

## Desunt Catera

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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 quite 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-