

Gypsy type, weird, bizarre, dreamy, rapturous, plunging the soul into depths of mysterious feeling and suddenly lifting it again into ecstasies that were only not heavenly because no Christian conceptions of Heaven appeal so openly to the senses. Marchmont, as he listened, thought that he knew now what songs the sirens sang and understood the lure of the Lorelei of old German legends. Her voice rang clear as a bell, but she sang no very loud notes. All the visions that came to him, wafted on those marvelous tones, were of the forest depths, of dark wine-red streams flowing under masses of foliage, of caverns within heavily wooded mountains, of surf-beaten shores, of boats rocking on tumultuous seas and ascending mighty rivers winding among dense jungles, with evermore the whisper of love from one whom he could not see for the wild wealth of hair that tumbled about her face, but whose warm white arm lay close about his neck.

When she ceased, all that he could do was to stammer almost as if he were dazed: "That is—is beautiful."

She laughed, rose from the piano stool, and said: "Yes, I can sing. It is my one accomplishment."

They went back into the parlor and sat down together on a sofa, she speedily opening up other subjects with her wonted readiness and self-possession, and he falling promptly into her vein and following her lead. Marchmont had seen a good deal of the world and had read and studied much. Ordinarily he was a good talker; and now, calmed by her ease of manner, he soon recovered his composure and acquitted himself well enough in the colloquy that ensued.

But he was aware in his latent consciousness that he had surrendered to

his fate: married woman or not, he was desperately in love.

That night when he went to bed he debated long with himself what he should do. It was moral ruin for him to stay, he said to himself, if he should see her day by day. He could not conceive how he should be able to control himself. The time would surely come when he would speak out his love, and then, whether he won her love or not, the result would be miserable in any event—to her as well as to himself if she loved him. Yes, he certainly ought to go.

But he did not go. When morning came, with it came the delusion that he would be able to take care of himself; and when her bright face lit up the breakfast table, he found that he could not tear himself away from that sight.

He accompanied her to places of entertainment; he rode with her into the country; she sang to him again and again; he read to her; and at the end of two weeks they were inseparable.

Meantime she received no letters; that was odd. She never spoke of that "Charley in Luzon;" that was also odd. He could not understand these things; but his love made him oblivious of all else; only at times such reflections would pass vividly through his mind and linger there until she looked or spoke or sang.

At last one day—it was dusk and the doves were cooing in the distance—she leaned over him as he sat under the myrtle where she had first seen him sitting—she leaned over from the piazza and said:

"Why are you so sad and downcast, Mr. Marchmont?"

"I have had the misfortune to fall in love with a married woman, mad-