

"If there is anything that I can do," he added, "I shall be very happy indeed."

"You are from America?" said the lady.

"Yes," said Clive, "from Boston."

"O, I am so glad!" said she. "I've been so awfully frightened! and I am yet. I was going to Venice with my aunt. We left Milan early this morning. She got out at Verona for something, and told me not to leave the train till she should come back. I waited — when suddenly the train left. My poor aunt did not come. She must have been left behind. At first I thought of getting out at the next station, and going back; but, then, I don't know Italian, and I thought that dear auntie would come after me. I was dreadfully terrified and confused, and so I've been coming on, with a vague idea of waiting for her at Venice. It seems to me that it will be the wiser course."

"O, yes," said Clive, who was fuller of sympathy than ever, "I should think that it was your best plan."

"We know of a very nice hotel at Venice," chimed in David. "We are going there to wait for our friends, who are coming to join us to-morrow."

"And you can stay at the same place," said Clive, "and wait for your aunt."

"It's the Hotel Zeno," said David. "It's a very comfortable hotel. Our landlord at Padua recommended it highly."