

—there, staring back at them, sweetly, serenely unconscious, was the face of his solitude, his sanctitude, his dream of life and death. He gazed, on the outskirts of the crowd, until there seemed to come into those constant eyes a look of soft reproach and pleading. He tore himself away.

On a bench by the swiftly-flowing river he sat until the evening fell, and watched the river flow.

At the restaurant where he dined, a couple of journalists were talking of the picture. Curiosity was rife, he heard them say, as to who would claim the work. "A young man, of course," said one of the diners; "he will do great things." "A young man?" echoed his companion. "I have my doubts. But yes, he will do great things."

The station of the Boulevard Diderot was full of very different preoccupations. In the turmoil of English people going south the anonymous celebrity once