

"Clarence!"

"It was *her* voice. He wheeled his horse. She was standing behind the *grille* in the old wall, as he had seen her standing on the day he had ridden to his rendezvous with Susy. A Spanish *manta* was thrown over her head and shoulders as if she had dressed hastily and had run out to intercept him while he was still in the stable. Her beautiful face was pale in its black-hooded recess, and there were faint circles around her lovely eyes.

"You were going without saying 'Good-bye,'" she said softly.

She passed her slim white hand between the grating. Clarence leaped to the ground, caught it and pressed it to his lips. But he did not let it go.

"No! no!" she said, struggling to withdraw it; "it is better as it is—as—as you have decided it to be. Only I could not let you go thus—without a word. There, now—go, Clarence, go. Please. Don't you see I am behind these bars? Think of them as the years that separate us, my poor, dear, foolish boy. Think of them as standing between us—growing closer, heavier, and more cruel and hopeless as the years go on."

Ah, well! they had been good bars a hundred and fifty years ago, when it was thought as necessary to repress the innocence that was behind them as the wickedness that was without. They had done duty in the convent at Santa Inez and the monastery of Santa Barbara, and had been brought hither in Governor Micheltorrenas' time to keep the daughters of Robles from the insidious contact of the outer world when they took the air in their cloistered pleasance. Guitars had tinkled against them in vain, and they had withstood the stress and storm of love tokens. But, like many other things which have had their day and time, they had retained their semblance of power even while rattling