

"Only for your sake, fearing you might catch cold."

"Yet you suggested going on to another valley. Would it have been warmer than this? Oh, Marchese, I don't like you when you are subtle and secretive. It reminds me that we are of different countries—as different as the north can be from the south. Do tell me what is really in your mind. Why do you hate this valley? Why has coming into it tied your tongue, and made you look as if you had seen a ghost?"

"You exaggerate, Miss Beverly," said Loria. "I if you care to know the precise truth you shall on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you turn your horse's head and consent to go out into the sunshine again. When we are there I will tell you."

"No. If I hear your story, and think it worth turning back for, I will. I mean to have a nearer glimpse of that château. It must have a lovely view over the tops of the olive trees."

She touched the mare, who changed from a trot into a gallop. In five minutes more they