

belt of orange light appeared in the cold sky above the black forest of the Shore of Refuge and faded quickly into gold that melted soon into a blinding and colourless light. It was not till after she had passed Jaffir's grave that Mrs. Travers stole a backward glance and discovered that she was alone. Lingard had left her to herself. She saw him sitting near the mound of sand, his back bowed, his hands clasping his knees, as if he had obeyed the irresistible call of his great visions haunting the grave of the faithful messenger. Shading her eyes with her hand, Mrs. Travers watched the immobility of that figure amidst the infinite illusions. He never moved, he never raised his head. It was all over. He was done with her. She waited a little longer and then went slowly on her way.

Shaw, now acting second mate of the yacht, came forward with another hand in a little boat to take Mrs. Travers on board. He stared at her like an offended owl when the lady could suddenly appear at sunrise waving her handkerchief from the sandbank he could not understand. For, even if she had managed to row herself off the beach in the dark, she could not have sent the empty boat back to the yacht. It was to Shaw a sort of improper remark.

D'Alcacer hurried to the top of the slide ladder and when they met on deck Mrs. Travers astonished him by her manner in a strangely provoking tone:

"You were right, I have come back." Then a little laugh which impressed d'Alcacer painfully she bowed with a nod downwards, "And Martin too was present. It was absolutely unimportant."

She walked on straight to the taffrail and d'Alcacer followed her aft, alarmed at her white face, at her nervous movements, at the nervous way in which she was frowning at her throat. He waited discreetly till she turned and thrust out towards him her open palm on which he saw a thick gold ring set with a large green stone.

"Look at this, Mr. d'Alcacer. This is the thing I asked you whether I should give up or conceal."