

over to Guidecca Island, where the windows of Casa Frolla were lit up. The scene was glorious, the water in the Canals gleamed like burnished silver, while the lights on the islands were reflected like jewels along the edges of the water. Just below us the Grand Canal was alive with swiftly passing gondolas; from some came the sweet sounds of Italian song, from the others the vibrant notes of the violin or the low gentle tinkling of the mandolin, all accompanied by the musical swish of the gondolier's paddle.

I heard another exclamation of delight from the balcony just below us. "Oh, Daisy, did you ever imagine it would be so lovely? It is just like a fairy scene; it seems unreal; I am afraid I shall wake up and find it all a dream."

Here another voice broke in with: "Now, girls, it is time to go to bed; leave some of your emotions for to-morrow; you will be too tired for anything if you stay up longer."

"By Jove, I whispered to Jim, "those are the Bensons in the rooms below us."

"It is time for us to go to bed, too," replied Jim. "Good-night, old man."