

"Dick, you don't want to forget that you've given me your word that, when I leave the senate, you're to quit the army, and that all of us, Charlie and Hamilton and Margaret and you, are to live together. I want you by me, because no one can tell what's goin' to happen. Why, I'm not bettin' that I may not be an English earl myself some day. The only thing I failed at, and I'll tell you this now that we're goin' to leave the country tomorrow, is that — well, I've come to one conclusion, I'm a hell of a Cupid."

They made one last inspection, before bidding good-bye to the palace. The dawn would find them on their way to the coast, and this was their last opportunity. In a silence bordering on awe, they passed back through the outer court and into the Garden of Fate. Slowly, they walked along the graveled paths, until they stood beside the great fountain in front of the tiny house. It was not flowing. Everything was silent and still. None of them ventured to step upon the broad marble way, which had known so much tragedy. No one spoke. Each seemed to feel that any word in this spot would be an act of desecration. They were bidding good-bye to the place where had palpitated extremes of love and of hate, in which, for a moment, they had taken part. The white walk bordering it had looked unfeelingly on kingdoms changed, ideals shattered and hopes abandoned; on laughter and tears and on new loves springing from bud to bloom. This garden had changed the lives of all who had ever entered it, from that of the Berber maid to those others of the vast outer world, who had heedlessly wandered into its gor-