustrated monthly magazines.

"So I shall hope to be in London every year," said Netty, "and to see all the friends who have been so kind to us—you and Lord Orlay and Mr. Deulin."

"And Reginald Cartoner," suggested Deulin, turning to look over his shoulder for the change which he knew would come into Netty's eyes. And it came.

"Yes," she said. She looked as if she would like to