

bathing over there at the Lido—ah! summer is the real season for Venice. Then, in the autumn, when the tourists began to arrive, and I was tired of the group of friends that had collected round me, I went on down the Adriatic coast, where the tourists do not go, till I came to the blood-red rocks of the South. Brindisi is a miserable little place, you will say; but I was wonderfully content there. Another girl I was very fond of was with me, and I think I have never been so peaceful in my life; till one morning I awoke to find she had slipped away, taking most of my jewellery with her.

"Then I went across to Sicily and stayed in a hotel amongst the olive groves. I used to lie in a deck-chair there and look up through the grey-green leaves, to the deep blue of the sky, and I remember I could see the white banks of cloud around the crater of Etna, or turn on my side and look down to the purple sea, where the little red-sailed craft plied to and fro. But having wandered so far, I could not now rest. I boarded a trading-ship bound for the East—just myself and my maid; but we only got as far as Crete, and there I went off into the mountains, where the ground is carpeted with asphodel and the wild tulips cluster round your feet so that you're almost afraid to tread for fear of crushing them. I bought a pair of white sheepskin boots there, like the peasants wear; and I used to drink their wine and smoke their horrid cigarettes.

"Soon I got tired of the rough life, and managed to get a ship for Egypt. It was summer-time again, and we sailed southwards over dead-calm seas, with the porpoises playing about in our wake, or diving under the keel and coming up in a shower of spray. And at nights I used to lean over the rail watching the phosphorus on the water, looking like the thousand lanterns of the little men of the sea. Then when we arrived at Port Said, and I disappeared into