

CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS brought face to face with her—she on one side of the slab of rock, I on the other. Not knowing what could possibly be about to happen, I could only look steadily and gravely into her eyes, which, I thought, were not at ease in meeting mine.

At last she spoke, but in a low voice ; and I noticed that, despite the deep brown of her skin, she was deadly pale.

“Do you know me—now ?”

“No more than ever,” I answered. “I am here at your bidding——”

“Do you remember Erdélyi Sándor ?”

“What !” I exclaimed. “You mean the brigand who——”

“Enough. I see you remember. Cannot you tell who I am—*Now ?*”

“Great Heaven, no !”

“Great Heaven, rather, that any man—even you—should not know the woman whom alone I *can* be ! You, so wise in talk about gratitude and vengeance—you need to be told that the whole world is wide enough for you to hide in, while Flamenka is alive ?”

“Flamenka—*you ?*”

“I. We once had a long talk together, you and I ; we will finish it now, once for all.” She had grown so pale that I thought she was about to