

Yes; the blood coursed freely in her veins, but his touch could not rouse her from the indifference in which she, like the others in this enchanted land, seemed to be irretrievably lost.

Through groups of servants, men-at-arms, and gentle-folk, he passed from the court to the hall, where all were streaming in to their early meal without a summons from either bell or horn. He stood aside and watched the dumb figures take their places until only one seat remained empty, and that was the throne in the centre of the dais. Then in his sea-stained, tattered clothes, he strode barefooted, past the handsomely dressed knights and ladies, and seated himself in the chair of honour. Just as no one had questioned his right to enter the palace, so no one showed either displeasure or surprise at his taking his seat upon the throne. The meal was taken in unbroken silence; unasked, the servants brought John all that he could wish; and then, smiling at the absurdity of a poor wanderer like himself having been entertained so royally, he wandered out of the hall before the others, and turned his steps along a cool cloister.

A maid brushed closely past him, walked to the end of the paved way, and disappeared through a door in the wall. The disappointment which John had felt when he saw that his swan-maiden was not amongst the people in the hall, gave place suddenly to overwhelming excitement. The door in front of him led, without doubt, to the women's courts, and there, if anywhere in this enchanted castle, he would find his lost one. With bated breath he hastened to raise the latch, and stepped into a court which was shaded by pink-blossomed trees and cooled by the playing of a fountain in the midst. There in the centre of a busy