

laws of hospitality. Returning thence a mighty storm arose, my comrades were all drowned, and I alone survive. Such, O queen, is all I have to tell."

Phyllis had listened attentively, her soft large eyes bent compassionately upon the speaker.

"The gods must love you, Demophoon," said she, "even though Poseidon be not thy friend, for they have brought thee safely unto our coasts. Wherefore behold in this a sign that thou hadst best remain among us, nor think to regain thy native land—Say, shall it not be so?" she continued, turning to the warriors. "See, is he not stalwart and fair, and should he not remain and become a Thracian hero?"

The men shouted "Ay," because they saw their queen regarded the youth with favour; but many were secretly displeased and jealous at this marked preference shown for Demophoon.

Yet he only shook his head sadly at the flattering speech.

"O queen," he cried, "tempt me no further to stay with you. To be the meanest watcher in your house, and daily to see your god-like countenance, would be joy indeed for mortal man. But duty recalls me to Athens: I am my father's only son, and heir to the throne of Attica. It were not well or right if I never went back; but if I may take advantage of your proffered friendship, aid me in my return, and I shall for ever remember you and this land with gratitude."

"If you must go," said Phyllis, and her brow clouded, "my men shall fit the stoutest bark for you, and fifty of my best oars shall row you to your native shores."

Next day, and the next, the storm still raged with unabated fury, and there was no question as to the possibility of Demophoon's quitting Thrace. Meantime he had been constantly with the queen, who had done all in her power to make her guest's enforced stay a pleasant one.

A dangerously pleasant one it proved to the visitor, who when the sun shone out brightly again, and the sea was once more calm, and they asked when it pleased him to command the bark, felt that the image of the lovely Phyllis had sunk deep, deep into his heart, and that he could not bring himself to leave her.

He made an idle excuse to rest yet another day. The young queen perceived this, and her heart leaped within her. Perchance she could retain him near her, after all. And when the next day came, and yet the next, and still Demophoon could not tear himself away, it began to be tacitly understood by all

that the stranger would remain and wed the lovely queen.

So it came to pass indeed. And then there dawned for Demophoon weeks of all-absorbing happiness. He thought of nought but Phyllis; absent from her side he knew no pleasure, and she was equally glad in him.

"Dione," she said many and many a time, when her handmaiden was decking her proud beauty for the innumerable games and feasts the marriage had called forth; "Dione, how wrong I was that night before the storm! The weight of an unknown event did oppress me, but what a joyous one it has proved!"

Alas! Phyllis had spoken too soon.

When Demophoon had passed through the first intoxicating effects of happiness, the sense of duty awoke in him once more. He knew he must return to seek out his father, that he might reassure him of his safety.

In vain Phyllis sighed and entreated; in vain she called him cruel, harsh, unkind, to think of venturing once more on the dangerous sea, leaving her sorrowing behind. Demophoon was firm this time.

"My beloved Phyllis, it must be," he said; "this parting is no less hard for me than for you. I shall return within a month's space. I swear it, Phyllis, by the Styx and the eternal gods, whose aid and protection I implore."

Weeping bitterly, Phyllis saw him depart, and watched his bark as it slipped from her view, feeling that her heart, her life, and her joy went with it. Nothing diverted, nothing consoled her. Vainly did Dione strike the lute; in vain did her warriors perform manly games. The only comfort she found was in Demophoon's oft-repeated promise that he would return at the expiration of a month.

The tender Phyllis counted the hours till he could be back. At last, at last, after weary waiting, the happy day was at hand.

Incessantly Phyllis ran to the shore, that she might be the first to spy the boat and welcome her beloved on landing. She never for an instant doubted that he would come. When night began to fall, and yet he had not arrived, she would not credit that the day had indeed ended without bringing him. Her eyes never closed that night; constantly she thought to catch the sound of oars, to distinguish *his* voice, and ere day had well dawned the anxious queen was once more unquietly pacing the sea-shore.

Again this day did not bring him, nor the next, nor the next.

Phyllis grew distracted and lost all hope of his return. It was useless that her hand-