

she would not return, but would promenade with other lovers. Joi understood it so, too, for by the time the song was ended he had disappeared, and the small company saw him no more that day. But they heard of him, — oh, yes!

He went into the kitchen, and sat with his face in his hands. No one could say whether his attitude was one of laziness or despair, so little do we know of what is going on before our very eyes. For a while he sat still as death; then he rose and went about the room, searching for something. On the wall hung a piece of looking-glass. He looked into it as he passed, and saw that his face was very white. He shook his head; he did not know the man that looked back at him from the glass. He went about the room, hunting in the corners, on the shelves, and under the pans. At last a long knife lay under his hand. He picked it up, looked at it curiously, and hid it under his jacket. Then he seated himself again, his face hid in his hands, and waited. Euphrasie came for a drink of water; he knew the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps, but he did not stir. She looked at him and tossed her head. She