

exposed, and the lines of the white throat rendered one long sweeping curve of grace.

"Madge," she remonstrated, "you are too clever. You don't think he is returning here because I came? You don't know any more than do I that he has any particular interest in me. He has never said anything. If he had — well, it would be different."

"Yes," Margaret assented, "it would be different. Ah, you Americans! I scarcely understand you sometimes — you people who speak our tongue, and who go merrily ahead without giving any serious thought to much of anything. Now, here is your Moor, properly introduced to you in Paris, who calls and is received, who is polished and uninteresting, who insists on being called 'Mister' or 'Monsieur,' who says he is a private gentleman only, who admits the years he has lived in Paris, and yet impresses me always with the fact that he is but a Moor varnished and garbed by Parisian civilization, cloaking his feelings always, and ever ready to show his blood in a way that we Anglo-Saxons call merely barbarous. That he wanted to meet you was natural. Who in Paris had not heard of the most beautiful American girl, sole heir to millions?"

The consul's daughter would have interupted; but Margaret held up a hand in protest, and continued:

"I dare say you were amused with him; but, in your country, if he had taken the liberty of writing to you without permission you would have called it an affront."

The American girl's face became grave, and showed annoyance. The arguments were a trifle too near the