

to soul in a view which lifts one to the heavens, and would take a poet to describe."

"My own feelings, love; the majesty of the view, and from such a height, overpowers one. Yes, sweet; dual solitude, as now, is paradise. Do the stairs fatigue you, my own?"

"No, Lion," and for a moment they stand still, his arm around her. The soft white hands draw his face near her own, "no, darling," and the sweet tones are a whisper, "'tis only the languor of intense happiness; in ecstatic moments, as now, one feels so."

For answer his lips press hers in a long kiss, and she is taken up in his strong arms and not loosed until the ascent is made and the octagon room reached; there he leads her to a seat, and throws himself on a cushion at her feet.

"What a Hercules I am about to bestow my fair person upon," she said, gaily, "for I am no light weight for a maiden. Ah! poor Guy; that reminds me, darling, I have something to tell you which—"

"Which will have to wait until you are my own dear wife, for," and his head is wearily laid on her knees, "I can wait no longer. You know, Vaura, dear, what my life has been, since as a little fellow in jacket and frilled collar, a child of about seven, my father was deserted by her to whom he had trusted his name and the honour of our house. But I cannot speak of it, it brings my poor half-crazed father back to earth, and I see him again before me, a victim to his trust in a woman. Then, my storm-tossed life; living now wholly for a pleasure that palled upon me, again, losing myself in dreams of what my life might have been with a loving wife, part of myself, making me a more perfect man by her sympathy in a oneness of thought, for you know, beloved, I could never have loved a woman who, for love of me, or because I had moulded her character, had adopted my views of life. No, woman is too fickle for that. I, in meeting your