admirer means a loss of a good deal of attention from the crowd, and they act accordingly. But I haven't the slightest idea that that's the true reason," he added.

"I don't know. I shouldn't wonder if you were right," answered his companion. "Pretty girls are selfish from the word go, as a rule. But Bessie Carleton is a deuced pretty girl, she's extremely hard to manage, and I believe I'm in love with her,—though never having been attacked before, I don't know that I'm in a position to judge."

"Oh, yes, you're in love," replied the philosophical Tilton; "and you've been in love ever since we met those two girls a fortnight ago. However, I don't blame you; I'm in love with the other one myself, and, what's more, she's the better of the two, by long odds."

"I'm glad you think so. There's some consolation in knowing that we haven't got to fight about it, as we usually have done. But come along; we might as well go up now, even if it is a little early. Those girls never do spend much time in eating, which is a great point in their favor." And the two men started off in the direction of the Carletons' cottage.

Arriving there they found the two girls much as we left them; and after a half-hour's or so conversation, which failed to develop anything satisfactory to Eustis, the girls procured their wraps, and the four started for the Casino.

Bessie Carleton had barely, and in the most formal manner, thanked Eustis for his flowers; but the latter was resigned, and hardly expected more. Nevertheless, he was a little disappointed. This act of ingratitude, however, was nothing compared with his companion's subsequent conduct. She apparently went out of her way to annoy her escort, and by the time they reached their destination the latter was in a state of perplexity bordering upon despair.

In answer to his request, so distastefully referred to by Bessie in her conversation with her cousin, for a few dances more than the prescribed number, and which he, knowing the suspense in which he had awaited her reply, would have called anything but a demand, he had obtained a half-hearted promise of two, and with this he was forced to be content.

When the orchestra struck up the first strains of the first of these, he made his way through the crowd of promenaders towards Bessie's seat, where he had been watching her since she had seated herself there with her partner, and looking down into those brown eyes of hers, which were mainly responsible for his present state, he said, "This is our dance, is it not, Miss Carleton?" And Bessie, over whose face, as he approached, had come a most bored expression, raised her eyes, which were anything but reassuring, and answered, "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Eustis, but Mr. Thompson reminds me that I promised to dance this with him." So saying she rose, and was soon in the whirl with the other dancers, on the arm of the happy Thompson, in whose eyes Eustis had not failed to note an amused twinkle.

And Eustis, I am sorry to say, forgot himself at this, and said, under his breath fortunately, "D—— Thompson!"

He knew perfectly well that Bessie had promised him this dance before she had seen Thompson, who had only arrived the day before, but there was no help for it, and he walked out of the ballroom into the garden, lit a cigarette, and gave himself up to some very gloomy reflections.

But, as has been pointed out before, determination was one of Bert Eustis' characteristics, and he re-entered the ballroom in time for the second dance Miss Carleton had promised him. He caught sight of her presently, again with the hated Thompson. He approached her, and with a very humble expression, and this time avoiding the girl's eyes, and gazing sadly upon the one rose that remained of the once gorgeous bouquet—he