

ice won't let my  
scent of the new  
their hostess, so  
w louder. Broser

he said.  
r my protection."  
in a loud whis-  
ing guests should  
on and the music

'What have you  
room and I will

ey play it so low,  
they crash it out  
tary resourceful-  
to bawl into the

ay, and dragged  
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ne dramatic duel  
beloved old face

his wife's arm.  
l of her, please,"

was there, and  
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er the length of  
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her and around  
ly, and that the  
spiral sweetness

## FAREWELL

through everything. Then she heard herself replying firmly: "There must be no scene, Aunt Emma. I will come with you—but later." And as the reply with its immense implications penetrated her own brain, she awoke again.

"We can't always avoid scenes," said the Duchess. She was prepared to enjoy herself immensely—touch the crowning moment of a lifetime of public scolding, the town-crier climax of a candid career.

But Allegra looked at her dominatingly and shook her head, and imperceptibly pulling at her hand in turn drew her towards the room. "Wait!" she said authoritatively. "Till the Prince has gone." The reminder contributed to calm the Duchess. As Allegra turned her head again to greet the next guest, her eye, still full of its dominating fire, met Broser's and he knew that he was beaten.

He had been outwitted. Allegra, standing there for hours so innocently, had planned this unprecedented humiliation, this craftily feminine and cowardly circumvention. He could have throttled her, the criminal conspiratress, hurled her down the stairs. And that absurd old confederate of hers—he could have battered in her ridiculous tiara with her own ear-trumpet. He remembered the episode of the hall-door, her touching her bonnet to her own footman. Who knew what she might say or do? She was capable of any mad folly. Heaven grant this night at least passed without the breaking of the now inevitable storm of scandal. He was in a fury of apprehension and impotency, tortured by his deepest instincts of domestic propriety and public dignity.

The flow of late arrivals continued; running thinner. Allegra's daze had been replaced by a clear consciousness that she was winding up her relations with Broser. In a few hours the long hypocrisy would be over. Nevermore the need to keep the bombshells "in her brain."

"But surely," Broser protested in a fierce undertone, "you don't mean to go."