

306 THE MAN WITH THE DOUBLE HEART

"My dream!" she gasped. The hand on his arm clutched him. "It can't be! . . . Yes, it *is*. The 'dream city' I told you about. Peter! It's all coming true. There—don't you see? *Do* look, darling! With one tower taller than the rest . . . and a little cap . . ."

Speech failed her. She leaned out, breathlessly.

A memory returned to McTaggart. "By Jove!—the 'Torre del Mangia.' Is that really your old dream, Jill? And you said it felt like 'coming home!'" He was almost as moved as herself.

Jill drew back with dazzled eyes. Her hair, disordered by the wind, framed her excited, awe-struck face.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she cried—"my dream city . . . my very own! D'you think we've lived there before, Peter? You and I—in another life?"

—so. But, anyhow, it can't be half as good as this.

He drew her gently through the door of their coupé. "There's a tunnel coming. We're nearly there. Sit down a minute. I'll roll up the rugs. You'd better get into your coat, ready."

"I shan't want it. It's so hot." Mechanically, she straightened her hat, her gray eyes still wide with wonder. She caught sight of herself in the glass. "I *am* untidy! Won't it be nice to have a bath and feel clean again."

A "toob"—Peter smiled to himself as the train bolted into the dark. He reached up for his hat on the peg.

"Now then!—we're coming out. Give me a kiss, quick!—There's a dear."

Sudden dazzling light again; the grind of brakes; the toot of a horn. Then a deep voice, shouting clearly:

"Siena . . . Si-e-na!" The train had stopped.

Mario came running up. McTaggart hurried Jill out and into a cab. Purposely, he had "forgotten" to order the carriage.

They wound up the dusty road, glaring white in the morning sun, and through the great frowning wall that clips the city like a girdle.

Jill was too excited to talk, her eyes darting right and