

to them on the passage as excessively polite, excessively shy, and, like Vivienne, excessively patriotic.

Hovering over her victim like a great good-natured bird she separated him from a group of people standing near, and motioned him into the shadow of a suspended lifeboat.

"Ducky, ducky, come and be killed," said Patrick wickedly. "Do you know what mamma is going to do, Miss Delavigne?"

"No, I do not."

"She is going to cross-question that man about Canada in such a ladylike, inane way that he won't know whether he's on his head or his heels. Come and listen."

"Mrs. Macartney may not like it."

"Yes, she will; the more the merrier. Come along."

Vivienne laughed and followed him near the Irish lady, who was preposterously and outrageously fat. A living tide was slowly rolling over her, obliterating all landmarks of a comely person. Her ankles were effaced; her waist was gone. Her wrists had disappeared, and her neck had sunk into her shoulders. Cheeks and chin were a wide crimson expanse, yet her lazy, handsome blue eyes looked steadily out, in no wise affrighted by the oncoming sea of flesh.

"Mamma always does this," said Patrick glee-