

began to wander. She wasn't very much interested, I'm afraid, in our crack players who were simply excelling themselves in her honour. She had very likely seen lawn tennis far better played elsewhere in the course of her travels, and I daresay in her heart of hearts she didn't think much of the performance.

A wooden house of no great pretensions but picturesque in the extreme reared its gable roof over the wall to the left of the tennis ground, and from a window in the second story a full view of the game could be obtained.

At the window, which was open, there sat a bearded man in his night shirt, watching each stroke with intense interest and applauding even more vociferously than any of us each brilliant service or return, with this difference, however, that his plaudits were offered in Greek.

Immediately behind him stood the figure of a woman, her hand resting upon his shoulder.

"Love—Forty," cried the umpire.

The man at the window attracted the notice of the Princess.

I happened to be standing near her and she turned towards me. (I was one of those who had known her before she was a Princess and that made all the difference, as you will readily understand.)

"How delightfully interested that man is. Who is he? How terribly ill he looks."