

Well, I do not care. I will do exactly as I like. I feel you will be my friend, too; you understand me. And I want you to look after him to-night, for in the whole of Marseilles I do not know where he could go unless to some wretched Sailors' Home or worse. Ah, it is wicked. Of what use is it to be brave, to be honest, to be true in this world?"

"Mon Dieu," said the Captain, "I will look after him, if for no other reason than that he is what you say, mademoiselle; but *La Belle Arlesienne* is rough, should you use her as a yacht, you would not find her a yacht. She smells of fish —"

"I am used to rough things," said the girl. "I dread the smooth. Captain Bontemps, for one who has done for me everything should I dread anything? And a little roughness, what is that to freedom and the life I have learned to love with the man I love? For I love Raft, Captain Bontemps, just as I know he loves me. Oh, do not mistake me, it is not the sort of thing they call love here amongst houses and streets, it is not a woman that is speaking to you but a human being."

He understood her. To his broad and simple mind the thing was simple; she did not want to part with the man who had saved her and fought for her and who had been "chucked out" of a hotel because he was a rough sailor, and marvelously well he understood that when she said she loved Raft she did not mean the thing that the dock side called Love. No Paris poet could have understood her. The old fisher captain did.