

Douglas Wins

He came on board at once. How distinguished he looked with his refined, esthetic face and his graceful bearing! How beautiful his long white hands were, with their tapering, slender fingers! and how artistic was his broad-brimmed hat and rolling collar!

He was delighted to meet Ray. He had been away from Rome leading a gypsy life, he said, and had not received his mail and did not know of her whereabouts. "He could not have been very much interested in how we survived the siege," Ray thought. He would come on board, he continued, with her kind permission, and sail to Gibraltar with them.

The hours that followed were weighted with meaning for Ray. Frank appeared the same cordial friend of her girlhood—the same, with a difference. He never let her forget for an instant that the engagement between them was broken. Calm, quiet, unemotional, pleasant, he gave Ray, with a smile, a stone when she craved bread. He talked of his art, what he had accomplished and what he meant to do, of pigment and form and harmony and color; of the glorious masterpieces in Rome, so inspiring and so unattainable; of the books he had been reading; of Italian skies and Mediterranean sunsets; of the clubs of students who