

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN

going to do, but that's no reason why we can't continue to see each other."

The butler met him with a polite but decided: "Miss Eggleston is not receiving."

"Take her that card," said Gregg. "I'll wait here for an answer."

The erect figure of the painter, his perfect address, coupled with the air of command which always seemed a part of him, produced an instantaneous curve in the butler's spine.

"Step into the library, sir," he said in a softer tone as he pushed aside the heavy portières for Adam to enter.

Gregg entered the curtain-muffled room with its marble statues, huge Sèvres vases and ponderous gold frames, swept a glance over the blue satin sofas and cumbersome chairs in the hope of finding Madeleine