

reflected in the crystalline pavement below as a star is mirrored in water, swinging back the ample door, whose hinges turning breathed Æolian airs, they entered the place.

Rappily, happily flew the hours by for Lycius and Lamia, their lives complete in one another's love. But the sweets of love at last began to cloy upon his heart, and his thoughts once more began to turn upon things of the world outside this palace of sweet sin. The lady, ever watchful, saw this with pain, as arguing the want of something more than her love to complete his joys. This troubled her for she well knew that but a moment's thought is the passing knell of passion. Her sighs and importunities at last pressed him to tell the secret cause of his unrest and he thus bespake her: "What mortal, oh, my silver planet both of morn and eve, hath a prize greater than other men, but that sometimes he lets it forth to display its beauty, thus to triumph in the possessing of it. Such triumph over my foes in Corinth in the light of open day should I love to enjoy with you while my friends shout afar and your bridal car wheel round its dazzling spokes through the thronged streets." The lady on her knees besought him to forego such a triumph, but he still persisted, and at last she yielded, and the triumph in the form of a marriage feast was planned. But Lamia obtained this concession, that old Apollonius should not be invited to the banquet.

It was the custom in Corinth at that time to bring away the bride from her house in the evening, at sunset, and follow her chariot with torches, strewn flowers and a marriage song. But Lamia had no friends; so while Lycius was absent inviting his companions, she went about arranging all things for the grand occasion. She did so but 'tis unknown whence came her servitors. About the halls and through the corridors was heard the noise of invisible wings till the palace was arrayed in all its glorious magnificence. The walls were carven cedars, mimicking a glade of plantains and palms, and overhead from wall to wall there ran a stream of golden lamps. And lastly on golden tables lay untasted a regal feast.

The day arrived, and flocking came the feasters and entered admiring, as they did so, the splendour of the palace which they now remembered of never having seen before. Last of all came the uninvited Apollonius, sometimes smiling as if some knotty problem which had troubled him, had been solved at last. In the murmurous vestibule he met Lycius, and apologized for coming thus an uninvited guest, but said he must do him this wrong and Lycius must forgive him. Lycius blushed and with reconciling words led the old man in to the feast.

In white robes the guests reclined themselves upon the silken couches, wondering whence came all this mighty cast and blaze of wealth. The feast at a given signal began.