

ENOCH CRANE

surd. It was now nearly the middle of September. He had called upon her to-day a little before five. She saw at a glance that he was worried and depressed and extremely nervous.

She flung herself down on the big divan in the corner of the studio, stretched forth a bare arm from the flowing pink sleeve of a tea-gown, picked up a fresh cigarette from a green jarful on a small smoking-table close to the mass of cushions, and after a few whiffs, half closed her dark eyes, and with an amused smile, began to question him.

"Where did you meet her, Jack?" she asked, still smiling. "Do sit down. You make me nervous, walking about like a caged lion. Come! Where did you meet her?"

He drew up a low stool beside her, lighted a fresh cigarette himself, blew the smoke through his nostrils, and said with a shrug:

"At the Grand Central Station—oh, months ago—in January—waiting for an incoming train—the Buffalo express, I remember. Snowed up and two hours late."

"Ah, I see! So you decided she was too good-looking to be left alone, was that it?"

"That was about it—she was."

"Dangerous game, Jack," she returned quite seriously. "You ought to be old enough not to do that sort of thing—picking up an acquaintance with a woman you knew nothing about."

"I've always been able to take care of myself," he