

pest—a tall, dark woman, with proudly poised head and splendid eyes, who walked with leisurely yet firm step, and tossed her parasol to and fro as she walked with a movement eminently expressive of *ennui*.

She was walking with a young man who was supposed to be a fast ascending star in the heaven of literature—a young man who was something of a journalist, and something of a poet, who wrote short stories in the magazines, was believed to contribute to *Punch*, and was said to have written a three volume novel. But however brilliantly this young gentleman may be talking, Edith Champion had evidently had enough of him, for at sight of Hillersdon her face lighted up, and she held out her hand in eager welcome.

They clasped hands, and he turned back and walked on her right in silence, while the journalist prattled on her left. Presently they met another trio of a mother and daughters, and the journalist was absorbed and swept along with this female brood, leaving Mrs. Champion and Hillersdon *tete-à-tete*.

'I thought you were not coming,' she said.

'Did you doubt I should be here after you had told me I should see you? I want to see as much of you as possible to-day.'

'Why to-day more than all other days?'

'Because it is my last day in town.'

'What, you are leaving so soon? Before Goodwood!'

'I don't care two straws for Goodwood.'

'Nor do I. But why bury oneself in the country or at some German bath too early in the year? Autumn is always long enough. One need not anticipate it. Is your doctor sending you away? Are you going for your cure?'

'Yes, I am going for my cure.'

'Where?'

'Suss-Schlaf Bad,' he answered, inventing a name on the instant.