

"When will you come with me, Hermione? When shall we go to Italy?"

"I am saying 'a rivederci' now"—she dropped her voice—"and buon riposo."

The white fragments blew away into the gathering night, separated from one another by the careful wind.

Three days later Hermione and Artois left Sicily, and Gaspare, leaning out of the window of the train, looked his last on the Isle of the Sirens. A fisherman on the beach by the inlet, not Salvatore, recognised the boy and waved a friendly hand. But Gaspare did not see him.

There they had fished! There they had bathed! There they had drunk the good red wine of Amato and called for brindisi! There they had lain on the warm sand of the caves! There they had raced together to Madre Carmela and her frying-pan! There they had shouted "O sole mio!"

There—there they had been young together!

The shining sea was blotted out from the boy's eyes by tears.

"Povero signorino!" he whispered. "Povero signorino!"

And then, as his "Paese" vanished, he added for the last time the words which he had whispered in the dawn by the grave of his padrone,—

"Dio ci mandi buon riposo in Paradiso."