

The Lady Paramount

"*Must* you?" cried Miss Sandus. "Are n't you *dying* to see him?"

"Yes," Susanna confessed, with a flutter of laughter. "I'm dying to see him. But I'm so *afraid*."

"I'll disappear," said Miss Sandus, rising. "Then the good Father can bring him to you."

"Oh, don't—don't leave me," Susanna begged, stretching out her hand.

"My dear!" laughed Miss Sandus, and she tripped off towards the Palace.

"Well, Father," Susanna said, after a pause, "will you show him the way?"

The loggia, as Father Angelo called it, where he had left Anthony, while he went to announce his arrival, was the same long open colonnade in which, that morning, Susanna had had her conference with Commendatore Fregi. It was arranged as a sort of out-of-doors living-room. There were rugs on the marble pavement, and chairs and tables; and on the tables, besides vases with flowers, and other things, there were a good many books.

Absently, mechanically, (as one will when one is waiting in a strange place where books are within reach), Anthony picked a book up. It was an old, small book, in tree-calf, stamped, in