

before his eyes shamed, sin-stricken, criminal . . . I cannot bear that . . . it is beyond my strength . . .”

A new fierce passion seemed suddenly to take possession of her soul. She raised herself once more, and the old lovely light and splendour glowed in her eyes.

“There is but one way to win his forgiveness,” she cried breathlessly. “He will pity me then . . . his heart will soften . . . he will remember what I said on that strange happy night when once again we met . . . ‘I am but a woman who loves. Earth holds no weaker thing’ . . . and I loved you, Julian . . . you only—you alone! always—always—always. Men live for love—a woman can but die. For the life I took I give my own . . . it is just . . . Yet if but once, oh, beloved, I could see your pitying eyes, and hear your tender voice . . . and know that you—forgave . . . .”

The light faded from her face once more. Only a hunted, despairing creature leaned back on that solitary couch.

A voice came shrilly from the outer room: “Are you all right, Princess? Can you really bear that heat?”

Monotonously—vaguely—her own voice replied: “I am all right . . . I do not even feel the heat.”

Then, all again grew still, and her eyes closed, and her heart beat in a dull, laboured way.

Once more the shrill voice reached her; but it sounded far off, and indistinct: “I hope you won’t go off to sleep, like you did the last time, Princess; you frightened me terribly.”