
GREEN CHALK

from which the long tail feathers, tipped with jewels, hung down, nearly reaching to her shoulders.

A feeling of pity stirred Stein as he looked at her. She seemed to him pathetic in her foolish vanity and loneliness—a would-be idol without worshippers; a human being seeking for admiration, and receiving only a scornful glance from the eyes of women less daring than herself, a smile of ridicule from the lips of men.

As Stein looked at her, she got up slowly, yawned and came towards him, with her eyes on the ground.

When she was quite close to him he recognized her.

The colour on her cheeks and lips was still skilfully applied, and the cloud of yellow hair about her face was slightly, very slightly, paler than it had been when he had last seen her. The mouth, once passionate, had become voluptuous; and he noticed that the eyes were large pupilled and glittering as she cast him a side-long glance, half challenging him to notice her, half in careless curiosity. Then she stood still.

Stein saw a look of terror come into her eyes, as if she had seen something supernatural; and, because there seemed to be nothing else to be done, he stood up and held out his hand.

"I did not expect to meet you here," he said, "and from your face I gather that you too are surprised to see me."

"Perhaps it is not astonishing that I am