

"That's all!" said Daphne slowly. "Yes — well — it was nice of you to tell me — and I'm sorry if you've had to pay. Because it was really *quite* unimportant to me. I mean it did n't hurt me really. Those sort of sentimental sufferings are almost all imagination and romance, are n't they? And now I must really go. I'm so glad I met you. Good-bye!"

"May n't I walk home with you?" he asked. To walk along the streets of Paris beside Mr. St. Hilary's wife could not ease heartache. It was not ease he wanted, it seems. It was to turn the knife in the wound — see her eyes and her hair — to hear that voice of hers — to feel her presence beside him, and know to the depths of his awakened heart what it was that he had thrown away.

"Certainly," she said. "I shall be charmed. We really ought to have heaps of things to talk of, besides you — ought n't we?"

"Heaps," he agreed; and they walked in unbroken silence to the door of the flats where her lodging was in the Rue de Rennes.

At the foot of her stairs she paused and held out her hand to him.

"I'll see you, if I may, to your very door," he said, and, as they went up the stairs, "I have n't asked after any one I ought to have asked after. How's your cousin, and Doris, and your — Mr. St. Hilary?"

"My cousin blossoms like the rose," said Daphne; "and Doris flourishes like a green baize tree, as she says."

"And Mr. St. Hilary?" If you are going to turn knives in wounds you may as well turn them with vigour and no relentings.

"Mr. St. Hilary? Oh, he's very well, I believe,"