

A PAGAN OF THE SOUTH

How do you know that he is here for life? Men get pardoned, men get free, men—get free, I tell you."

Shorland noticed the interrupted word. He remembered it afterward all too distinctly enough.

"The twenty-sixth, the twenty-sixth," she said. Then a pause; and afterward, with a sudden sharpness: "Come to me on the twenty-fifth, and I will give you my reply, M. Shorland."

He still held the portrait in his hand. She stepped forward. "Let me see it again," she said.

He handed it to her: "You have spoiled a good face, Gabrielle."

"But the eyes are not hurt," she replied; "see how they look at one." She handed it back.

"Yes, kindly."

"And sadly. As though he still remembered Lucile. Lucile! I have not been called that name for a long time. It is on my gravestone, you know. Ah, perhaps you do not know. You never saw my grave. I have. And on the tombstone is written this: *By Luke to Lucile*. And then beneath, where the grass almost hides it, the line: *I have followed my Star to the last*. You do not know what that line means; I will tell you. Once, when we were first married, he wrote me some verses, and he called them, *My Star, Lucile*. Here is a verse—ah, why do you not smile when I say I will tell you what he wrote? *Chut!* Women such as I have memories sometimes.