

At any rate, upon the morrow he should know.

The morrow came, and in the forenoon he sought her at her pension on Berg Strasse, only to discover that she had gone, as was her habit, to the studio. Thither he made his way, and there he found her in the midst of her work, with a profusion of exquisite specimens of the Ceramic Art which her deft fingers had adorned.

She greeted him most cordially, and inquired for all her Mapleton friends, more especially for her mother's friend, Mrs. MacGregor.

This call could not, under the circumstances, be prolonged, but before he took his leave she had consented to accompany him that night to the Royal Opera.

As he walked back to the Hotel his heart oscillated between hope and despair. He asked himself had he been mistaken after all, was it possible that Jean St. Claire might love him? He did not know, for even although she must have known that he had journeyed all the way from Mapleton to Dresden for the one and only purpose of seeing her, yet she had failed to let one token of encouragement drop either in her words or look.

The evening came at last and with it the opera, which happened that night to be "Lohengrin."