

said to me reproachfully. "Vassili looks forward so to your visits; and there was no tennis. He misses the tennis. You see it is his only distraction," she added apologetically to the Princess.

Then we went upstairs to see Vassili. He looked, as the Princess had remarked from a distance, wretchedly ill, but he was marvellously bright and cheerful, as he always was. Hanging suspended from the ceiling over his bed was a small trapeze within easy reach of his hands. By taking hold of this he could manage to change his position by a few inches and this was all the exercise he ever got. His bed fitted into the window so that he got a full view of the tennis court and the terrace upon which tea was served.

"What a game, eh!" he said, after the ceremony of introduction was over. "What a splendid game. But we won. They only got two games the last set," and he rubbed his poor thin hands in exultation. "Zoitza, quick, coffee and cigarettes, or would the Madama prefer sweetmeats? Bring sweetmeats too," and he prattled on with all the grace and charm of the East.

Zoitza presently appeared with refreshments of her own preparation, and while we regaled ourselves with coffee and sweetmeats she sat in her chair at Vassili's bedside and gave us her comments on the game and all the *grandees* amongst the spectators.

They were not in the least *géné* at receiving a visitor for many people went to see them, and few I imagine