

"What a pretty sentiment! Do you know what I came to Catania for, Miss Ada?"

"To see the moon, I suppose," she archly replied.

"No, to see an angel—to see you!"

"To see me! Why should you come all this distance to see me when you wouldn't stop a moment to speak to me in the street in Rome." Her voice trembled.

"That is what brought me; I wanted to explain all to you. I know you will forgive that apparent slight when you know the circumstances."

He told the story of Vane's disappearance and all the mystery and anxiety connected with it. She passed her hand over to him, he pressed it to his lips, and drawing her gently to him placed one arm around her, and with the other hand he held up her face and pressed his lips to hers.

"You are mine."

"Yes." An eloquent silence followed, and then he said:

"I say, dear, the Governor is rather down on me, isn't he?"

He gave her a tighter pressure.

"No, not now." She smiled up at him and added:
"You should hear him praise you to mamma."

George said to himself, "The blooming old turncoat!" Then to Ada:

"But he was; in Venice every word was icy and