

his face grey-white in the greenish dusk of the olive woods.

"Is it possible? What a life for a girl! I suppose that there is absolutely not money enough to keep up another establishment, no matter how small. Why, were there no relatives —no one to help?"

"The relatives all believed in her brother's guilt, and she would have nothing to do with them. As for help, her family is a difficult one to help. Of course it would be a good thing for her to sell the château."

Virginia sat her horse between the two others, impatient and curious. It was easy to see how distasteful the conversation was to the Marchese Loria. He answered Sir Roger's questions only by an effort; and as for her cousin, even he was moved out of the imperturbable *sang-froid* which sometimes pleased, sometimes irritated Virginia, according to her mood.

"Was it because of this young man's guilt that the place was called the Valley of the Shadow?" she asked again.

"Yes. A mere nickname, of course, though an ominous one," said Roger. "You see, the