

hid her white brow and remarkable eyes from him, while he held her lightly but closely in his arms and with her wove a bright figure in the warp and woof of that tapestry of care-free music and gliding youth. Her hat had little flowers on it which sometimes touched his lips and cheek.

"What amazing luck!" he murmured, looking down at her lips and chin. "This morning I did not know that you existed—and now I am dancing with you."

After that dance they did not return to their table, but left the room and the hotel. At her suggestion they took a bus running down the avenue and got off at their point of departure.

"I have had a delightful afternoon," she said. "Thank you—and good-bye."

"But let me see you home," he protested.

"No," she said. "It is only a step."

She extended a hand. He took it in his right hand, holding his hat in his left. Their glances met and held steadily and brightly. So they stood for several seconds near the edge of the pavement, while the streams of humanity and machinery, the tides of haberdashery and millinery flowed unheeded about them.

"I'll see you again on Friday, at the worst," he said. "I have an appointment with Costin at three o'clock on Friday; but to-day is only Tuesday."