

her throbbing heart. Her wet lips were almost touching his ear, as she confided, whisperingly, with the blue eyes averted: "Only published in editions de luxe: some bindings will be with blue ribbons, some with pink. All of them with flexible backs and gloriously illumined by the Master's brush. The authors' autographs will be on every copy to prove the collaboration, and every volume will be a poem in itself But there, Montague dear, I am a novelist—not a fortune-teller! How can I forecast the exact dates of publication?"

THE END