

of safety and means of escape. She forgot to be cautious and started to run, pushing her way through the crowd, dodging round the edges of excited groups, brushing by knots of women collected at the foot of stairways, and from every group the name of Jerry followed her.

Suddenly, between the massed and moving figures she saw the glare of the colored bottles in the window of Caswell's drug store. It was over this store that the Colonel lived. At one side, outside the brilliant radiance of the bottled transparencies, a small, dark door gave on the stairs that led to the floor above. From its central panel a bell-handle protruded. She tried the knob first and found that it yielded. Opening it softly she looked up the dim stairway and saw in the hall above a light burning. She ran up, her steps subdued on the worn carpet. A narrow corridor divided the floor, passing from a door that opened on the front balcony back to an anterior region where the landlady lived and let rooms to less illustrious lodgers. Of the two suites in the front that on the left was occupied by Rion Gracey, the other by the Colonel. June had often been in these rooms. She opened the door and looked in.

The door gave into the sitting-room, empty of occupants and unlit. But the Colonel's landlady had not been advised of his change of plans, and in expectation of his return a fire burned in the grate and cast a warm, cheering light over the simple furnishings and the arm-chair drawn up in front of it. June crept in and shut the door. She fell into the arm-chair with her hands over her face and sat limp and