

wore a toque almost covered with costly ospreys, some ten pounds' worth of feathers was arranged upon the hat of the friend with whom she chatted.

A few tables further away an exquisite woman, over whose shoulders lay a stole of priceless silver fox, talked to a hideous podgy man.

Elizabeth poured out the delicate China tea into the elegant cups.

"A penny for your thoughts, Eliza."

Elizabeth started.

"I would sell them with pleasure," she answered.

"They are no comfort to me."

She repeated to Sir James the tale which Roona had told.

"It is the injustice of it all that maddens me," she ended.

"Poor child," said Sir James, and by his voice Elizabeth knew at once that he thought not only of Roona but of another girl long ago laid away in her grave in the formal cemetery of a neat little German town.

There was silence. Sir James took his tea-spoon and jingled it absent-mindedly against his tea-cup.

Elizabeth moved quickly in her chair.

"Oh," she thought irritably, "if Jimmy's going to fidget with spoons when we're married——"

And then James spoke. "It does seem bitter, rough luck," he said. "But, after all, my dear, when you come to think of it, we don't know—we who can never know the beginning or the end of any story."

THE END.