

the officers' club, with a long narrow balcony overhanging the street. For the occasion of the ball, potted palms had been placed at intervals down the balcony, making a series of little nooks, each with two chairs, and each reached through its own window. The largest of the rooms with the balconies outside had been set apart for Sir Bryson and his party.

Dancing was in full swing below, and Jack found the room empty. None of the little nooks outside were occupied. In one of them Jack sat down to wait for the end of the dance. Almost immediately two people entered the next bower to his. Their voices were pitched low, and at first he did not recognize them.

"Now for a cigarette," said the man.

"Lucky man," said the girl. "I'm dying for a puff!"

"Have one," he said. "I'll take it from you, if any one comes."

There was a silence, and the striking of a match. Then a long-drawn feminine "Ah-h!" which was undoubtedly Linda's. Jack stood up to speak to her over the dividing palms. It was not a thing to do, but Jack was a man of one idea at a time; he *had* to speak to her, and his other dance was at the tail of the evening. He wished merely to make an appointment to speak with her later.

As his head rose over the palms he was just in time to see the blond head of the English boy and Linda's darker, bejewelled head draw close together, and their lips meet and linger. They did not see him.