

She watched him leave the room and pass through the garden.

"David! David!" she said softly after him.

At the other end of the room her husband, who had just entered, watched her. He heard her voice, but did not hear what she said.

"Come, Hylde, and have some music," he said brusquely.

She scrutinised him calmly. His face showed nothing. His look was enigmatical.

"Chopin is the thing for me," he said, and opened the piano.