

them. The girl, her cheeks and her eyes flaming with the joy of the romp, and the hem of her white robe cracking behind her like a whip, revealing every lithe curve of her, giggled something to her brother; and with shrieking mischief they hurled straight on, heads down.

Onalyon, watching the girl with suddenly gleaming eyes, braced himself, determined that they should not dash out upon the storm-swept terrace. Before he quite knew what had happened, however, he was himself rushed over the threshold and the big shutters bolted against him, leaving him to make his way through the rain to the main entrance.

The girl held the bolt while her younger brother stood before her, ready to grapple with the king and defend their victory at all hazards. The king, however, merely sat down and laughed.

"You may occasion the prince a severe cold," he observed with twinkling eyes.

"I hope he sneezes for the rest of his life!" giggled the princess.

"You might find that annoying in your husband," he suggested.

"She's not going to marry Onalyon!" immediately asserted her younger brother.

"I am afraid she must," insisted the king, becoming grave. "We've allowed her to be a child a long time."