

## THE WOOING OF WISTARIA

side, yet Mori seemed unaware of the season. There was no chill upon his limbs. A strange smile flitted across the features of the solitary Prince.

With a shrug of the shoulders he glanced at the slight structure under which he sat.

"It is a summer-house," he muttered, "and it is now winter. Fitting—fitting."

Farther up the hill above him, within the shadow of another similar structure, a slight form crouched, while burning eyes were fastened upon Mori. With chilled and shivering being, the youth watched.

"He must not depart this life," said the little watcher on the hill; "he must live—and believe. Oh! all the gods, lend me the strength and power to convince him!"