

lete costume of soft white silk strapped with white jewelled passementerie. In place of any jewels in her hair, she wore a spray of blush roses, that made a becoming setting to her raven locks and olive tinted complexion. And last, but not least, to the envious eyes of many of her own sex, and to the admiring ones of the opposite sex, her beautiful companion. No expensive raiment had Rosamond donned, but a simple, loosely-fitting gown of white muslin, with a generous profusion of lace at her slender throat and waist, and one single red rose that Judge Staunton had culled from a favorite branch of his in the conservatoryland which he had presented his wife's companion with in the early part of the evening, gleamed through the golden meshes of her hair. It made her every whit as pleasing a picture to the eyes as the heiress did, and as Colonel Compeigne remarked to a younger gentleman, "Miss Raymond is the most stunning sensation of the assembly, barring, of course, Miss Staunton."

Rosamond, from the time she entered the long ball room, was almost dazzled by the brilliant lights of chandeliers and numerous candles somewhat subdued by pink shades, and the magnificently gowned ladies and elegantly attired gentlemen, who never seemed to cease coming. But it was not pleasure for her, for amongst them was the man who was so repugnant to her.

With his mother and sisters, he had been with the first to arrive, and when the strains of a waltz were heard from the music room, where, amongst banks of flowers, the musicians were arranged, he came and requested the pleasure of having it with her. She knew from the glance of her mistress, to whom she had unconsciously looked to for guidance in the matter, that she must accede to Mr. Dorane's request.

She was not an accomplished waltzer, but she danced well, and even if she did not move so lightly and gracefully as some others present, what cared Cyrus Dorane, so long as he could have her so near to him. Beatrice, dancing with Jack Lorimer, saw the two and smiled, and wished she could enjoy herself as much as her mother's companion seemed to be doing. Her lover's absence, on

such a night as this was depressing to her, and, after all, did he not constitute her pleasure? It was unfortunate that he was not here now, and had she been selfish she might have had him, for one word from her and her father would not have urged him to go to the South. But she had done the noblest part, and it was really, only the question of a few days until his return, and what was this one to all of them?

"Shall we go out to the conservatory?" Mr Dorane suggested to his fair partner, when the waltz was finished; "we might find a cool spot out there, Miss Raymond."

"I am not warm, thank you, Mr. Dorane," she replied, with coldness in face and voice, "but do not allow me to deter you from going."

"I was thinking only of you," he said, and his face was near to her's, concealed as they both were from all curious eyes, behind a pair of tall palms. "At least, allow me to bring you an ice," and in a minute he was off to the refreshment room, and back with one to her, which she took, and merely tasted for politeness sake.

For the next few dances she was claimed by other partners, and at their finish she gladly made her unnoticed escape, as she thought, to a far end of the conservatory, to have a space of rest from the gaiety and heat of the ball-room.

Numbers promenaded apast her floral retreat, from which she could see them without being seen, and their light chatter had no interest or meaning for her. Cyrus Dorane's conduct annoyed her. It was as if there had never been anything of an unusual nature between them, and everywhere, or in whatever dance she moved, his small glittering eyes were fixed on her with an expression in them that she failed to make out. And just now she caught them as their owner came around by one of the pillars, and she knew he was searching her. Quick as a flash, when he approached her hiding place, she retreated still further back, and when he stopped before it, she came out by the other end and fled back into the dance hall. But at the supper hour, fortune, who smiled on Mr. Dorane at times, deputed him to be her escort into the broad hall, where a delightful feast