

purpose of pleasing Margaret. But before dinner he telephoned and asked to speak with her, and this she could not possibly refuse.

"How are you?" asked his voice, and he ran on without waiting for an answer. "I hope you are not very tired after crossing yesterday. I came by Boulogne—decent of me, wasn't it? You must be sick of seeing me all the time; so I shall give you a rest for a day or two. Telephone whenever you think you can bear the sight of me again, and I'll be with you in thirty-five minutes. I shall not stir from home in this baking weather. If you think I'm in mischief, you're quite mistaken, dear lady, for I'm up to my chin in work."

"I envy you," Margaret said, when he paused at last. "I've nothing on earth to do, and the piano here is out of tune. But you're quite right, I don't want to see you a little bit, and I'm not jealous, nor suspicious, nor anything disagreeable. So there!"

"How nice of you!"

"I'm very nice," Margaret answered with laughing emphasis. "I know it. What sort of work are you doing? It's only idle curiosity; so don't tell me if you would rather not. Have you got a new railway in Brazil, or an overland route to the other side of beyond?"

"Nothing so easy. I'm brushing up my Tartar." "Brushing up what? I didn't hear."

"Tartar—the Tartar language—T-a-r—" he began to spell the word.

"Yes, I hear now," interrupted Margaret. "But what in the world is the use of knowing it? You must be awfully hard up for something to do!"

"You can be understood from Constantinople to the Pacific Ocean if you can speak Tartar," Logotheti answered in a matter of fact tone.

"I dare say. But you are not going to travel from Constantinople to the Pacific Ocean—"

"I might. One never can tell what he may like to do."

"Oh, if it's because Tartar is useful 'against the bites of sharks,'" answered Margaret, quoting Alice, "learn it by all means!"

"Besides, there are all sorts of people in Paris. I'm sure there must be some Tartars. I might meet one, and it would be amusing to be able to talk to him."

"Nonsense! Why should you ever meet a Tartar? How absurd you are!"

"There's one with me now—close beside me at my elbow."

"Don't be silly, or I'll ring off."

"If you don't believe me, listen!" He said something in a language Margaret did not understand, and another voice answered him at once in the same tongue. Margaret startled slightly and bent her brows with a puzzled and displeased look.

"Is that your teacher?" she asked with more interest in her tone than she had yet betrayed.

"Yes."

"I begin to understand. Do you mind telling me how old she is?"

"It's not 'she'; it's a young man. I don't know how old he is. I'll ask him if you like."

Again she heard him speak a few incomprehensible words, which were answered very briefly in the same tongue.

"He tells me he is twenty," Logotheti said. "He's a good looking young fellow. How is Mrs. Rushmore? I forgot to ask."

"She's quite well, thank you. But I should like to know—"

"Will you be so very kind as to remember me to her, and to say that I hope to find her at home the day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Come to-morrow if you like. But please tell me how you happened to pick up that young Tartar. It sounds so interesting. He has such a sweet voice."

There was no reply to this question, and Margaret could not get another word from Logotheti. The communication was apparently cut off. She rang up the central office and asked for his number again; but the young woman said that she could get no answer to the call, and that something was probably wrong with the instrument.

MARGARET was not pleased, and was silent and absent minded at dinner and in the evening. But when she was sitting before the glass and her

maid was brushing out her soft brown hair, she was not at all drowsy, and though her eyes looked steadily at their own reflection in the mirror, she was not aware that she saw anything.

"Potts," she said suddenly, and stopped.

"Yes, ma'am?" answered the maid with meek interrogation.

But Margaret said no more for several moments. She enjoyed the sensation of having her hair brushed; it made her understand exactly how a cat feels when some one strokes its back steadily, and she could almost have purred with pleasure as she held her handsome head back and moved it a little under each soft stroke in real enjoyment.

"Potts," she began again at last, "you are not very imaginative, are you?"

"No, ma'am," the maid answered, because it seemed to be expected of her, though she had never thought of the matter.

"Do you think you could possibly be mistaken about a voice, if you didn't see the person who was speaking?"

"In what way, ma'am?"

"I mean, do you think you could take a man's voice for a woman's at a distance?"

"Oh, I see!" Potts exclaimed. "As it might be, at the telephone?"

"Well—at the telephone, if you like, or anywhere else. Do you think you might?"

"It would depend on the voice, ma'am," observed Potts with caution.

"Of course it would," assented Margaret rather impatiently.

"Well, ma'am, I'll say this, since you ask me. When I was last at home I was mistaken in that way about my own brother, for I heard him calling to me from down stairs, and I took him for my sister Milly."

"Oh! That's interesting," Margaret smiled. "What sort of voice has your brother? How old is he?"

"He's eight-and-twenty, ma'am; and as for his voice, he has a sweet counter tenor, and sings nicely. He's a song man at the cathedral, ma'am."

"Really? How nice! Have you a voice too? Do you sing at all?"

"Oh no, ma'am!" answered Potts in a deprecating tone. "One in the family is quite enough!"

Margaret vaguely wondered why, but did not inquire. "You were quite sure that it was your brother who was speaking, I suppose?" she said.

"Oh yes, ma'am! I looked down over the balusters, and there he was!"

MARGARET had the solid health of a great singer, and it would have been a serious trouble indeed that could have interfered with her unbroken and dreamless sleep during at least eight hours; but when she closed her eyes that night she was quite sure that she could not have slept at all but for Potts's comforting little story about the brother with the "counter tenor" voice. Yet even so, at the moment before waking in the morning, she dreamed that she was at the telephone again, and that words in a strange language came to her along the wire in a soft and caressing tone that could be only a woman's, and that for the first time in all her life she knew what it was to be jealous. The sensation was not an agreeable one.

