

have been proud at seeing such a man awaiting her.

She was late, but it would have been unlike a woman to be early when she knew a man was watching the door for her arrival. At last she came, proudly beautiful, with her waxen face and glorious dark eyes. Sir Andrew took a step forward to meet her, then stopped short—her beautiful brown hair was unadorned. She was not wearing his white camellia.

Now, Sir Andrew, for all his reserve and gravity, had a sharp Scotch temper. It rose, and with it a deep flush came to his face. He wheeled round, and entered into conversation with a friend who stood near. An hour or more passed before he went near Miss Kavanah.

When he did so his face was as grey as a stone. He merely asked her for a dance. She had only one left. Possibly she had reserved that. Having secured it, he left her, and when he came to claim her for the promised dance he found a partner who was every bit as cold and distant as himself. And a few hours ago both pairs of eyes had been shining, and hands had been so warmly clasped.

After a turn or two he led her into a secluded corner, and they sat down.

"Why are you not wearing the white camellia?" he asked abruptly.

She raised her eyebrows, and looked at him very coldly. He knew that his tone had not been very polite, but he did not care.

"I really don't think I am bound to give you a reason, especially when you speak to me like that, and have shown so little interest about it all the evening!"

Her voice was haughty, and the look in the eyes which he loved did not help to soothe his pain.

"You promised to wear it. So I have a right to ask you why you did not."

"You have," she answered, rising, and gathered up the train of her iridescent dress. "I am not wearing the white camellia because I have given it away."

And, not even stopping to see the effect of her words upon him, she swept down one of the corridors to a little drawing-room where she had left her mother.

She would not have seen much if she had waited. Men can hide mortal wounds better than they can mere scratches.

"I might have known that something of this sort would end it," ran his bitter thoughts.

A winter's night, and a big dinner party at one of the great houses in Lon-



THE CLUB HOUSE, RANELAGH.

Ranelagh is the headquarters of the smart "polo" set in London, being the only rival of Hurlingham.

don. The very house where, less than a year ago, the smothering out of flames about a woman's arm had lit a fire far more dangerous within a man's hitherto well-guarded heart.

They sat at opposite ends of the huge table. They had never met since that unhappy dance.

He was sitting next to a well-known doctor.

"I want you to notice that little dark-haired servant opposite to us just going round with the salad," said the doctor in a low voice. "There is quite a romance about her. She is a French girl, and is engaged to that tall footman. Look—there he is—he has taken the salad bowl from her—he thinks it is too heavy for her. Look at those two—spick and span, and, as I happen to know, truly happy. You would not think that he had been

almost to the bottom of the English Channel in a wrecked steamer, and that she had been saved from death by a flower."

"A flower! That sounds odd!"

"But it's perfectly true. It was last June, when we had the garden party at our hospital. I was house-surgeon there at the time. She had been brought in

that morning in a raging brain fever. We never thought she'd live through the night. She'd heard the day before of loss of the steamer with her young man on board. She—her name is Camille le Brun—was highly delirious, and was talking about her lover incessantly. He had promised to bring her a flower from her old home in France, she said — a



THE EARL OF SHANNON.

Who has just succeeded to the title owing to the death of his father. The little Earl was born on November 13th, 1897. The earldom, which is Irish, was created in 1750, but in due course Lord Shannon will sit in the Lords as Baron Carleton, in the peerage of Great Britain.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Daughter of Princess Christian. Princess Louise is the only English Princess who has visited the United States.