

largesse of colour and of glory. They dined under the sky, and went into the moon-swept garden afterward.

"Moon, ah, moon, of my delight——" began Roberta, but the frantic clutch of his fingers stopped her. In her own heart she finished the couplet:

"How often in this same garden,
Look for me in vain——"

They made the rounds of all the paths, hand in hand. They sat in the midst of the calm beauty, speaking now and then, but knowing a harmony which made words but clumsy counters. It was long after midnight when they went into the house. Only once did they refer to the morrow.

"To-morrow we decide—the way?" he forced himself to ask her.

"Yes, lover, to-morrow."

They made no pretence of sleep. In the early morning he spoke gently:

"Dearest?"

She made no answer, hoping that he would rest. He rose and quietly dressed and went out. She knew that he sought strength for