

you know—at Eyoub which you both loved so well.

‘And she would be alive now if only she had still been the little barbarian, the little princess of the Asiatic plains. She would have known nothing of the emptiness of things. It was thinking too much, knowing too much, which poisoned her drop by drop, day by day. It is the West that has killed her, André. If she had been left ignorant, primitive, only lovely, I should see her by me now, and hear her voice. And my eyes would not have wept as they will still weep for her for many days and nights yet. I should not now be in despair, André, if she had remained the little princess of the Asiatic plains! ZEYNEB.’

André had a pious awe of opening Djenan’s letter.

This was not like the formal announcement which he had unsuspectingly opened. He knew now; he had worn mourning for her for some days; the grief of having lost her had taken possession of him, slowly and deeply sinking into his soul; and he had had time, too, to reflect on his share of responsibility for this desperate blow.

Before opening her letter he shut himself into a room alone, not to be disturbed by anything in this last *tête-à-tête* with her.

There were several sheets; and the last, the bottom one, was, as his fingers felt it, crumpled and crushed.

He saw at once that the writing was the same