

She bent her eyes on the ground. He was able to observe how her eyelashes swept her cheek when she looked down. "Of whom?" she asked. "I don't know," he answered, frankly puzzled. "But—" He eyed her in perplexity.

It was at the dinner-table that the scales fell from his eyes. He gave a sudden gasp of recognition.

"You!" he exclaimed. She glanced at him sideways. There was a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "Why not?" she asked. "You have altered!" he exclaimed with emphasis.

"Is that a compliment?" she inquired, fingering her glass with a bejewelled hand. The man did not answer. He was still looking at her wonderingly.

"To think that four years could have made such a difference!"

"I'm out now," she answered brightly. Then, catching his eyes, she added: "Yes, it's funny, isn't it, what a difference one's hair makes?"

He eyed her elaborately-wrought coiffure and thought of the pig-tail. He noticed the delicate sheen of her shell-pink satin dress, and contrasted it with the white pique. He caught her eyes and recollected the proposal. He blushed a deep beetroot hue.

"So you've not forgotten?" asked the girl.

The man thought the question bad taste. To tell the truth he was angry with himself for blushing. He also remembered the girl's last words to him: "Some day you will ask me to marry you," and somehow or other they seemed to him now ominously prophetic.

"Forgotten?" he said coldly, "what?" Her eyes mocked him.

"What a bad memory," she said.

She knew that he remembered, and he knew that she knew.

That was the maddening part of it all. Besides, why had he blushed? By jove, he was a fool, and so that the girl's prophecy might not come true, he had better keep out of her way as much as possible.

Fate or fashion frustrated his laudable intentions, however. He met her three times that week. The girl had only just "come out." She was fresh on the matrimonial market, and besides being decidedly pretty, she was an heiress. The name of her admirers was legion.

It annoyed the man to see her always surrounded by a little circle of admirers. At the Viscountess Rudham's ball—he had gone there with the steadfast determination of leaving the girl severely alone—he stood for half an hour leaning moodily against the wall, watching her laugh and flirt and dance. At last, in spite of his resolution, he had forced his way to her.

GOOD WORK

Proper Food Makes Marvelous Changes

Providence is sometimes credited with directing the footsteps by so simple a way as the reading of a food advertisement.

A lady writes: "I was compelled to retire from my school teaching because I was broken down with nervous prostration."

"I suffered agony in my back and was in a dreadfully nervous condition, irritable, with a dull, heavy headache continually, had no appetite and could scarcely digest anything. I was unable to remember what I read and was, of course, unfit for my work."

"One day, as if by Providence, I read the testimonial of a lady whose symptoms were much the same as mine, and she told of how Grape-Nuts food had helped her, so I concluded to try it."

"I began with Grape-Nuts, a little fruit, and a cup of Postum. I steadily improved in both body and mind. Grape-Nuts has done more for me than all the medicine I have ever taken. I am now well again and able to do anything necessary in my work."

"My mind is clearer and my body stronger than ever before." "There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"You?" She greeted him with uplifted eyebrows. "I've kept you a dance," she added, a few minutes later. "Thanks," he said briefly. "But I don't dance."

They "sat it out." The girl pressed her face against the cool leaf of a palm.

"Isn't it delicious here?" she asked. "Is it?" He stood looking down at her quizzically.

"I say," he began suddenly.

She opened and shut her fan carelessly. "Well?"

"I should never have thought you'd have grown up a flirt."

"Never have thought?" she repeated.

"Did you ever think of me at all, then?"

"Of course"—his tone was injured.

"You thought me a monstrosity, didn't you? A precocious—" She broke off. "You—you told me I ought to be in bed."

Her head was bent. She was shaking with laughter.

"I see you have a good memory," he said pointedly.

"Oh, I have," she answered, "a very good memory."

* * * * *

That night the man paced his study restlessly.

"I'll go abroad," decided the man. "Perhaps"—he sighed hopefully, at least he took it to be hopefully—"perhaps she'll be married when I come back."

"I'm going to Norway," he informed the girl the next time he met her.

"Don't you—doesn't London agree with you?"

"No," he answered decidedly.

She prodded the ground with the point of her parasol.

"If you go away—" said the girl. She hesitated.

"Well?"

"You—won't—propose—to me?"

He caught his breath. She was as brazen as ever, it seemed.

"You want me to propose to you, then?"

"Yes—Yes, I want to refuse."

She looked up and their eyes met. Hers were flashing.

"Oh, I vowed I would," she cried.

"You'll never get the chance," responded the man grimly.

He didn't go, however. Some imp of perversity prompted him to accept an invitation to the Hudham's house-party.

He knew the girl would be there.

* * * * *

The girl was skilfully leading the way. The man was preoccupied and did not notice where they were going. He realized his surroundings at last and found himself staring at the stone seat. He faced the girl accusingly.

"What on earth prompted you—" "Revenge," she announced lightly.

She moved a little nearer to him.

"Do propose to me," she murmured, and parted her lips seductively.

"You little fiend."

"Oh, why?"—raising her innocent eyes.

"To think that you should do all this for paltry revenge!" he panted.

"I proposed to you once," she murmured. "I want to cry quits."

He made an involuntary step forward.

"Eva!" He brought down his teeth on his underlip. There was a little silence.

"Ouf!" cried the girl at last. She moved away. "How strong you are!"

The man watched her go with a miserable sinking feeling at his heart.

Suddenly, ere he knew it almost, she was back to him again. Her face was raised to his. Her eyes were shining.

"Oh, you silly. Shall I have to propose to you again? It's Leap Year, isn't it?"

She put out her hand.

"Dear, I love you. Are you going to refuse me again?"

"And think of it," she cried. "I've proposed to you twice, and you haven't proposed to me once!"

"Darling, I love you! Will you marry me?" asked the man.

The girl drew a deep breath.

"Quits," she murmured.

"Eva!" There was a note of sharp anxiety in his voice. "Does that mean you will refuse me?"

"I swore I would, didn't I?"

She glanced up at him slyly through her lashes. He had gone very white.

"Only on one condition," she added, quickly; "that you propose to me again, and then I'll—I'll accept."

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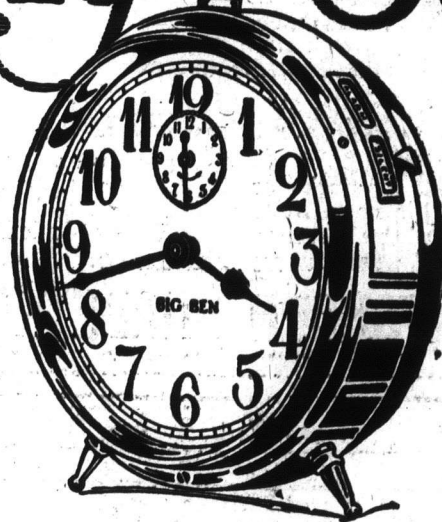
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