

Harold stole a glance at Miss Kingsley but unfortunately she looked up at the same time and of course they both blushed. This was just what the rest were looking for, and a laugh followed at their expense—but the look he had received from Evelyn made him forgive his sister.

The gay chatter was interrupted by the music. Trevelyn claimed the first waltz with Miss Kingsley, and a moment later they were gliding over the floor to the strains of "La Serenata;" but Harold was not thinking of the dance. He was thinking of the white hand that rested so lightly on his arm; of the graceful girl who followed his every turn so smoothly; and, above all, of that tell-tale blush. As he thought of the night before, he shuddered and involuntarily drew her closer for a moment. She, too, was thinking, for not a word was spoken until the dance was ended.

Next, he had a two-step with Miss Moore.

Such a chatter-box! She nearly took his breath away in wonder at the speed her tongue could attain, but he remained as attentive as possible. Suddenly she exclaimed teasingly, "Why, what's the matter with you, Mr. Trevelyn, you won't say a word."

"I've been so well entertained," he replied, laughingly, but she interrupted.

"You needn't make any excuse," she said; "I know why," and then she began to talk about Miss Kingsley.

When she paused for him to speak, he began, "Evelyn is —" "Oh! Oh! Evelyn!" she cried, "I'll tell her this very minute that you called her Evelyn."

Harold couldn't help blushing, but he only replied, "Please do." The conversation about Miss Kingsley did not tease him. No, he loved to hear the name. He could not dwell long on this, however, because Miss Moore turned his thoughts in different channels each moment. The dance was soon ended.

The evening passed gayly, but Harold was impatient for his next dance with Evelyn. When the moment arrived he hurried toward her.

"I fear you are tired," he said. She admitted that she was, but seeing the eagerness in his face she demurred at resting while the next dance was in progress. He overruled her objections, nevertheless, and led her out on the veranda, now deserted. They talked for some time on commonplace subjects,