

"Please put these on!" cried Bezzanna, running to him with his cap and cape. "I'm sorry; truly—I didn't mean it."

"Thank you," accepted the prince happily, and put them on. "What is there about a storm that attracts you so, Bezzanna?" he asked, as he caught her arm to brace her against the rushing wind. He was glad of that excuse to touch and hold her. "Is it the wildness of it?"

"Not altogether that," she answered. "I think it's the mystery of it more than the wildness or the beauty. I have always had a queer impression that sometime the storm would bring me something very wonderful."

"What strange thoughts you have!" he commented a trifle sadly. "They come from discontent, I think. Why is Isola so unsatisfactory?"

"Because I want impossible things, I guess," she laughed.

"I hope the storm brings them to you," the prince was gallant enough to say. "What do you suppose it will be?"

"Who knows?" she returned, as Tedoyah grasped her arms to drag her away. "Perhaps"—and she laughed mischievously—"perhaps a truly lover!"