

THE AWAKENING

through the shrewdness, courage, and, above all, the patience which I may be able to command in my own behalf.

And why do I do it at all? Why do I—the most helpless waif in all the world—persist in a campaign so nearly hopeless, so full, as the adventures of the past few days have already too clearly shown, of dangers and discouragements? Well, my pictures, my dream pictures—I hardly dare call them more than that—are responsible. For among them is a woman, one of the loveliest, I verily believe her to be, of all the world. I see her in a hundred different ways, each one more charming, more alluring than the others; and when her eyes turn toward me, as again and again they do, there is love in them. To find those eyes, not in my own dim dreams, but somewhere out in God's bright day, I will search the world.

Now I will tell my story.

My question aroused the man on my bench from his doze, but I had to repeat it before he caught its import.

"Can you tell me where I am?" said I.

His pipe clattered on the brick-paved path. He straightened up in a flash and looked at me astonished. To give him time to gather his wits, I went on talking.

"I suppose I must have been unconscious. Or