

women blushed on my addressing them. I used to say it 'was the reflection of my red hair on a transparent complexion,' which was rather neat—wasn't it? And subtle? But then, I was always saying such subtle things.

'My dear Rose,' I said, laying down my egg spoon (the egg spoon really had nothing to do with this speech, but it imparted such a delightfully realistic flavour to the scene), 'I'm not to blame if I resemble the S'helpburgs.'

'It's your being so beastly proud of it that I object to!' she replied. 'And for Heaven's sake! try to *be* something and not merely resemble things! The fact is you resemble too much—you're *always* resembling. You resemble a man of fashion, and you're not; a wit, and you're not; a soldier, a sportsman, a hero—and you're none of 'em. Altogether, you're not in the least convincing. Now, listen! There's a good chance for you to go as our *attaché* with Lord Mumblepeg, the new Ambassador to Cochin China. In all the novels, you know, *attachés* are always the