

—no ecstasy—no umph to it. Who introduced you to it? Must be that kind of a fellow."

For a moment Diane burned with resentment out of all proportion to Mike's remark, but a second later she realised that his blundering reference to Richard was made in all innocence.

Casually, she asked, "Where's our good friend Johnny Smith?"

"Fixing his tie. When I left he looked as if he were in serious danger of lynching himself."

Diane giggled. "What do you and Johnny do in Buenos Aires?"

"He's in with me on a ranch down there—"

"Oh—frontiersmen."

Mike was hurt. "Am I that much of a hick?"

Diane wrinkled her nose in an impish grin. "I imagine these trips north take care of that."

"They help!" The Daquaris had arrived and Mike raised his glass "Go ahead—try it. A couple of those and you'll be up in the crow's nest."

Diane looked at it uncertainly, then sipped it. Slowly she placed it on the table. "It's very nice—but—"

"But what?"

"May I have another sherry flip?"

"Sure. Waiter, Miss Lovering would like another sherry flip. The Daquaris is a flop." He shook his head commiseratingly, then downed his own drink with exaggerated gusto.

Dinner was a gay meal, interspersed with laughter and dancing, but shortly afterwards Diane claimed a headache and left Mike standing disconsolately alone.

She had not been lying to him, entirely, for not only her head but her heart felt a little heavy.

Now, after a few quiet hours in her stateroom, restlessness touched her. She moved about, uncertain of herself, of life, of its meaning.

Then, with an impatient exclamation, she hurriedly placed a short ruffled cape about her shoulders and mounting to the deck, ensconced herself comfortably in her deck chair. Presently, a mellower mood of contentment replaced the earlier one.

Faces and voices floated by. Dreamily, Diane saw them without noting them. She blinked at the stars and said a silent "thank you" for the liquid silver of the moon.

"Dinah—you're very beautiful but you're a liar." Mike's rude words broke into her reverie.

"Oh—hello." Diane smiled warily, and stiffened a little. Irrelevantly, she thought of Richard's words, "I need you, Diane—always." Of his utter and implicit trust in her.

"You said you were going to bed."

"I thought I'd come out and listen

to the music for a while." Diane was apologetic.

"How about listening inside—and dancing?"

Diane hesitated. "Too comfortable here," she replied.

"All right." Mike seated himself at the foot of her chair. "You're a problem girl—aren't you, Dinah?"

Diane chuckled. "Not in the least—why?"

"Well, you're a problem to me—and something tells me you're full of problems yourself. What did you come on this trip for—the ride?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Darn long ride," Mike gloomed.

"Who's the guy?" he asked abruptly.

"What guy?"

"Well—every now and then your eyes are way out there on the horizon. There must be a guy behind a woman's eyes when they're like that?"

"Listen to the conceited male," Diane derided him gently. At the same time she used the words to shield her own dismay, for her inner guide warned her that this seemingly innocent banter had hidden subtle implications.

"Honest now—you're not engaged to be married?"

"No! Would that be one of my problems?"

"Might be. Ever been engaged?" Diane shook her head. "Say," he was really indignant. "Who've you known all your life? A lot of blind men?"

"So there you are." It was Johnny, a little tight. Two buxom Spanish girls clung to his arms. "Folks—meet the sisters Belmonte. They don't speak a word of English but hold your hats because we're picking up momentum." There was an exchange of "How do you do's" and some Spanish giggles.

"I was looking for you to carry the excess baggage, but I see you're already booked," Johnny told Mike.

Bowing gravely he moved off with the girls.

"Great! That keeps Mr. Smith occupied for the rest of the trip," Mike said.

Diane laughed in a curiously strained way, and rose. "Well Mr. Bradley—its not fair to spoil your chances. And I'm about ready for sleep."

"Now wait a minute—what—do you think I'd be interested in those little chinahuas?"

"You were looking for trouble when you came aboard. Now admit it," Diane teased.

"I do." Mike replied seriously.

"Well, there it is—so run along with Aunt Dinah's blessing and—"

Mike stepped up close to her and gripped her arm, with unconscious roughness. Diane quivered a little as he forced her to look at him.

"Look here, I came aboard on the prowl, sure—" a velvet caressing note

Household Hints

VARNISH remover, combined with brass polish, will make like new the most hopelessly soiled and marred brass articles.

IF a piece of orris root is tied in a muslin bag and put in with handkerchiefs while they are boiling, when ironed they will give out a faint violet fragrance.

SHREDDED or minced corned beef mixed with salad and sprinkled with mayonnaise will make a meal, especially if served with hard-boiled eggs and brown bread and butter.

HERE'S a hot-weather hint: to keep lard fresh for several days, heat it to boiling point in the oven, pour into a wide-mouthed earthenware jar, and store in a cool place.

IF you wish to prevent citron, raisins or currants from sinking to the bottom of your cake, warm them in the oven before adding them to the batter.

TO make good use of an old discarded mackintosh, cut it up into squares and make waterproof covers for garden or beach cushions. Close the hems with a rubber solution instead of stitching.

HAND lotion or a little hand cream should be applied after washing your hands morning and night; and if you are wise you will smear on plenty of grease and sleep in gloves at least twice a week.

JUNKET prepared in this way will look and taste unusually good. Add gooseberry puree to the milk, colour with spinach juice, and make the junket in the usual manner. Top with whipped cream and crushed pistachio nuts.

BUTTERSCOTCH sauce can be made in this way: Dissolve 4oz. brown sugar in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, add 4oz. butter, and boil together for five minutes. Mix a teaspoonful of cornflour smooth in a dessertspoonful of cold water and add to the sauce with a few drops of vanilla. Stir over the fire until thick.

was in his voice, "but then—you dropped out of the sky—"

Diane watched him, mesmerically as she tried to make her reply coherent. "Yes, but I'm not trouble. We've decided that—"

"I know," Mike said softly, drawing her into the circle of his arms, "but now I've about decided you're something else."

"It's the moon," Diane said faintly.

"It's you." His voice throbbed and she felt, deliriously, that she was drowning in it. Closer and closer he drew her, his mouth nearly touching hers, and slowly her defences were crumbling to dust.

(To be continued.)