

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

best to go alone; and with beating heart I climbed to that portion of the guest-room wing where I knew her chamber to be. I will not easily forget with what trepidation I approached that shrine, or how my pulses hammered as I turned the knob—after knocking and getting no response—and entered.

The room was in darkness, and excitedly I switched on the light and looked about me. At first everything seemed all right, though some confusion reigned, hats and dresses being piled about in tidy heaps, the closet door standing open, the silverware stacked upon the dressing table. In a fashion the place was very eloquent of her, like a glove worn just long enough to take the shape of the hand before being discarded.

Nowhere was there anything that I recognized as her very own, except one of her outrageous silk handkerchiefs, which had evidently been dropped by accident. I picked this up, and crossed the room to examine a slip of paper