

ESMERALDA

very simple meals. And on this occasion we had a strictly four-course dinner—not counting the caviar—just a clear soup, suprême of chicken, alligator-pear salad, and one of our chef's own marvelous ices—the Senator always will have a sweet, though they are so fattening for dear Mrs. DeWynt.

But this simple menu made no appeal to Miss Sprunt. It is to be presumed that at home they have buffalo ragout, or something of the sort. At any rate, she ate almost nothing; neither did she talk. But the light played on her red hair in a singularly attractive fashion when she moved her head in that deliberate way she had, and somehow one almost forgot the incongruity of that awful white shirt waist. Her silence was not that of discomfiture; indeed it made our chatter seem rather noisy. I have several times read that these Western aborigines are given to silence, owing to the larger spaces in which they live, and where, I suppose,