

dimple flickered wickedly, the gray eyes smiled.

"There's nothing in the world I should like better," he answered warmly, just as Halwyn, racket in hand, appeared in the doorway.

There was no denying the fact that Stanway was going the way the others had gone. The single-handed game between Miss Wilder and the Cub, which had become a three-handed game when Kingsley was gathered in, now became the four-handed game usual on the court earlier in the summer. Only now it was Halwyn, lover of man tennis, who sat dejectedly on the grass and looked on, instead of a girl with reproachful eyes.

The rule of spectator enabled him to observe several things. For instance, that a halo of wind-blown dark hair gave a touch of mystery to Miss Wilder's face, and that there was something enticingly graceful in the swirl of a properly cut tennis skirt. This involuntary tribute to the enemy only made his numbed reply to Stanway's grinning offer to allow him to play in his stead the more biting.

"When Diana hunts," he snapped, "wise men take to cover."
"He had to admit, however, that in this particular case the precaution seemed unnecessary. If Diana hunted, she at least hunted other game.

"You haven't told me your score lately," he remarked urbanely to Miss Wilder. "How does it stand, now that you are playing with Stanley?"

Miss Wilder bestowed a long, enigmatical glance upon him. "Perhaps you can guess," she threw out at last.

"I should hazard forty, love."

"You evidently don't think that I'm improving."

"I think you are so skilful that you have no need to improve," was his handsome rejoinder.

Here the conversation flagged, though they still continued to communicate by glances. It suddenly occurred to Halwyn that they had conversed a good

deal in that subtle manner, usually to his mystification.

"You have the eyes of the Sphinx." He had never intended to say it, but it was out before he realized it, and, to his relief, she passed the remark by as if too intent upon another line of thought to heed it.

"Aren't you tired of playing alone?" she smiled.

"Haven't you a somewhat abnormal taste for collecting sculps?" was his counter query, and there for a time their mutual catechism ended. But to Stanway, subsequently, she announced that Mr Halwyn was a woman-hater, or, at least, he didn't like her. The fervour of his reply caused a warning "Remember!" to drop from her lips.

"But it's such a ridiculous test, little girl," he protested. "You couldn't beat me at tennis in a thousand years. You're not the athletic type." And the little girl smiled and held her peace.

The days came and went, finding Halwyn ever more morose. They were not the good old days of do-as-you-please masculine liberty that had made Mrs Merwin's a charmed place. Tennis was demoralised, the bachelor cohorts routed. But she did manage them remarkably well. Halwyn smiled grimly as he remembered how well.

And then, from their talk, he learned of the approaching contest, in which Miss Wilder was to meet her three victims successively. "Victim" was the word that he used, but neither of the trio would have acknowledged it.

The day of the joust, as they laughingly called it, had arrived. The Cub, ruddy, and reeking with an importance that had in it a touch of mystery that set Kingsley to thinking, was the first contestant.

At the end of the opening game, in which Natica's wild balls kept the two onlookers dodging, the whim which had staked anything on this mock contest seemed to each of the three men more than ever absurd. The Cub's manner became absolutely proprietary, while

Kingsley and Stanway wondered vaguely how the other fellows would take it.

And then, suddenly, something happened. The dimple went out of commission, and the Scotch mistiness in Miss Wilder's eyes gave place to a keen spirited look that seemed to bespeak the intention to do or die. From the moment that the second game began to its end she seemed to be conscious of just one thing in the wide world: the game of tennis that she was playing.

As for the Cub, he felt as if he had suddenly landed in the midst of a tornado. Over the net came the balls, falling so close that his arm was almost strained from the socket in his effort to reach them.

"Play up, play up!" jeered Stanway, chuckling gleefully at the Cub's surprise and confusion. But a moment later his face sobered. He perceived that this was no chance luck on the lady's part.

"That's the real thing," muttered Kingsley; "but, I say—where did she learn it!"

"Yes, where did she?" echoed Stanway, and then a slow, sickly grin stole slowly over both faces.

His first amazement over, young Sufferin "played up" to the very best of his ability. But though in subsequent games he somewhat retrieved his fortune, he was no match for his antagonist. Miss Wilder won five games out of a set.

"You haven't played fair," he said hotly, when at last he got a word with her alone. "You've been fooling me all this time. Pretending not to know

mate purpose, but can be turned to account in numberless different ways. One of the uses to which they best lend themselves is that of an afternoon tea-cloth. This may be made of four or more embroidered handkerchiefs, depending on the size of cloth which is required. The pattern must be the same in every instance, and the hedges should be finished with a narrow hem-stitched border in preference to an embroidered or scalloped edge.

The handkerchiefs should first be tacked on to a large sheet of paper, leaving a space of an inch and a half between each, care being taken to observe the exact distances, as on this point the success of the tea-cloth depends. A coarse lace insertion, such as Torchon or imitation Venetian lace, should then be tacked down over the handkerchiefs, so as to just cover the edge, taking in sufficient of the material to obviate the danger of the lace pulling away when it is washed. Where the bands of insertion cross each other, the double portion should be cut away at the back when the cloth is completed, and the cut edges of the lace turned in and sewn down neatly. When this completed a frill of Torchon edging should be sewn on all round, care being taken to ease it evenly at the four corners. The cloth may now be detached from the paper foundation, and the rows of insertion either sewn down firmly by hand or preferably by machine.

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