

pleteness of English life that funny and wealthy old gentlemen should sail toy yachts on ponds, while cultured aliens amass fortunes on the Stock Exchange and some of us plow the ocean all our lives.

"And then I was disturbed in my musings by a young lady entering the room, and I rose to explain myself.

"I say she was a young lady, while you will observe I alluded only just now to a girl talking to a young man on the tennis-court. There was that difference. Without giving one any reason for supposing she was married, this one conveyed a subtle impression of being the mistress of the house. She was dark, athletic, simply dressed in black, and extremely plain.

"'Father will be back from the city at half-past four,' she said, when I had explained my errand. 'I am so sorry you will have to wait. You will stay to dinner, of course.'

"I said I did not know if I should stay to dinner as a matter of course, but I thanked her. We drifted into conversation and she gave a very clever impression of being a thorough woman of the world. She was not, of course. She was one of those unfortunate beings who are trained in all the arts of life and who become adepts in all those accomplishments which men take entirely for granted, and who