

strung, as he always was, when he tried to pull himself together, he was burning, suffering for another drink, and had been in the act of going to his cellaret when Leslie rattled the door.

She swept haltingly past him, and leaned against the library door. The darkness made a weird background, the black oak frame of the jamb heightened the startling whiteness of her cloak, and brought out the burnished tints of her hair. Altogether, the setting as alluringly beautiful. *But* the subject!

They stood facing each other, speechless for a moment, then Leslie chuckled, and her eyes wavered unsteadily from her husband's face. They gleamed like stars, and seemed as large as silver dollars. Cheeks and lips were almost as deep a scarlet as the folds of the gown which peeped out from their dazzling covering.

Leslie chuckled, looked around the familiar hallway, and spoke in an unusually loud and strident voice:

"You got home before we did, after all, didn't you?"

She swayed a little, shifted her position on the other foot, and leaned more heavily against the door. Then she giggled again.

"You are a big joke, Algy," the words came slowly, and precisely as though she were afraid of confusing them, "a great big joke."

Tressidar could not speak for watching her. He