

"I can't promise," answered Leslie vaguely, "but perhaps. Good night."

"You look ill, Mrs. Tressidar," said the maid, who came in with a tray the following morning. "Have you had a bad night?"

"No, no, thank you, Ellen," Leslie answered, smiling. "Did Mr. Tressidar come home last night?"

"I don't think so, madame."

"Has there been any message for me, Ellen?"

"I don't know of any, Mrs. Tressidar."

"Very well, you may go, and take the tray; I don't feel hungry."

It would be hard to wait until dinner time to see Algy. And then he would bring home two men. What a bother! They would probably smoke and talk until all hours, and perhaps take Algy out with them, after all. Oh, well, it couldn't be helped, only she hoped to feel better than at present.

Margaret Crowley dropped in to lunch, and was shocked at the sight of her friend.

"You look positively ill, Leslie," she said, in her blunt way, "have you seen a physician?"

Leslie bit her lips and laughed.

"To satisfy you, Margaret, I will say that I have had a physician, who told me that I had *nerves*, all in capital letters. Fancy me a prey to nerves. Can you imagine that?"

"Easily. You were always highly nervous, only I don't know of anything in particular which