
The Gilded Chair

at the portrait above the mantel in its smoke-stained frame, now she turned slowly.

"Lift me up," she said.

He took her up and lifted her from the floor. But the long-withheld reward of that ancestor was denied him. When she came to the level of the man's shoulders, he suddenly gathered her into his arms. Her eyes closed, her lips trembled, the long sleeves of the morning gown fell away, her bare arms went warm and close around his neck.

And his mouth possessed her.

(1)

THE END