

THE LOVELY MRS. CAVALOSSÌ 3

the chin a miracle of fine curves, the rounded rose-leaf cheeks unmarred by any cosmetic, the high, clear-white forehead, the little half-hidden ears—you would examine all this, and wonder at it and enjoy it. But you would feel a vague fear; you would be afraid of the deep sinister glance which flashed now and then from those pearl-shaped hazel eyes. You would probably say to yourself that it was a bold man, and a reckless one, who would propose marriage to Mrs. Cavalossi.

She got up suddenly, and passed two or three times to and fro across the room. She was dressed in a walking costume of white drill, with a white hat, under which her brown hair was lightly coiled. Everything was severely simple; yet the last word of style was spoken by that dress and coiffure. She returned to the window, stared—without seeing it—at the magnificent panorama outside, and then abruptly touched an electric button.

A maid, in the traditional black apron, responded to the summons.

‘Adela, what time is it, exactly? This clock has stopped.’

‘Precisely a quarter to ten, madam.’