

cheerful ; that is why the English as a race are so dull and bored, because they drink whisky and brandy. But the juice of the v-vine, Miss Drell, *that's* what makes a person cheerfuller and cheerfuller. Come—drink your champagne and cheer up."

She drank a little, but he urged her to take more.

"It's no good that way," he declared, leaning towards her ; "empty your glass and don't think about it—or him?—any longer!"

She obeyed. She emptied her glass and set it down with a little defiant bang.

As she did so she noticed the young man who looked as Fritz had looked six and a half years ago. The wine went to her head a little ; she felt happier, and told herself that she would not be such a fool as to waste more thoughts on that old story. She was glad, she decided, that Ferrari had come back. He was like champagne—he made her forget. At that moment three men rose from a table off to her left, exposing to view the occupants of a table she had not noticed.

"Look," Mrs. Weston exclaimed shrilly, proud of her knowledge, "there's Mimi de Montmorency and Fanfan de Choiseul. Heavens, what pearls!"

The two women, well-known cocottes, sat facing each other, their profiles turned to Mrs. Weston's party. The man facing Maria was a German-looking man with yellow hair cut *en brosse* and an extremely high collar. The man facing him was thicker-set, and broader across the shoulders.