

THE VAGABOND

"You did not let me know about the house. You asked me before I knew. You wanted me for myself alone! You have always loved me! I have always been the only one! It is too good, too good! How I fought against you! I used to stuff my ears at night to keep out the sound of your voice telling your story. I loved you first then—no, no! I loved you when you didn't let me take you prisoner! There was no war! There is only you!"

"We needed a house for—for our honeymoon," he suggested.

"No! no! Let us go to the mine for our honeymoon. The mine—that is *yours*, you see. I'm to wait under the shade of the tree on the plateau and you're to bring me the gold."

"And there will be new mines and new tasks—and you, always."

"Always!"

While she went from room to room, with words of delight for his thoughtfulness in restoring every familiar article that could be procured, Marcus Aurelius was digging up certain garments that he had buried in a box in the garden. When he announced dinner that night, his face was shining from overmuch soap and water, and he wore the snuff-colored, brass-buttoned spiketail of Parisian memory. Contrary to his prophecy, he did not drop dead with delight, probably because he did not want any upstart to take his place behind his new master's chair.

THE END