

escaped burning I don't know. Then comes the crash!—and the grey void of Nothingness out of which, æons later, I crawl into a blind man's dreadful world. A world that is all sounds and voices and sounds and touches. A world where I must live—and die—in the dark!"

She said in her deep sweet voice, with her velvet cheek pressed against Sherbrand's:

"With me. And suppose you saw me, and could not feel nor hear me?"

She felt him shudder as he answered:

"The thing would be Hell!"

"Well, then, let me try and make the best of it! For both of us, my dear one!" She pressed closer to his breast, magnetising him with her touch, her breath, her presence, summoning all her forces of womanly allurements to charm him from despair. "Couldn't I reconcile my lover to the dark?" she whispered.

"Are you cold, dearest?" he asked. For as the last words left her lips a sharp vibration had passed through her. "You shivered as though you were."

"Perhaps? . . . I hardly know," said Patrine, thrusting away the loathed memory of the Upas. "Perhaps the wind has shifted—or a goose walked over my grave."

She changed her tone and began to tell him how Margot had evicted her Uncle Derek and his Lepidopthingambobs and handed over the caravanserai in Hanover Square to the Red Cross people for a Hospital—and how all the wards were to be covered with vulcanised rubber—not a corner to catch a dust-speck anywhere. And she went on to describe her journey in search of Sherbrand, and her disappointment at finding him absent from the Hospital at Pophereele—and the kindness shown her by the Monseigneur who had escorted her from St. O—, and subsequently insisted on accompanying her here.

"For it's supposed to be risky," she ended, smiling. "He says—to me it seems like spitting in the face of a dead body!