

young and near-young women, commonplace and overdressed, and the equally vapid young men, whose hair seemed to be flattened back from their meagre brows as if they were sailing up into the eye of a strong wind. He saw that they had ceased their first series of contortions and were gracefully and joyously gliding and pausing, swinging and hesitating.

"I know that dance," said Miss Featherstonhaugh.

"So do I," said Charles. "Shall we try it?"

Charles was spare but not particularly slender, except about the waist and hips. She was slender but not spare. In height he fell short of the six-foot mark by one inch and a fraction, and she fell short of his height by five inches and a fraction. Both were light with the gravity-defying lightness of strength and youth.

Yes, Charles was young, and since his twenty-first birthday, which had been successfully passed seven years ago, he had not once felt so youthful as now. It is a safe guess that Miss Featherstonhaugh was his junior by six or seven years.

She wore a small, tight-fitting hat of white straw shaped something like an old-fashioned chocolate cream, and even more closely resembling that variety of toadstool which the woodland fairies are said to use for umbrellas. It was set down snugly over her auburn hair, and