

moustache thoughtfully. "His face was very familiar," he said; "is he, may I ask, an Englishman?"

Maria shook her head. "No."

Delgado, an enormously rich Spaniard, who travelled a good deal, frowned in a puzzled way. "His face is familiar to me, too, but I think that it is only that he bears a vague resemblance to some Royalty——"

He had not spoken to Maria, so she was not forced to answer him. She leaned back in her chair, and began eating the iced strawberries that in spite of her refusing them had been put before her. Even yet she could hardly believe that it was really true; that Fritz was then within a stone's-throw of her, and that she was to see him the next day.

It seemed like a beautiful, absurd dream. When, an hour later, she reached her room, she lit all the candles and sat down on one of the red lacquer chairs.

She was like someone watching a series of magic-lantern pictures thown on a sheet; she seemed to see again that meeting of theirs in the Abbey; she remembered the shock with which she first met his bold eyes; her walk between him and Laertes in the sun; then came the picture of herself and Fritz in the drawing-room, the day of his first call; her pinafore, and her flowers; then—the scene in the gardens when she had been so puzzled by his manner.

She recalled even the little flowers in the grass,