

Hearts and Masks

love as readily as a hero in a popular novel."

"I never go back," said I. "It seems incredible, doesn't it, that I should declare myself in this fashion? Listen. For my part, I believe that all this was written,—my Tom-foolery in Mouquin's, my imposture and yours, the two identical cards,—the adventure from beginning to end."

Silence.

"Suppose I should say," the girl began, looking out of the window, "that in the restaurant you aroused my curiosity, that in the cellars my admiration was stirred, that the frank manner in which you expressed your regard for me to—to the burglar—awakened—"

"What?" I cried eagerly.

"Nothing. It was merely a supposition."