

turned it over and looked at the faded writing on one of its sticks. Her thoughts went back to the play in which Swaine had been acting when he had sent the fan, and in which it had figured as the symbol of conventionality.

Well, the fan was broken now.

She folded it quickly together and put it back into the bottom of the trunk. Then she bundled all the dresses pell-mell in upon it, pushed the trunk back into its corner and turned away to the window.

The sun was sinking behind the palms in the gardens opposite; from a monastery on a hill behind the villa came the sound of a tolling bell. Catherine took up the cameo from the chair where she had laid it, and she went back to the mirror and began to fasten the ornament among the laces at her throat.

The silver globe of the moon hung low over the waters of the Mediterranean and flung a ladder of light across them to the gleaming harbour wall. From the monastery on the hill-side the light of a lantern shone steadily; the scent of lemons was in the evening air.

Hugh Martin and Catherine Arlsea were seated at a little table outside an unpretentious café near the sea.

The two had been discussing Martin's play over their coffee-cups and the chances of success for Catherine's novel. They had spoken, too, of Lily and Carr and of Mrs. Conway, whom Martin