

youth the young lady added the indefinable thing called charm, and the promise of greater charm to come. She was already tall and would be taller, fair to look upon and certain to be fairer. To a dress of some warm red color, a touch of piquancy was added by a Tam-o'-Shanter cap of plaid that was itself pushed jauntily to one side by a wealth of crinkly brown hair; while a bit of soft brown fur encircled the neck and cuddled affectionately as a kitten under the smooth, plump chin. The face was oval with a tendency to fullness, and the nose, while by no means *retroussé*, was as distinctively Irish as the sparkle in the blue of her laughing eyes. Irish, too, were the smiling lips, but the delicious dimples that flecked the white and red of her cheeks were entirely without nationality. They were just woman, budding, ravishing woman; and there is no doubt whatever that they helped to make the fascination of that merry face complete, when its spell was cast over the soul of Hampstead.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the young lady with impulsive familiarity, bounding through the gate and over to his side, "I want you to write some invitations for me. This is my week to entertain the Phrosos. See! Isn't the paper dear?"

There were caresses in the big man's eyes as the girl drew near, but he replied with less freedom than her own form of address invited: "Good afternoon, Miss Bessie."

The restraint in his speech however was much in contrast to the bold poaching of his eyes. But Bessie appeared to notice neither restraint nor the boldness as, standing by his desk, with the big man looking on interestedly, she undid the package in her hand.

The picture of frank and simple comradeship so immediately established proclaimed a certain mutual unawareness between this pretty, half-developed girl and