

was a photograph of Ruric Brassoff, taken twenty years before. It was half obliterated in places by frequent kissing.

'You can keep it,' she said to the *dvornik*, through a ghastly gurgle of blood. 'And the revolver, too, that Ruric Brassoff shot himself with.'

CHAPTER LII.

AWAY OVER IN ENGLAND.

It was a clear March day in London—a rare day for the time of the year; bright, mild, and springlike. The breeze blew fresh; the sun shone merrily. Fleecy clouds floated high overhead against a deep-blue background. For though the calendar said March, the day seemed April. Ionê, like a gleam of English spring herself, had been shopping in Regent Street, and meant to call on her way home at Owen's new office in Mr. Hayward's building. So she tripped along the wrong side of the street, that brilliant busy afternoon, as blithe as though Czars and Nihilists were not. To Ionê, indeed, in her irrepressible youth and strength and health and beauty, on such a day as this, the mere physical joy of living overbore every other earthly consideration.

She was too buoyant to grieve over long. Neither poor Blackbird's sad death, which she felt deeply at the time, nor her own engagement delayed, nor the impending terror above Owen's head, could wholly cloud or darken that glad Greek nature—especially when all the world around was steeped in sunshine, and a brisk south-west wind was blowing free over the land, laden warm with soft moisture from the joyous Atlantic. It blew Ionê's chestnut hair mischievously about her translucent ears, and played strange tricks at times with the wayward skirt of her simple little walking-dress.

Ionê had been in pursuit of spring frocks, and was in very good spirits; for though it pleased her to live for pure