

He bent his head and kissed her twice. "Poor Arpasia! Poor tired child! Soon we shall go home, Audrey, — we two, my love, we two!"

"I have been thinking, sitting here in the moonlight," she went on, her hands clasped upon his shoulder, and her cheek resting on them. "I was so ignorant. I never dreamed that I could wrong her . . . and when I awoke it was too late. And now I love you, — not the dream, but you. I know not what is right or wrong; I know only that I love. I think she understands — forgives. I love you so!" Her hands parted, and she stood from him with her face raised to the balm of the night. "I love you so," she repeated, and the low cadence of her laugh broke the silver stillness of the garden. "The moon up there, she knows it. And the stars, — not one has fallen to-night! Smell the flowers. Wait, I will pluck : hyacinths."

They grew by the doorway, and she broke the slender stalks and gave them into his hand. But when he had kissed them he would give them back, would fasten them himself in the folds of silk, that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. He fastened them with a brooch which he took from the Mechlin at his throat. It was the golden horseshoe, the token that he had journeyed to the Endless Mountains.

"Now I must go," said Audrey. "They are calling for Arpasia. Follow me not at once. Good-night, good-night! Ah, I love you so! Remember always that I love you so!"

She was gone. In a few minutes he also reëntered the playhouse, and went to his former place where, with none of his kind about him, he might watch her undisturbed. As he made his way with some diffi-