

"Mr. St. Hilary," said Cousin Jane in a hushed level voice, "would you be so very kind nt to strike a lucifer and light the gas. Thank you. No, I can manage perfectly, thank you. She's very light. If you would n't mind going away — and never let her know I was bringing you in to supper with us to-night?"

Ten minutes later when a man, in the white heat of passion, asked sternly for Mr. Henry, a lady unspeakably musk-scented informed him that Mr. Henry had gone to Paris. "It's a gay city, so they say," she added, "but Lord, I dare say he 'll be glad of a change the way the English girls run after him."