

Desunt Cætera

Confused, the brilliancy of electric light in her eyes, Diana found herself sitting bolt upright, clutching the arms of her chair, and staring at a dark figure which leaned over her—a man, laughing, still amazed, still incredulous.

"Jim!" she faltered.

"Certainly. What do you mean by *going* to sleep in my favorite chair?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, Jim!" she wailed, dropping back helplessly into the depths of the chair, "I must be perfectly crazy to do such a thing! What time is it? I came in here to—to get something"—she pressed her hands to her temples—"to find—to look— Oh, I don't know what I'm talking about!"

Her hands dropped; she gazed hopelessly up at him.

"Did you *ever* hear of such a perfect fool?" she said. "What time is it?—if you think I can bear the information."

"It's only eight."

"Eight! Jim, dear, *will* you go to that telephone and inform Mr. Rivett that I have not been run over, murdered, or arrested?"

He went over and telephoned, adding: "Don't wait for either of us. Leave the tick-