

"Not yet," Temple answered, "I have something to do here first."

Alden wondered an instant what it could be as he watched the strange, imperative figure stride away.

The dreaded ordeal of entrance was over soon after and Robert Temple and Susan, his wife, had resumed their old places in society. Familiar faces smiled into theirs in wonder and in kindness. The general brought this and that neighbor to swell the crowd about his daughter, standing each time to peer again over the heads at the delicate, small lady in white, with pink flushed cheeks and the look like a frightened bird in the eyes, recognizable anew against the background of conventional humanity.

Corenzio, observing the pair with the rest, remarked upon this resemblance to young Adams, adding that she was picturesque but unlovable. "Her husband now," he went on, yawning daintily behind his long fingers, "is really impressive. He ought to be dressed in skins."

"By Jove, see the apple-blossoms!" commented Adams in answer. "Pretty idea, isn't it?"

"Yes. Economical," replied the musician, staring at the ceiling as he leaned his slim back against the wall. "But you see she is marrying a fellow for whom economy—— O!" and the young man stood upright, realizing just in time that a taller than Adams had taken his place. Corenzio looked about