

ruined castle on the heights, and, in the deep valley, here and there a water mill.

It was quite evident that Jennie had slept well, and, youth being on her side, her rest had compensated for the nightmare of the Russian journey. She was simply but very effectively dressed and looked as fresh and pretty and cool and sweet as a snowdrop. The enchanted young man found it impossible to lure his eyes away from her, and when, with a little laugh, Jennie protested that he was missing all the fine scenery, he answered that he had something much more beautiful to look upon; whereat Jennie blushed most enticingly, smiled at him, but made no further protest. Whether it was his joy in meeting Jennie, or the result of his night's sleep, or his relief at finding that his career was not wrecked, as he had imagined, or all three together, Lord Donal seemed his old self again, and was as bright, witty, and cheerful as a boy home for the holidays. They enjoyed their breakfast with the relish that youth and a healthy appetite gives to a dainty meal well served. The rolls were brown and toothsome, the butter, in thick corrugated spirals, was of a delicious golden colour, cold and crisp. The coffee was all that coffee should be, and the waiter was silent and