

Her eyes never wavered from his. Her voice was scarce above a whisper.

"Why do you go? Where are you going?"

"I have been here too long. I am what they call a villain and a plunderer. I am going to—*mon Dieu*, I do not know!" He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled with a sort of helpless disdain.

She leaned her hands on the table before her. Her voice was still that low, clear murmur.

"What people say does n't matter." She staked her all upon her words. She must speak them, though she might hate herself afterwards. "Are you going alone?"

"Where I may have to go I must travel alone."

He could not meet her eyes now: he turned his head away. He almost hoped she would not understand.

"Sit down," he added; "I want to tell you of my life."

He believed that telling it as he should, she would be horror-stricken, and that the deep flame would die out of her eyes. Neither he nor she knew how long they sat there, he telling with grim precision of the evil life he had led. Her hands were clasped before her, and she shud-