

to England. Before we leave this garden where we have been so happy——"

"It is true. . . . We have been happy here!" she answered.

Winged smiles were hovering about her mouth. Jewelled gleams played between the black fringes of her eyelashes, as though fairy kingfishers were diving for some new joy in those sapphire depths. She asked demurely, as the clumsy male creature choked and boggled:

"What do you seek, Monsieur? Some souvenir. . . . Some token of friendship?"

He said in a low, dogged voice:

"I have never asked mere friendship from you. But if you—if you——" He got it out with a desperate effort: "Before we leave this . . . if you would kiss me—once! . . ."

She drew back. A terrible dignity vested her sloping shoulders. Modesty veiled her eyes. He was going miserably away, when she beckoned to him, with that splendid sweep of the arm that might have belonged to Krimhilde-Brünhilde-Isolde-Britomart and the whole covey of Romance Ideals. . . . He returned. . . . She spoke, and her eyes were wavering under the eager fire of his:

"See you well, Monsieur, a young lady cannot bestow a gift of that kind. It is for the gentleman, having obtained consent, to take . . ."

Breagh caught her to his broad breast and snatched the coveted guerdon. He cried to her in wonder and triumph:

"You love me! . . . A fellow like me? . . . And you will be my wife? We are not going to England to be parted! I am not a beggar any more! I will try again for my practising degree in Medicine, and get it! I will write books and make a name for myself in Literature.