

detailing discoveries among the excavations in Babylon or Carthage."

"Certainly," said Daphne, with aloof courtesy.

"You're changed," he broke out suddenly; "you're changed, absolutely."

"I am older and wiser than when you knew me, Mr. Henry," she said, looking young as Psyche and innocent as a wood nymph. "But that was n't what you wanted to say?"

"What I want to say's very difficult. Do you believe in sudden conversions? I mean in a sort of kaleidoscope shifting of everything in life, when the pattern and the proportions and the colours all change suddenly, and can never be the same any more?"

"Of course I do," she answered, and against her will remembered how the kaleidoscope had changed when Henry had kissed her — that first time, in the attic where the eisterns uttered their ceaseless cynical comment on life and love and destiny.

"Well, I never used to believe in them — or in anything that was worth believing in, for that matter. I thought that the pattern was the pattern *I* chose to make it, and that it would always be like that."

"That would be quite nice, if one could always be sure of making pretty patterns," she said. "I used to think I could. But that was when I was a silly school-girl."

"I thought it long after I was old enough to know better. You don't mind my talking about myself, do you?"

"It was always one of your special subjects," she answered, sweetly.

"Ah," said he, "Daphne Carmichael would never have said that — in Fitzroy Street."