

not look like an Italian, but rather like an English lady; or still more, like an American. What made them take a deeper interest in her was the fact that she looked at them very earnestly, and seemed as though she would like to speak to them.

The other passenger was a young man with a fine frank face, dark hair rather long, and dark eyes, which rested occasionally on the boys with a glance of kindly sympathy, mingled with mirthfulness. The lady and the gentleman were evidently not acquainted, for they were seated at a distance from one another, and on opposite sides of the compartment. David and Clive took the middle seats, sitting opposite to each other, and Clive was thus brought within sight of the lady.

This lady looked at him very often, and very fixedly, occasionally stealing a glance at David. Clive admired her face very much. She was evidently very young, for her face was girlish, and she had a timid way about her which made him wonder.

At last the lady leaned forward and spoke to him.

"Do you know anything about Venice?" she asked, in a sweet, low voice.

"O, well, not *very* much," said Clive, wishing to be of assistance to her, and not caring to confess his ignorance. From the tone of her voice Clive knew at once that she was an American lady, and so his interest in her grew stronger than ever.