

yielded to his arms and hid her eyes against his neck.

"Kiss me," he said.

"No, no," she said. "I tell you, I'm not the girl you used to love."

His lips were close to hers. "You are, you are; it's not true," he said.

But it was true. Her whole soul and body trembled and thrilled to the unbelievable joy of his arms about her — but the girl who had loved him last year, the girl whose innocent passion of hope and faith had drawn him even to this, was not there in his arms, could never, whatever life might hold for those two, be in his arms again.

The Daphne of Fitzroy Street, was not now anymore, anywhere — could never, anywhere, anymore, be again.