

"O, yes," said the young man, with a laugh, "I was born under the shadow of the State House, and was raised in the Boston Latin School. I'm an artist — living here with my mother. I've been living in Venice two or three years — studying Titian, you know."

"How splendid!" said David, to whom an artist studying Titian seemed almost like an angelic being.

Gracie stole a shy look at the stranger, and then whispered to Clive, —

"How funny! He's from Boston, too!"

"My name," said the stranger, "is Vernon — Paul Vernon. I know yours already, you know, as you've been mentioning it; and if you're going to stay at Venice for any length of time, why, perhaps you would like to see the city. I'll give you my address, and show you the sights."

David was delighted at this. What guide could be equal to an artist — and an American? He thanked Vernon very emphatically. Vernon went on talking in a very pleasant way about Venice, and David liked him better and better every moment. So David and Vernon talked, while Gracie and Clive carried on another conversation by themselves; yet both heard every word that Vernon said.

At length they reached Venice. Vernon informed David that he would get a boat, and that he would go with them as far as the Hotel Zeno. This