

THE BANKER'S GRANDCHILDREN.

cora. And they chattered gaily on, upon a dozen frivolous topics until Glencora said,

"Come along, let us go in; dancing will begin presently. I see my spoony admirer, Mr. Thurston, coming this way, in search of us. I presume I have promised him my hand for this waltz. He is my devoted slave, I assure you—ready to fall down and worship me, at any time. Oh, he's immense fun!" and Glencora laughed.

A moment later they were in the ball-room, and the spoony Thurston was claiming the fair hand of Glencora for the dance. They went off together, and Bertram Waldegrave walked over to where Mabel Willoughby was seated.

"Will you favor me with your hand for this waltz, Miss Willoughby?" he asked, and the next moment Mabel's graceful little figure was in his arms, and they were whirling round in the brilliant waltz.

"How lovely she is!" was the softly breathed whisper that pervaded the ball-room.

Glencora said nothing, but her restless black orbs flashed, and her coral lips, curled in scornful contempt.

When the second waltz was over, the elegant DeBrinton, who seemed to flit, butterfly like, around all the fairest flowers, made his way to Miss Chessom, soliciting her hand for the third. Glencora wrote down his name, and after a few moments merry conversation the Frenchman remarked:

"How exquisitely beautiful Miss Willoughby is. My friend DeChellis is madly in love with her already—raves about her terribly, and no wonder, she is so charming, so ingenuous. *En passant*, she is your cousin, is she not?"

Glencora gave her haughty head a little disdainful toss.

"Nothing of the kind," she answered. "Her people were connected in a very remote degree with my mother's family; but how, I really never took the trouble to find out."

"Ah, I understand," said Monsieur le Comte, adroitly, "you and Mademoiselle are really no relation at all, only a very distant connexion. Shall we sit

in the balcony until the dancing begins—it is cooler."

On the balcony they discovered Mabel and Waldegrave seated in one of the cushioned seats, and engaged in pleasant conversation. Glencora's black eyes flashed again, beneath the soft white lids that fluttered over them; but she smiled dazzlingly, uttered a few jesting words to Bertram, and glanced with a carelessness that was contemptuous at Mabel.

Monsieur bowed gracefully to the latter, nodded with polite familiarity to the former, and the twain passed on.

The next moment another lady and gentleman passed, at a little distance from where Mabel and Waldegrave were seated; this time, it was Jarvis Chessom—Glencora's handsome, graceless brother—and a sentimental damsel leaning on his arm, with whom, judging from his ardent glances, and softly murmured words, it was evident he was desperately flirting.

He was twenty-two, and quite deserving of the reputation which he had already obtained of being fast; but was handsome, fascinating and wealthy, and therefore considered a splendid "catch," among the "manœuvring mammas" and "marriageable daughters."

"What a sad scapegrace cousin Jarvis has grown up," said Waldegrave, his eyes resting upon young Chessom's face, which was becoming somewhat flushed with rather liberal wine-drinking.

Mabel looked also at the handsome, careless face which plainly bore the marks of dissipation, and a sorrowful shade flitted for a moment over her fair features as she answered:

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. The recklessly wild course which he is of late pursuing is not only derogatory to himself but a ceaseless source of trouble and anxiety to Mr. Chessom. "Do you know," she went on, "that his inexhaustable patience with all of Jarvis' mad freaks and caprices make it seem almost incredible that he could ever have been so implacably stern and unforgiving toward his own son."

"The death of that son," said Waldegrave, "although his anger with him had been so deep, was a heavy blow to