

Matsu only the previous night, and they had all agreed that Cleo's desire to see her (Numè) was prompted by remorse, which remorse Numè wished to lessen, to please Sinclair.

Sinclair left them alone together, and strolled over to Mrs. Davis's house. She had been kept in ignorance of this proposed visit. Sinclair found her busily engaged in packing, preparatory to leaving. Mrs. Davis was in despair over some American furniture that she did not want to take with her.

"Can't you leave it behind?"

"No; the new landlord won't let me. Says the Japanese have no use for American furniture—unpleasant in the houses during earthquakes, etc."

"Well, I'll take care of them for you," Sinclair volunteered, good-naturedly.

"Oh, will you? Now, that *will* be good of you. That settles that, then. And now about this stuff—come on, Tom," she began crushing things into boxes and trunks, in her quick, delightful fashion, scarce noting where she was placing them. She paused a moment to ask Sinclair if he had been over to Numè's.

"Yes," he smiled a trifle. "Cleo is there now."

She dropped a piece of bric-a-brac and sat down on the floor.

"Cleo! *there—with Numè!* Well!"

"Yes, she wanted to *know* Numè, she said, before going away," Sinclair told her.

"She will never cease surprising me," Mrs. Davis said, plaintively. "She ought not to excite