

Desunt Cætera

In the hollow of that hand she had once held Love, and had smilingly released it. Out of that little palm Love had flown far beyond her ken; and there was no returning for that winged thing.

Then, very quietly, she bowed her head, eyes sheltered by her hand, and remained so, motionless, for a long while.

The outer bell had sounded twice before she realized that it was the bell of the apartment. Dazed, she rose, stood a moment collecting herself, then walked to the door and opened it.

Colonel Curmew stepped jauntily in.

So astonished was she that she scarcely understood what he was about before they both were on the studio threshold—she instinctively retreating, he advancing, wreathed in a smile so remarkable that it fascinated her.

"What an odd thing of you to do," she said, still confused by the suddenness of his invasion, groping instinctively for the reason.

"You left word at the Plaza; I understood," he said, his eyes fairly popping at her, then palely roving around the place.

"So *this* is your apartment?" he said.

"What a discreet and charming little nest!"