

I told the Princess that the man at the window was a Greek. That he had met with an accident which had injured his spine many years before. That he was bedridden and that his only amusement was to watch us play tennis ; that he had mastered the principles of the game from simply watching it from his window, and that it was the keenest disappointment of his life when nobody turned up to play.

Her Highness's sympathy was immediately aroused.

"How extremely interesting," she said as she handed me her teacup. "No more, thanks," and she gazed at the man in the window through the daintiest of *pincés-nez* whereof the tortoiseshell handle was at least eighteen inches long.

"And the woman behind him—what a sweet face she has ! Is she his wife or his sister ?"

I told Her Highness that the woman was his wife and that she had never left his bedside for eleven years.

The Princess's eyes grew round and large in wonderment. Perhaps she was thinking of her own unremitting attendance on the princely toe. Who knows?

Just then there came violent gesticulations in my direction from the window.

"Is he making signs to you ?" said the Princess.

"I think he is," I replied. "I generally pay him a weekly visit and last week I couldn't go. If your Highness will excuse me I——," and I began to move away.