

Her voice was nearer to him. And again it had changed, utterly changed. And in the different sounds of her voice Artois seemed to see the different women who dwelt within her, to understand and to know them as he had never understood and known them before. This woman was pleading, as women will plead for a man they have once loved, so long as they have voices, so long as they have hearts.

"Then that last time he didn't—no, he didn't go to—her."

The voice was almost a whisper, and Artois knew that she was speaking for herself—that she was telling herself that her husband's last action had been—not to creep to the woman, but to stand up and face the man.

"Was it her father?"

The voice was still almost a whisper.

"I think it was."

"Maurice paid then—he paid!"

"Yes. I am sure he paid."

"Gaspere knew. Gaspere knew—that night. He was afraid. He knew—but he didn't tell me. He has never told me."

"He loved his master."

"Gaspere loved Maurice more than he loved me."

By the way she said that Artois knew that Gaspere was forgiven. And a sort of passion of love for woman's love welled up in his heart. At that moment he almost worshipped Hermione for being unable, even in that moment, not to love Gaspere, because Gaspere had loved the dead man more than he loved her.

"But Gaspere loves you," he said.

"I don't believe in love. I don't want love any more."

Again the voice was transformed. It had become hollow and weary, without resonance, like the voice of some one very old. And Artois thought of Virgil's Grotto, of all they had said there, and of how the rock above them had broken into deep and sinister murmurings, as if to warn them, or rebuke.

And now, too, there were murmurings about them, but below them from the sea.

"Hermione, we must speak only the truth to-night."

"I am telling you the truth. You chose to follow me. You chose to hunt me—to hunt me when you knew it was necessary to me to be alone. It was brutal to do it. It was brutal. I had earned the right at least to one thing: I had earned the right to be alone. But you didn't care. You wouldn't respect my right. You hunted me as you might have hunted an animal. I tried to escape. I didn't go to the village. I turned in here. I hid here. But you saw me coming, and you chased me, and you caught me. I can't get