

Leslie never quarrelled, she never persisted in having her way, she never nagged. She took it for granted that for a man of Algy's temperament and habits some life outside his home was necessary, and she had never openly discouraged his jaunts. But just at this time every hour he spent away from her was an hour lost, and there were moments when she could hardly keep from telling him of Dr. Graham's visit.

"Are you there?" came the low, pleasant, unruffled voice again.

"Yes, dear. I am awfully disappointed, because I wanted you particularly to-night," she hesitated, but there was silence, "good-by!"

"Good-by, darling. Listen, I am going to send you a kiss. . . . Oh, what a foolish old married man, I am!"

The Count was brilliant all evening, and except for thinking of Algy and wondering what he was doing Leslie almost enjoyed herself. Instead of having tea, they had dinner together, then drove slowly through the park for an hour or two. The Count was supremely happy—he had not been allowed such dangerous intimacy for many months.

"You will repeat this joy to me soon, will you not, *mon amie*?" he said softly, as the door opened to admit Leslie to her home.

"Oh, but yes," she answered, scarcely thinking what she said.

"To-morrow, perhaps?" insinuated the Count eagerly.