

Desunt Cætera

adoration for you alone. What I am, and will be, I am, and shall be by grace of you.

"But gratitude is not the love of man for woman; it is not even part of it; it is a separate passion—a shrine by itself. I worship you there in my own fashion.

"But you, Diana—Japonette—" He flung one arm around her body. She placed a firm hand on his wrist as though to break the clasp, looked at him, and began to tremble.

"Can you love me, Japonette?"

"I——"

"Can you?"

"Yes."

Her hand tightened over his wrist as he drew her close, crushing her to him. She looked up blindly into his eyes as he kissed her; then her lids unclosed and her silent lips moved, forming his name.

They neither dressed for the theater nor went to it. They dined together at an outrageous hour in an unfashionable haunt of his.

Silvette, Jack, Mr. Rivett, and Mr. Dineen found them at supper in the little parlor when they arrived from the play.