

## CHAPTER XXVIII

MRS. ELEANOR ROMAINE had something weighing upon her usually active and alert mind which brought a shade of thoughtfulness to her violet eyes. It was more than the gentle melancholy engendered by the frozen landscape, for she had only to command her automobile and go whizzing back to the city; but she herself had elected to remain over another night and return with the family. The pensive shadow vanished from her brow, and a slight flush appeared upon her cheek, when at one time in the day she found herself alone in the room with St. Hilaire.

"I am so happy in the thought that you are safe and well. Until now I have hardly had a chance to tell you so. And I am so glad, too, that you are happy," she said impulsively.

For a moment he looked at her fixedly, and the flush deepened upon her cheek as she quickly answered the question which she thought she read in his clear eyes.