

So I went off again to the sunshine of Southern France, where there is less to bring a chill to one's heart; and so back to Italy, to Capri, and there Paolo, whom I'd known before in Venice, came into my life again, and off we went together."

She made a little gesture with her hands to indicate the casual flippancy of Fate, and turned with a half smile to Father Gregory.

"I suppose you think I am quite beyond the pale," she said.

Father Gregory roused himself as from a deep reverie, for her quiet tones had seemed to blend with the sounds of the evening into the voice of a dream. "Humanly speaking, yes," he replied, looking straight at her with his grave eyes. "And what do you intend to do next?"

"Oh well," she answered, "that depends. I suppose I shall presently grow tired of Paolo or he of me, and we shall separate; and then I shall drift about, merrily enough, wandering over the world, like the tramp that I am, turning my back to the wind and my face to the sun, until the long night comes and the lights go out."

"And then?"

"Then, with my last breath I shall thank what powers there be for having raised me from a villainous café in a back street of Port Said to a life of some elegance, some luxury, and some adventure."

"And then?" he repeated, with earnestness.

"Oh, just oblivion," she replied, with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

There was silence for awhile. The light of the day was fading fast, and a certain sharpness had come into the air. The smoke of the evening fires rose from the scattered habitations of the peasants; and here and there silent figures could be seen returning from the fields. Father Gregory rose and