

terrace. Afar he saw a table spread under the great
.. A woman sat by it. She was gazing down the
winding terraces toward the Lecco. It was still
daylight, and he would have known that head of
hair among the ten thousand hours of heaven.
Softly, softly! he murmured to his heart, now be-
come insurgent.

Whatever may have been the dream she was fol-
lowing, she dismissed it upon hearing his step,
strangely familiar. She did not rise, but she ex-
tended her hand, a grave inquiry in her slumbrous
eyes. With equal gravity he clasped the hand, but
held back the impulse to kiss it. He was not quite
sure of himself just then. He sat down opposite her
and, smiling, whimsically inquired:

"Now, where did we leave off?"

At first she did not understand.

He enlightened her. "I refer to that Arabian
Nights entertainment in New York. Where did we
leave off that interesting discussion?"

She smiled brightly. "We shall take up the thread
of that discourse with the coffee."

"Why not countermand the order for dinner? I
am not hungry."

"But I am," she replied. She was wholly herself
now. The tact with which he began his address dis-
embarrassed her. For two days, since she despatched
the telegram, she had lived in a kind of ecstatic ter-