

somewhere seen a picture of the Crucifixion, in which Christ's eyes, in their deep pity, had held the same expression.

"What is it?" she faltered.

His answer was an odd one. "*Quo vadis?*"

"*Quo*——? Where am I going?"

With an effort she assumed a haughty air.

"Does that concern you?"

"Yes. It concerns every one, Maria Drello. It concerns every honest soul alive. You thought you were going to Ipniz—to be the King's mistress——"

She made an impatient gesture.

"It is not a nice phrase," he went on, unmoved; "but it is a worse *thing*. You must not go."

"Nonsense. Please leave me alone. I have left a letter for you—you will get it to-morrow——"

"You must not go."

"But I am going. You—you annoy me, Mr. Tomsk." It was the first unkind word she had ever said to him, and she saw that under it he paled, but did not flinch.

"Of course," he pursued evenly, "you know nothing about God——"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"If you did you would not," he answered, "lower His flag."

She did not answer.

"The King of Sarmania is married. Oh, I know—he does not love his wife now, nor she him. But they are young, they have a child. If they ever learned to love each other, they could be very