The dream voice was silent as soon as she opened her eyes; but she had not been awake long without realizing that she wished very much to see Logotheti at once, and was profoundly thankful that she had torn up her letter to Lady Maud. She was not prepared to admit, even now, that Konstantin was the ideal she should have chosen for a husband, and whom she had been describing from imagination when she had suddenly stopped writing; but, on the other hand, the mere thought that he had perhaps been amusing himself in the society of another woman all yesterday afternoon made her so angry that she took refuge in trying to believe that he had spoken the truth and that she had really been mistaken about the voice.

It was all very well to talk about learning Tartar! How could she be sure that it was not modern Greek, or Turkish? She could not have known the difference. Was it so very unlikely that some charming compatriot of his should have come from Constantinople to spend a few weeks in Paris? She

remembered the mysterious house in the Boulevard Péreire where he lived, the beautiful upper hall where the statue of Aphrodite stood, the doors that would not open like other doors, the strangely disturbing encaustic painting of Cleopatra in the drawing room,—many things she distrusted.

Besides, suppose that the language was really Tartar, were there not Russians who spoke it? She thought there must be, because she had a vague idea that all Russians were more or less Tartars. There was a proverb about it. Moreover, to the English as well as to the French, Russians represent romance and wickedness.

SHE would not go to the telephone herself, but sent a message to Logotheti, and he came out in the cool time of the afternoon. She thought he had never looked so handsome and so little exotic since she had known him. To please her he had altogether given up the terrific ties, the lightning-struck waistcoat, the sunrise socks, and the overpowering jewelry he had formerly affected, and had resigned himself to the dictation of a London tailor, who told him what he might, could, should, and must wear for each circumstance and hour of daily life, in fine gradations, from deer stalking to a royal garden party. The tailor, who dressed Kings and made a specialty of Emperors, was a man of taste, and when he had worked on the Greek financier for a few weeks the result was satisfactory,—excepting for his almond shaped eyes no one could have told Logotheti from an Englishman by his appearance.

Mrs. Rushmore was amazed and pleased. "My dear," she said afterward to Margaret, "what a perfectly wonderful change! Think how he used to look! And now you might almost take him for an American gentleman!"

He was received by Mrs. Rushmore and Margaret together, and took noticeable pains to make himself agreeable to the mistress of the house. At first Margaret was pleased at this; but when she saw that he was doing his best to keep Mrs. Rushmore from leaving the room, as she probably would have done, Margaret did not like it. She was dying to ask him questions about his lessons in Tartar, and especially about his teacher, and probably meant to cast her inquiries in such form as would make it preferable to examine him alone rather than before Mrs. Rushmore; but he talked on and on, pausing only an instant for the good woman's expressions of interest or approval. With diabolical knowledge of her weakness, he led the conversation to the subject of political and diplomatic lions, and of lions of other varieties, and made plans for bringing some noble specimens to tea with her. She was not a snob; she distrusted foreign princes, marquises, and counts, and could keep her head well in the presence of an English peer; but lions were irresistible, and Logotheti offered her a whole menagerie of them, and described their habits with minuteness, if not with veracity.

He was telling her what a Prime Minister had told an Ambassador about the Pope, when Margaret rose rather abruptly.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said to Mrs. Rushmore, by way of apology, "but I really must have a little air. I've not been out of the house all day."

Mrs. Rushmore understood, and was not hurt, though she was sorry not to hear more. The "dear child" should go out, by all means. Would Monsieur Logotheti stay to dinner? No? She was sorry. She had forgotten that she had a letter to write in time for the afternoon post. So she went off and left the two together.

MARGARET led the way out on the lawn, and they sat down on garden chairs under a big elm tree. She said nothing while she settled herself very deliberately, avoiding her companion's eyes till she was quite ready, and then suddenly looking at him with a sort of blank stare that would have disconcerted anyone less superlatively self possessed than he was. It was most distinctly Madame de Cordova, the offended prima donna, who spoke at last, and not Miss Margaret Donne, the "nice English girl."

"What in the world has got into you?" she inquired in a chilly tone.

He opened his almond shaped eyes a little wider,

*Continued on page 16*

## SONNETS TO A LOVER

### DREAM RIVER

Along the Fields of Sleep the river strays  
Where in the sun the golden water glows  
As with a drowsy melody it flows  
Through woodland aisles and scented forest ways;  
And like the dew a summer morning lays  
Upon the petals of an opening rose.  
The mist veiled eyes of tired dreamers close  
With soft enchantment resting on their gaze.

Amid the clover where the wild bees hum  
And, passing silver sunbeams, gently sift  
Their garnered treasure into meadow grass,  
I wait, my dearest, till God lets thee come;  
Until adown Dream River we may drift  
And gather slumber lilies as we pass.

### By MYRTLE REED



### WAITING

Sometimes, when sunset skies are overcast  
And I have lived my day as best I know,  
I fall to dreaming, and remember so  
The golden sands that jazzed as they passed.  
Sometimes, when tired eyes are filling fast,  
I hear thy footfalls near me, hushed and slow,  
I feel thy kiss upon my hand, and grow  
Toward the calm of perfect peace at last.

Sometimes my lonely soul cries out for thee,  
My hungry heart pleads for thee deep within;  
Then once again I hear thy dear voice call,  
Ah, sweetheart! Say that in eternity  
God gives us back these long-lost years and in  
A blinding instant we shall find them all!