

AMARILLY IN LOVE

CHAPTER III

PARIS sulked under sodden skies. There had been many days of sluggish, persistent rain, and the succeeding wraith-like vapor was now slowly changing into a dense fog.

Derry Phillips, coming from his bedroom into the studio, looked disconsolately out of the window. The buildings showed vaguely and deceptively through the mist like spectral sentinels, and, remembering what a June day at home would be, he felt the little tug that sometimes strains at the home-strings of even the self-exiled.

He turned dismally from his opaque outlook and instantly his depression lifted, for on the table he saw two letters, American postmarked. One was in an envelope of the hue he had sought so vainly in the sky; the other matched the weather. He decided to read the latter first.

"It will be a curtain-raiser to Amarilly's," he thought, as he broke the seal across Colette Meredith's return address :