

glove I found partly tucked under a large rock. This was in lovely Ilfracombe, on the north coast of lovely Devonshire, and I have never been there since.

I reviewed the intervening years, and sadly thought—"What might have been." I was then twenty-five years of age, a barrister, as was also my brother, both practising in London. We used to go together for our holiday, sometimes to one or another of the charming spots by the sea in our own country, sometimes to the Continent. That year we decided we would re-visit Venice and return by Switzerland to do a little mountain climbing. Early in May we took up our quarters at the "Grand Hotel," in rooms with little balconies overlooking the Grand Canal. The first week of our stay seems to be blotted out, though I know Jim and I were thoroughly enjoying the "dolce far niente" and spending our time lazily between gondola and picture galleries. One evening, when we had been there a week, and felt as though it were time to make a move, we noticed new arrivals in the dining-room at dinner. A lady and her three daughters. After dinner Jim and I went out to the balcony off the dining-room to smoke our cigars. Shortly afterwards the four ladies came out to the Riva where the porter called up a gondola for them. Of course Jim and I went forward to help the ladies embark, and asked them whether this was their first trip on a gondola; the mother, a handsome lady, not by any means old, replied that it was, with the exception of the arrival from the station. The voice, though cultured, show-