

truth. She said nothing. Margaret Clarke, reading her thoughts, continued in a lighter tone:

"When is he coming?"

"He should be here in two or three days," Charlotte answered; and then, after a pause, she arose to her own defense. "Madge, I don't want you to think I gave him permission. That is what makes me certain he is well and constantly informed about his country. I have never written to him, nor given him permission to write; yet, he addressed me in care of this very house, and tells me he is returning and will be here within a few days after my receipt of the letter, and hopes to be remembered when he calls."

Margaret's face depicted no surprise, but only looked more thoughtful. This very gravity impressed her companion, and they arose from the table with a sense of something fateful impending that neither could define, an intangible nothing. The Honorable Bob, hearing the rustling of their morning gowns, looked up from his paper, folded it thrust it into his pocket, and said:

"Hello! Through breakfast?"

He, too, arose, fumbled in his vest-pocket for a cigar, and paused to light it before following them to the courtyard where, arm-in-arm, they stood and watched the play of the central fountain, of which the reflections were thrown on the small purple squares of the tile at their feet.

"Do you see those twelve marble vases?" the consul asked, swinging his hand round toward the sides of the inner court. "Yes? Well, it shows you just how careless these people are. They never knew until yesterday,