

diamonds, and hardly bigger. I was enchanted with the place, and finding a felled tree trunk, propped my back against it, and stretching my legs out, gave myself up to undisturbed contemplation of the solemn beauty of the woods and to the comfort of a good cigar. And when the cigar was finished, and I had (I suppose) inhaled as much beauty as I could, I went off into the most delightful sleep, regardless of my train to Strelsau and of the fast-waning afternoon. To remember a train in such a spot would have been rank sacrilege. Instead of that I fell to dreaming that I was married to the Princess Flavia and dwelt in the castle of Zenda, and beguiled whole days with my love in the glades of the forest, which made a very pleasant dream. In fact, I was just impressing a fervent kiss on the charming lips of the princess when I heard (and the voice seemed at first a part of the dream) someone exclaim in rough, strident tones:

“Why, the devil’s in it! Shave him and he’d be the king!”

The idea seemed whimsical enough for a dream; by the sacrifice of my heavy mustache and carefully