

peated themselves; once again she thought of the jester in his scarlet and green, remembered what he had done, remembered many things he had said, many things —

She noted that the fountain was not playing to-night. She wondered why it was still. Sometimes, even in the moonlight, the surface of the water in its wide basin was like a mirror, and you could see — What had Bergolet said?

She got up and stood upon the steps and looked into the water. It was smooth and still, like glass. There was a star reflected in it. What had the jester said? An oval face, and two stars that are a woman's eyes. She could see her reflection. An ideal. A jester's ideal. It was great presumption in a jester to say it.

She went slowly back to the seat and sat down again — dreaming still. To-morrow! No more dreams. Was it possible she could live through to-morrow, through all the to-morrows that would be her life? And again came the sound of the silver bells as if to mock her. How clear they were in her ears for a moment. Then they ceased, but quickly came again. Would they ring in her ears for ever? She started, so loud they seemed, and then —

"Mistress, I think you are sad; shall I sing to you?"

"Bergolet!"

She had spoken his name to the night — dreaming still.

"Yes, mistress. Shall I sing?"

It was no dream. The jester stood there, close to the fountain, the scarlet and green clear in the moonlight, and a moon ray touched the silver head of the bauble lying across his arm.

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