

## *Japonette*

to tell you—because—it is a world of men; and women—sometimes—are held—lightly in it——”

Her lip quivered, but she, somehow, managed to meet his eyes and smile.

“All that happened long ago, Jim.”

“Did love—die?”

“Yours,” she said, smiling. “I slew it very neatly for you.”

“I mean yours, Diana?”

“Mine? Why, I gave you something better than that,” she began gaily. Then her face altered; she fell silent, watching him—at first incredulous, then a little dazed.

“Didn’t you know that I loved you?” he said.

“You mean—last summer. . . . Yes.”

“Now! Didn’t you *know* it?”

“I—no.”

Far in the chaos of her brain she heard his words echoing, reëchoing in confused reiteration.

He was saying, slowly: “There has never been a moment since that day that my life has not been yours—that you have not possessed my heart, my mind, filled them, owned them, overwhelmingly inspired me with love and