noticed another in Thompson's buttonhole—said, "May I have this waltz?" And Bessie, looking up as if he were the last person she had expected to see, replied, "Oh, yes; I believe I did promise you this waltz, Mr. Eustis," and turning to her partner, she added sweetly, "Will you excuse me, Mr. Thompson?"

When a man's in love it doesn't take much to satisfy him, provided that the favors come from the one who is responsible for the flame that burns within him, and Eustis had almost forgiven Miss Carleton her heartlessness in the happiness he now experienced as he guided her through the crowd of dancers, waltzing as he had never waltzed before, to the inspiring strains of Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Now Eustis was an excellent dancer, and Bessie was forced to acknowledge that she enjoyed this waltz more than she had any of the dances that had preceded it. And so she gave herself up to the pleasure of the moment, and forgot for the time being that this was the man above all others whom she would never have confessed as being able to please her.

And yet, after all, what right had she to dislike him so? He had been most kind to her, and he could hardly be blamed for wishing to see as much of her as he could. And as he looked down into her face—Eustis had told his friend Tilton that he couldn't help looking into her eyes, they were so beautiful, and made him long so to have them turn to his with that expression of tenderness that he knew they must be capable of—she could not but acknowledge that he was very good-looking. But no; he was too conceited.

And then a quick, sharp pang shot through her ankle, and she clutched Eustis' arm for support. He stopped dancing immediately, and asked anxiously what troubled her.

"I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle. Please take me to a seat," she said quickly; and at the sight of her pale face and drawn lips, Eustis raised her from her feet, and carried her from the room. Telling those who hurried up to him that Miss Carleton had hurt her foot, and that he would see her safely home, he called out to Tilton to throw him a coat, and, tenderly wrapping it about the girl, hurried out of the Casino towards the Carletons' cottage.

It wasn't a great distance off, but Eustis was breathless by the time he reached it. He laid his burden gently upon a sofa, and quietly ordered the bewildered servants to get him some hot water. Then, taking out his knife, he quickly but carefully ripped off Bessie's shoe and stocking, and bathed the poor swollen foot, while he asked her if the pain was very hard to bear.

"That's much better. Thank you—for all—trouble," and her head dropped back upon the cushions.

Eustis thought she had fainted, and went on gently bathing the injured ankle, while he waited the arrival of the doctor whom Tilton had gone for. But Bessie presently opened her eyes, and looked down at the handsome fellow at her feet. And then she realized all at once how unkind she had been to him, and how little she deserved this treatment at his hands, and the hot tears came into her eyes, strive as she would to keep them back.

Then the doctor came to take Eustis' place, and she was carried upstairs to her room and put to bed, with her foot wrapped up in bandages steeped in arnica. The pain soon wore off, and she finally dropped asleep.

Eustis left the house in anything but a peaceful frame of mind, and cursed his luck as he realized that there was little chance of his seeing Miss Carleton again before he returned to the city.

Cursed his luck! Can Fortune be blamed for inconstancy after ingratitude such as this?

For three weeks poor Bessie lay in her room unable to move her foot, while her friends did the proper thing, and sent up the customary messages of sympathy and condolence. They were all very kind, but what caused her more