

It is said in Corfu, I believe, that Iris is to become my wife.

Well, to tell the truth, there are more unlikely things, for after my own restless cosmopolitan life, permanent residence amidst the peace and brilliance of this sunny Greek island—the nearest approach perhaps to terrestrial paradise—would be in no way unwelcome.

Often we walk beside the sea hand in hand and recall those troublous times now past. Yes—we love each other.

And sometimes we try to peer into the future and see what it may have in store. But, alas! it is a sealed book to us—as to you.

“Shall you marry her?” you inquire.

To this I may perhaps confess that I have asked Iris to become my wife.

Yesterday—only yesterday—ah! never-to-be-forgotten day—she consented! Therefore am I filled with a great and boundless joy, for I have to-day spoken to her father; and thus have I brought my strangely romantic wooing to

THE END.