

maid wheeled round her pram and began retracing her steps.

"Dandy," said I, and his eyes shot round to mine, "they're going to meet."

We watched them closely as they passed.

"I wonder how she looked at him," I muttered. "If he turns, we shall see. Will he turn? Will he turn?"

Dandy's tail wagged, and he turned.

But that was not all; for, as he looked over his shoulder, the little nursery maid whipped round as well, and in the electrician's eyes I saw a smile. When then she turned her head about, I saw a smile there too. Twice they looked back over their shoulders, after which the electrician's steps grew slow. I settled myself back in my chair, so that they should not guess I had seen; for I was really interested by this. The premises of that firm in Bond Street were getting further away with every step he took in their direction. Another hesitating stride or two and they had vanished out of sight altogether. He had turned and was coming back.

For the third time the little nursery maid looked over her shoulder. Oh, you should not say she was leading him on. Such a thought as that never enters a woman's head. She is only curious to see what will happen. When, for instance, as in such a case as this, a woman looks back at you when you have passed, it is not to encourage you to look back at her, it is only to see if you are. But no woman will ever persuade a man to