

Desunt Cætera

"Well, my dear," he said briskly, "Mr. Dineen and I stopped at the hotel, and your maid told us you had come here to get things out of your trunks. So, if you've finished rummaging, the car is below, and Jack and Silvette are waiting tea for us at the St. Regis."

"Thank you," she said in a low voice.

"Had you rather not come?"

"I had rather not—if you don't mind."

He walked over to her, took both her hands, and looked into her eyes.

"I am at your service, my dear," he said.

"I know it. . . . My heart will always be in yours."

His face grew grimmer.

"I guess we understand each other, child.

. . . Next to my own—Silvette—and you.

. . . Shall the car wait for you?"

"I will walk back."

"Dinner at seven," he said, releasing her hands.

She nodded, forcing a smile.

"At seven," she repeated, offering her hand to Mr. Dineen, who squeezed it shamelessly while unfeigned admiration transfigured his broad face.