

as she gracefully glided around the room, led by her partner, Mr. Vaughn.

Lily, on the excuse of feeling fatigued, sat for a moment watching them. A weary feeling had for a moment passed over her and made her believe that she was sick of all this gaiety. She longed for rest and quietude. In this recurring mood she gazed at her father and wondered why she did not take as much interest in things as he did. While she was watching, lost in these thoughts, she did not notice Vernon, who had just arrived, and seeing her sitting alone, had come up to her.

"Miss Vaughn!" said Vernon, greeting her, "are you not dancing? Come, this will never do! Allow me to have the pleasure of being your partner for the remainder of the waltz," he added.

She started. "Thank you, Mr. Vernon," she said, and a faint smile passed over her pale face; "but you must excuse me this time. I am rather tired."

Vernon gazed in astonishment. "I am sorry, Miss Vaughn," he said, sitting by her side, "but can I have the next dance with you?" he added rather pleadingly.

Lily glanced at her card, and a faint blush stole into her pale face. "Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I am not engaged for that one."