

## THE MAN WITH THE DOUBLE HEART 307

left as the high houses closed about them with the menace of their ancient strength.

McTaggart pointed out to her the Grey Wolf on its column, suckling the fabulous Twins.

"Romulus and Remus!" she gasped, with a clutch at Ancient History.

"That's it! The Son of Remus founded the place—so the legend runs—'Senius.' He gave his name to the city—hence 'Siena.'"

Down the one-time "Strada Romana," past the Palezzo Tolomei, they clattered, to the crack of the whip.

"See those lions?" he touched her arm. "Thirteenth Century." She stared—"That's the 'Balzana,' the shield of the Commune, black and white. I'll tell you why. When Senius offered sacrifice to his gods, on his arrival here, from the altar of Diana rose a pure white smoke, and from that of Apollo a dense black one—and ever since it's been on the shields of the city. Makes one think, doesn't it? All those centuries ago."

"It's wonderful!"

On they went, through shadowy streets, the deep blue sky overhead cut by castellated walls and pierced by towers, dark with age.

Then, with a final "Ee . . . ah!" from the driver, a last flourish of whip, they swerved aside through the frowning arch of the palace into the vast courtyard.

Here the sun had found its way, bathing one side in golden light. The fountain leaped in a dazzling cloud; the delicate marble stairs curved up, fairy-like, to the gallery; and about them was the beat of wings . . .

"Look at the pigeons!"—Jill cried. "Where are we?"

The carriage stopped. He helped her down and hurried her on, up the shining silvery steps.

"Peter! What is this?" Jill asked. But McTaggart only smiled to himself.

"Come along"—he grasped her arm—"this way . . ." Narrow shafts of light through the twisted columns made a path, like striped satin under their feet.

Dark doors were swung wide, and they stood in the dim tapestried hall, the inquisitive sunshine following them and playing among the crystal lustres.