

from her mind, was being half fulfilled. She clung to Tito, who, divining what was in her thoughts, said,—

“What dismal fooling sometimes pleases your Florentines! Doubtless this is an invention of Piero di Cosimo, who loves such grim merriment.”

“Tito, I wish it had not happened. It will deepen the images of that vision which I would fain be rid of.”

“Nay, Romola, you will look only at the images of our happiness now. I have locked all sadness away from you.”

“But it is still there—it is only hidden,” said Romola, in a low tone, hardly conscious that she spoke.

“See, they are all gone now!” said Tito. “You will forget this ghastly mummerly when we are in the light, and can see each other’s eyes. My Ariadne must never look backward now—only forward to Easter, when she will triumph with her Care-dispeller.”