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"Oh, I know I'm not nearly good enough for you."

"Good enough for me, dear?"

"They all told me so, and they were right! Why, even the American minister said it. Everybody thinks

Why, aren't they wretches! To think of them saying such a thing! As if—as if anybody could be too——"

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"Do you know——" She paused and looked at him with a certain timid challenge. "I don't know why I feel it, but—sometimes I feel that I've been—I've been flung at your head."

He opened his mouth in astonishment. "Flung at my head!"

She held up her finger. "And if I thought you could ever believe it!"

"Is a girl flung at a man's head when her father carries her thousands of miles away and the man follows her all these miles, and at last——"

Her eyes were shining. "And you really came to Greece—on purpose, to——"

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"Confess you knew it all the time. Confess!"

The answer was muffled. "Well, sometimes I thought you did, and at other times I thought you—didn't."

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In a secluded cove; in which the maids once had