

motionless in the firelight. The noise of the town came dulled to her ears. She had escaped from Jerry and the pursuing echo of his name.

A half-hour later the Colonel found her there. After a hurried search for her through the town he had been seized by the hope that she might have sought shelter with him.

As the opening of the door fell on her ear she raised her head and looked up. He saw her in the firelight, all dark in the half-lit room, save for her white face and hands. An exclamation of passionate relief broke from him, and as she rose and ran to him he held out his arms and clasped her. They said nothing for a moment, clinging mutely together, her face buried in his shoulders, his hand pressing her head against his heart. Then she drew herself away from him and tried to tell him the story in a series of broken sentences, but he silenced her and put her back in the chair.

"Wait till to-morrow," he said, kneeling down beside her to stir up the fire into a redder blaze. "You can tell it all to-morrow. And, anyway, there's no necessity to tell it. I know it now."

"Do you know what I was going to do—nearly did?"

"Yes, all about it. I got your letter."

"Do you despise me?" she said faintly.

"No," he answered.

The fire began to burn brightly. They sat for a moment looking into it; then leaning toward him over the arm of the chair, she said, almost in a whisper,

"Where's Jerry?"