

"But you said — you thought of her always — that because you could n't have her — or something of the sort ——"

"Well, all that was no surprise to you, was it? You must have known perfectly well — ever since that night at Avignon when you let your hair down, anyhow, if not before, that I was trying desperately hard not to be an idiot about you — and not exactly radiant with joy in the thought that whoever the man was who would get you, it could n't be I?"

"O-oh!" I breathed a long, heavenly breath, that seemed to let all the sorrows and worries pour out of my heart, as the air rushed out of my lungs. "O-oh, you *can't* mean, truly and really, that you're in love with Me, can you?"

"Surely it is n't news to you."

"I should think it was!" I exclaimed, rapturously. "Oh, I'm *so* happy!"

"Another scalp — though a humble one?"

"Don't be a beast. I'm so horribly in love with you, you know. It's been hurting so *dreadfully*."

Then I rather think he said "My darling!" but I'm not quite sure, for I was so busy falling into his arms, and he was holding me so very, very tightly.

We stayed like that for a long time, not saying anything, and not even thinking, but feeling — feeling. And the couriers' dining-room was a princess's boudoir in an enchanted palace. The grease spots were stars and moons that had rolled out of heaven to see how two poor mortals looked when they were perfectly happy. Just a poor chauffeur and a motor maid: but the world was theirs.