

lavish adornments, and in richly decorated styles of architecture. Boats passed up and down, enlivening the scene. In the distance, above the tallest houses, rose a lofty tower.

"I know this place," said Clive. "It must be the Grand Canal."

"Yes," said Vernon, "you are right. There's nothing like this in any other city."

At length the boat stopped before a mansion, whose marble front, adorned with splendid decorations, rose for many stories above them. Marble steps afforded an entrance from the gondola, through a lordly portico, into the mansion.

"Is this the Hotel Zeno?" asked Clive.

"Yes," said Vernon, "It was once the Zeno Palace; but most of the Venetian palaces are now hotels and boarding-houses; and the name of the greatest of all the Venetian heroes is now fallen to this. But such is life.

'Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

And so most people now only think of Carlo Zeno in connection with this hotel."

They now entered, and all were shown to very handsome apartments. Vernon went away, promising to see them again before long.

He kept his promise. Before an hour had passed he was back again. This time he brought with him an elderly lady, whom he introduced as his