

'She must have the best blood in her veins. With that style, that carriage, she surely must be——'

'My dear fellow,' said Hugo, 'beauty has no rank. It bloweth where it listeth. It is the one thing in the world that you can't account for. You've only got to be thankful for it when it blows your way, that's all.'

A white figure appeared in the cavity of the steps leading to the circular gallery.

'What are you talking about?' Camilla inquired.

'Women,' said Hugo.

THE END