

party. She says people have been so civil and attentive to us, and we have done nothing."

"Fannie is always putting ideas into your head. I come down here to rest. But I suppose I must do something, and a garden party is less exacting than any other form of entertainment."

"Yes I like it best, too. I can be out in the sunshine and watch the butterflies. Do you think we have lived before—like the butterflies, father?"

"I wish you would fill that foolish little head of yours with common sense, instead of these fantastical fancies. Come; it is time for us to return home."

I watched them out of sight, and then I found that the gulls and the boats had lost their interest for me. So I slowly wended my way back to my hotel.

Who were they? I asked myself this question at intervals during the rest of the day. I had only arrived myself the night before, and so far had not met anyone I knew.

In desperation I at last appealed to the proprietor. "Elderly gentleman and young lady? Impossible to say: there are a great many elderly gentlemen and young ladies here," said he, smiling blandly, and rubbing his hands.

"But, they cannot all be as beautiful," I said rather disgustedly.

"Would you think they were residents or visitors, my lord?"

"I er—should think visitors—yes, decidedly so," remembering her remarks about the civility shown them.

"Then I am afraid I cannot help you."

During the next few days I saw her twice; once driving a pair of cream colored ponies, with another lady; and once on the pier again with her father. Suddenly I remembered the garden party. The society paper of the place would be sure to mention it among the forthcoming

attractions. Yes, here it was at the head of the list.

"Invitations are out, we understand, for a garden party to be given by General Houghton and his lovely daughter."

"Hello! Egmont, what are you doing here?"

Looking up impatiently, I recognized in the young parson addressing me, an old school fellow.

"I think I might better ask you that," I said, as we cordially shook hands.

"Oh, I am a fixture here at present. I am on duty at St. Peters," mentioning the fashionable church of the place.

"Well, this is luck! Parsons always know everything. Now tell me, who are General and Miss Houghton?"

Do I imagine it, or does my friend look suddenly pale and embarrassed!

"You have seen her?" he asked slowly. "But of course you would, you know she is very beautiful."

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and that is saying a good deal," I reply emphatically.

"Are you going to the garden party?"

"Yes"

"Then for heaven's sake get me an invitation."

"But —."

"But use no buts, but use all your powers of fascination, as curates so well know how," pushing him gently towards the door. "Go, and come back and dine with me." And he went.

The garden party is a thing of the past. And my peace of mind has gone with it—gone never to return.

I had never before met anyone so charmingly fresh and innocent as Miss Houghton. How had they kept her so unspotted from the world! One thing, however, puzzled me greatly. She had evidently no recollection of having seen