urely along he came to the cliffs, and looked about for a point of vantage from which to see the water. He reached an outer projection of rock, and stood waiting for the moon to come from under a cloud and show him the bay in front. The cloud passed on and raised its curtain from the scene.

The woman who had passed him in the path was standing on a ledge similar to the one he occupied, about forty feet in front of him. He did not look at the water nor the moonlight on the bay, but his eyes remained fixed on the woman's face with an interest no woman had ever held in them before. She had not perceived him, but was standing looking out over the water, her face turned so that he viewed it in profile. She wore a plain, tight-fitting dress, and stood erect, her arm resting lightly on a ledge beside her. No fairer picture had ever been presented to Lord Arthur's patrician gaze, and he hung upon the sight breathless, and not daring to stir for fear of disturbing her. The girl herself continued to pay her whole attention to the scene before her, and seemed utterly unconscious of his presence, while he continued to scrutinize her from head to heel, and wonder concerning her identity. Lord Arthur had never noticed the effect of moonlight on a woman's face and form before, and it may have been this that led him to believe her wonderfully beautiful; but the moon cannot make grace of awkwardness, nor build a woman's figure like a goddess. Her lips parted and she sang a snatch of a song lowly to herself, and moving from her position turned from the water and came up the path toward him. He stood rooted to the spot waiting her, and as she saw him the song left her lips till she had passed him, when she took it up as before. Her moving had discomposed him, and before he knew it she had coolly passed by, leaving him standing in a very awkward position, staring at the place where she had been. Most girls of his acquaintance would have showed some signs of hurry or nervousness at meeting a man alone at night in such a spot. He was very sure his fiancé in New York would have screamed and fled. This woman not only was perfectly composed, but actually went on with her singing as soon as she was ten feet away from him. The combination was too much for Lord Arthur. He looked searchingly after her, and saw her figure passing his horse at the end of the path and disappearing at a turn in the road. He followed her mechanically, but she was lost to sight when he reached his horse. He thought of following up the road; but realizing that dogging a woman was not particularly becoming an Englishman of his position, he mounted and rode slowly back to the city.

For some reason he could not dismiss the evening's incident from his thoughts. It was natural enough that he should meet one or fifty people in a ramble most anywhere thereabouts, but it was not ordinary that the person should be such a queen as the girl he had just left. As she had passed by him in the path he had looked directly at her face, and her eyes were turned toward him. He did not believe he could forget the eyes in a year,—as the moonlight showed them clearly to him, great, large, and dark, with so much brilliancy in their depths. Her face was pale, and framed by dark hair, which she wore low on her shoulders. She carried herself erect, but moved with an easy grace which was not common in his countrywomen. Stoic as he was concerning women, he was still thinking of her when he reached his hotel, and brandy and soda taken with the idea of forgetting the picture only served to make the great dark eyes shine brighter and plainer than before.

For the first time in his life Lord Arthur thought of one woman for a whole hour at a time, and that, too, of a woman whom he had seen standing in the moonlight for the space of about five minutes.

He inquired rather more particularly of his friends at Del Monte about the prominent families of the vicinity, but none of them