

you?" he said, as he took her hand. "You look a little white."

"That is not like the usual stream of compliments which pours from your lips," she answered lightly; "the heat always saps me."

"Then why not get out of it?"

"A woman's reason—just because."

"Oh, if *that* is the case, of course I have nothing more to say."

"You sound like George Burnley," said Leslie, laughing.

"Thank you, Madame, that is indeed a compliment. May I ask where is your good husband?"

"Downtown, I believe." The answer was not as indifferently spoken as she could have wished. Although fully persuaded that this time she believed in Algy, the door never opened, nor did the telephone ring that her heart failed to leap, then to apparently stop, leaving her weak and trembling. If some one said "Mrs. Tressidar" suddenly, she gave a start, all of which, being a comparatively new development, annoyed her greatly. Just now she imagined the Count's voice held something more than mere curiosity and the old fear grasped her.

"I have not seen him lately," the man said, "he seems to be interested in a new deal."

"Yes?"

A "new deal" might be anything—another woman, a horse, stocks, or more whisky. It was characteristic of Leslie that when she trusted a person, suspicion of them never entered her head.