

"So do I," Kenelm replied, putting his hands behind him to insure proper decorum.

"Mama doesn't know yet how it all came about," Desire confided to his coat-collar, some moments later. "I haven't had the courage to tell her. She offered to write! Think of it! And I wouldn't let her. I waited until she was asleep, then I slipped out and ran to the corner post-box with it. I was so afraid she would hear me that I went all the way and back — bare-footed."

He opened his pocket-book and displayed the token, now in a dilapidated condition. Desire put it daintily to her nose.

"I can't detect any perfume," she said doubtfully. "It has just a dried-up sort of smell, to me."

"But you know the keenness of all my senses," he argued. "Don't you remember how you used to amuse yourself testing the distance at which I could see and hear? I warrant you have never noticed the fragrance of your hands. And yet, I never said goodbye to you that I did not, as soon as out of sight, raise my hand to inhale the fragrance of your touch."

Desire looked perturbed.

"I do scatter rose-petals in my glove-box," suggestively, "but I thought the odor disappeared almost as soon as they were exposed to the air."

"Perhaps that is it," he made reply. "I have never pretended to account for your sweetness."