

ously into a big chair and stuck her little feet out to the fire. They felt their knees grow weak under the weight of their suddenly inert bodies.

"But, my Lord, Mrs. Brood, he wants you!" came almost in a groan from the lips of Mr. Riggs.

She lighted a cigaret. "If he wants me, Mr. Riggs, let him come and get me," she said, sending a long cloud of smoke toward the ceiling as she lay back in the chair and crossed her feet in absolute, utter contentment. "He will come, my dear old friends,— oh, I am sure that he will come."

"You — you don't know him, Mrs. Brood," lamented Mr. Dawes. "He's made of steel. He —"

"He will come and unlock the door, Mr. Dawes," said she serenely. "He is also made of flesh and blood. The steel you speak of was in his heart. It has been withdrawn at last. My friends, he will come and get me — very soon. Ring for Jones, please."

"Wha — what are you going to do?" Mr. Dawes had the temerity to ask.

"Send a cablegram to my husband saying —" She paused to smile at the flaming logs, a sweet, rapturous smile that neither of the old men could comprehend.

"Saying — what?" demanded Mr. Riggs anxiously.

"That I cannot come to him," she said, as she stretched out her arms toward the east.