

eign shore, by march or siege, in camp or battle, I have never ceased to think of you as my heart's joy. [*She glances at him and then away.*] And—I love you Capella. Tell me, do you not sometimes think kindly of me?

Cap.—[*Looking down.*]—You should not ask me such a question.

Mar.—[*Looking away, slightly dejected and perplexed.*]—I do not understand.

Cap.—No—[*Looking up to him and smiling*]—You do not seem to understand. [*Both silent a moment. Then he looks into her eyes and sees the smiles.*] Marcius, I love you. [*Takes his hand. He kisses her.*]

Mar.—My own.

Cap.—But tell me, Marcius, when did you first begin to love me?

Mar.—The first time I saw you, Capella.

Cap.—Oh, now—

Mar.—It is true. Those sparkling brown eyes of yours led me a happy captive.

Cap.—And where did you learn to say such pretty things?

Mar.—Worshipping at your shrine.

Cap.—Oh, Marcius!

Mar.—It is most true. You come of a beautiful family. Whether in the temples of the Nile, the cottages of the Jordan, the bazars of the Euphrates or the palaces of the Tiber, I have never beheld a girl or woman of such charming beauty as—Virginia,—

Cap.—Oh!

Mar.—Except Capella.

Cap.—You dear. But here is my sister.

Mar.—Let us tell her.

Cap.—No, not just now. She is troubled. Let us wait until to-morrow.

[*Enter Virginia.*]

Vir.—Marcius, to the tower. And see if lord Regulus is coming.

[*Exit Marcius.*]

Cap.—Have you been watching for him, Virginia?

Vir.—Yes, and I think I saw him. Afar along the road I