

"Ah, that comes through the good-heartedness of the Princess, and the kindness of the Prince," said Jennie. "He has managed it."

"But what in the world did you do for the Austrian Government, Jennie?"

"That is a long story, Donal, and I think a most interesting one."

"Well, let us thank heaven that we have a long journey for you to tell it and me to listen."

And saying this the unabashed, forward young man took the liberty of kissing his fair companion good-night, right there amidst all the turmoil and bustle of the Schleischer Bahnhof in Berlin.

It was early in the morning when the two met again in the restaurant car. The train had passed Cologne and was now rushing up that picturesque valley through which runs the brawling little river Vesdre. Lord Donal and Jennie had the car to themselves, and they chose a table near the centre of it and there ordered their breakfast. The situation was a most picturesque one. The broad, clear plate glass windows on each side displayed, in rapid succession, a series of landscapes well worth viewing; the densely wooded hills, the cheerful country houses, the swift roaring stream lashing itself into fleecy foam; now and then a glimpse of an old