

ported a domed roof which by daylight would have shown an exquisite sculptured design, but which now was too dimly perceived for even its height to be guessed. Beyond the enclosure stretched the vague outline of a garden which adjoined the Bois, and here there were tall trees and drooping branches that moved mysteriously now and then, as though touched by an invisible finger-tip. Within each corner of the court great marble vases stood, brimming over with growing blossoms,—pale light streaming from an open window or door in the house shed a gleam on some statue of a god or goddess half hidden among flowers,—and here in this cool quietness of stately and beautiful surroundings sat, or rather reclined, Diana, on a cushioned bench, her head turned towards her sole companion, Féodor Dimitrius. He sat in a lounge chair opposite to her, and his dark and brilliant eyes studied her fair features with wistful gravity.

"I think I have told you all," he said, speaking in slow, soft tones. "Poor Chauvet's death was sudden, but from his written instructions I fancy he was not unprepared. He has no relatives,—and he must have found great consolation in making his will in your favour. For he cared very greatly for you,—he told me he had asked you to marry him."

Diana moved a little restlessly. As she did so a rosy flash glittered from a great jewel she wore round her neck,—the famous "Eye of Rajuna," whose tragic history she had heard from Chauvet himself.

"Yes," she answered—"That is true. But—I forgot!"

"You forgot?" he echoed, wonderingly. "You forgot a proposal of marriage? And yet—when you came to me first in Geneva you thought love was enough for everything,—your heart was hungry for love——"