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between clustered groups of trees, and there were little villages with orchards and gardens, and, rising around us on every side, tree-clad hills thrusting themselves upward boldly, receding, melting through infinite gradations of tone and color into the masses of the distant mountain-peaks. Wandering filmy clouds floated over and around them till we could hardly discern which was cloud and which was mountain. One seemed as ethereal and unsubstantial as the other.

We had taken the first steps in the descent, when we heard Marienella's gay laugh. Rob was with her, and they showed us another way down, much easier than the way by which we had come. And Marienella and I went ahead, leaving the men to loiter as they would.

She chattered incessantly, but I knew that a part of her attention was given to what Rob was saying. Very particular and very private matters it was they were discussing, but Rob's voice is not a small one, and we did not need to lose a single word he said. He was inquiring how two people were to be married in this country, if one is Catholic and the other Scotch Presbyterian! Would it be the American Consul that would arrange it?

And then, as we stopped and waited for them, he went on: