

can make them as well as I do. I promise you this one shall be superfine."

"As you will, little one,—only don't stay away too long."

He lay very still after she had left him, looking dreamily through the vines at the silver spray of the fountain. The air had grown oppressively sultry; no breath of wind stirred the heavily drooping leaves, no sound except the rhythmic splash of the fountain and the soft lapping of the waves upon the beach. He closed his eyes while their ceaseless monotone seemed to beat upon his brain.

"Forever! Forever! Forever!"

A spasm of pain crossed his face as Evadne's voice woke the echoes with a merry song. "Poor little lass!" he murmured. Then he smiled as she came towards him, quaffed off the beverage she had prepared with loving skill, and called her the best cook in all the Indies.

"Has it refreshed you, dearest?" she asked anxiously.

"Immensely! Now you shall read me some of Lalla Rookh, and after dinner I will set about making a Mecca for your crab."

Evadne stroked the dainty claws,—

"Poor little chap! So you are a pilgrim like the rest of us. I wish we did not have to go on and on, dearest!" she exclaimed pas-