

have to thank you for all you did for my pictures — Peter Vorontzoff told me. If it had n't been for your kindness the thing would n't have gone off at all."

"Oh, but I liked doing it. You know I always liked organizing things — running a show ——"

Then she was sorry she had said that.

"Well — good-bye," she hastened to add. "Paris seems to be full of old acquaintances — and friends. The Seddons are here — and Colombe — and her motor man. They're engaged, you know, and Claud's over too and ——"

"Must you really go?" he suddenly asked. And he had not at all meant to ask it. "You've only just come, have n't you? Can't you spare me a few minutes? I found out one or two things, quite important things — to me, I mean — a little while ago. I should like to tell you about them. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said Daphne, politely, and they walked side by side to the seat that had once been a pillar.

She wore a white dress, and a hat that shaded her face. She was more beautiful than ever; but he did not look at her. They were silent — and people walked past them, and the sky was blue through sunlit trees.

"Well?" she said at last, breaking the long silence with perfect self-possession.

He did not answer.

"You wanted to tell me?" she spoke out of a still longer silence.

"Yes," he said, and seemed to rouse himself. "The whole thing's ancient history now, so I may speak as frankly — may n't I? — as though I were