

Nice. This hospitable friend had taken her to dine at a restaurant, whose patronesses were almost exclusively the flower of the *demi-monde* of Europe. She was still half annoyed and yet half amused at the incident, "and the worst of it was," she said, "that I had on a beautiful hat, which I hated from that moment, for I felt it had ruined my character." From Nice to Monte Carlo was a natural step in conversation; and from Monte Carlo to music was one equally natural.

"To me," said Glanville, "the music of words and metre appeals far more than the music of scores and orchestras. The finest poetry seems to strengthen those who appreciate it. What is called the finest music generally seems to weaken them."

"I'm sure," she replied quickly, "that music like that of Wagner, whatever people may say of it, appeals to the very dregs of one's nature. Do you think, Mr. Glanville, you could give me a glass of water?"

She presently spoke of the Riviera, and the charms of its air and scenery.

"Do you ever draw?" said Glanville. "You ought to. You've an artist's hands."

Miss Leighton's hands were, indeed, finely shaped, and had the dead whiteness of a gardenia.

"I once," she said, "went to a palmist; but he did not tell me that. Do you want to know what he did tell me? Well, he told me this—that I'd lately lost my husband. I could hardly keep my countenance when I answered that I was not married. But he wasn't abashed—not a bit of it, he managed to turn the tables on me. He maintained that if such was the case——" For a moment Miss Leighton hesitated, and a colour barely perceptible, rose in her cheek and went from it. "He hinted," she went on, "that some other relationship with somebody not a husband must have just come to an end. I suppose he took me for an actress."