

ENOCH CRANE

one he came in contact with—all these society discussed, argued, and gossiped over at their leisure—all save the fact that they loved each other.

"I should not have been at all surprised, my dear," declared Mrs. Gulliver Jones, whose diamonds trembled in unison with her years, and who rouged at sixty, "had he chosen a dancer—some low person of the stage," she confided, wrinkling her beak. "Why, my dear, his family comes from the bluest of the blue. Of course you know his mother was a Pierrefont, a noted beauty, my dear, in my day. We were girls at school together. I can see her now at her first Charity Ball. Why, I'll tell you who her sister married—Johnny Selwyn—why, my dear, Mrs. Selwyn Rivers's own first cousin. The Selwyns were great swells in my day. As I told Gulliver yesterday, what are our young men coming to! Who is this young person, anyway? This Miss What's-her-name? Preston, you say? They tell me she goes about giving lessons; that she can be actually hired for performances—paid in the hand—paid in the hand, my dear, like a mountebank, or a minstrel. You say she sang at Mrs. Van Cortlandt's," she cackled on. "I am not surprised. Do tell me what has become of that wretched woman! That extravagant creature! That she drove her poor husband to suicide does not at all amaze me. Vanity, my dear. What a fool Joe Grimsby has made of himself. Have I seen her? Certainly not. Neither has any one met the mother as far as I am able to discover. They tell me that both mother and daughter