

was Daphne's astonishing reply. "I do wish I could have gone to the wedding!"

"What wedding?" Henry asked, and stopped short, above and below them the hollow solitude of the empty staircase. They were now at the second story.

"Why, his and Green Eyes'," said Daphne, her foot on the first step of the next flight. "Did n't you know they were married?"

"But," said Henry, leaning an arm on the polished bannisters and looking up at her, "but if he's married Green Eyes — who is it that *you've* married?"

"Oh — I?" she said, steadily mounting, "I'm not married, and not likely to be."

Then it was the old Henry, the Henry of the charcoal and the Great Ormonde Street studio, who took three steps at once and caught her arm.

"Not likely to be? — are n't you — are n't you?" And his eyes, as of old, implored, wooed, commanded.

"No," she said, very definitely. "Let me go — I don't love you any more."

"Don't you? Don't you? Ah, what's the use of saying that? Don't I know you?"

"No; you don't know me. I'm not the Daphne you used to know."

"You're my Daphne anyhow," he said, in the old masterful way, and put his arms round her.

"No — no — no. I'm not that silly girl. You've taught me too much. I can't unlearn it all. I don't love you — I don't love you."

"You do, you do! I'll teach you new wisdom — I — Oh, my love. And it's not too late after all?"

"I tell you I don't love you now — I don't know how I ever could have," she said, and, saying it,