

The Duchess of Naxos

Constantine is exiled and because, moreover, that same flag flies beside the flags of England, France, and Italy. . . . No, Michael, there will be no revolution now in Naxos; no Duchy, no Duchess. . . . And," she rose and looked at me, and stretched out one fair hand, "come into France with me, Michael. . . . I can't leave my heart here with you unless I stay here, too. . . . I can't become disembodied and float off to France leaving heart and mind and body and soul here—in your arms—in the arms of the man I—love. . . . Can I, dear Michael?—*Can I—my dear lover?—my dearest—my beloved—*"

Her fragrant, flushed face was close against mine when we heard Smith's trunk banging in his room and Raoul's voice: "Easy, *mon dieu!* *Mon dieu,* but it's heavy, your Norwegian-American luggage!"

"Darling!" she exclaimed in consternation, "you're not packed up! Quick, Michael! *I'll help you—*"

"Thusis, I don't want this just *Do you know* what I am going to take with me!"

"What, darling?"

"My poems to you; the portrait of the Admiral; and my photograph of The Laughing Girl. . . . And nothing else whatever."

I picked up the photograph from my dresser as I spoke and slipped it into my breast pocket.

"Are we to start housekeeping with the *—*"