

The Musée de Cluny holds very beautiful furniture in a very beautiful house, with, as annexe, a ruined Roman bath, and, as setting, a calm green garden.

It was in this garden that Henry, sitting dejected on a stone seat that had been part of a Roman pillar saw suddenly, beneath dazzling green and gold of moving leaves, Daphne of Fitzroy Street, moving toward him with sunshine in her hair as it had always been, and in her eyes, as always, the light of life.

So the time had come. He had known that it must come. One would have to learn to meet her as one meets people who have not the light of life in their eyes. He rose and went toward her, and as her eyes, becoming aware of him, met his, all the detached bits of that puzzle which his life had lately been to him wriggled into place, joined up and presented to him the complete picture of himself. Not without plain-spoken explanatory legend, either.

He went to meet her, hastily getting ready a bow and a false smile; he would have passed her. What was there that he could find to say to another man's wife, who might have been *his*? But Daphne's outstretched hand took from him the choice of speaking or not speaking.

"How are you?" she said. "Is n't it lovely here? I think it's the loveliest place in Paris. We often come here."

"It *is* lovely," he owned; and he says he thought that she might have spared him the "we." "But how was she to know?" he admits having asked himself.

"I suppose even *you* were satisfied with the exhibition?" she went on, making conversation.

"The public's an Ass," he said. "By the way, I