nauty little moue.

brother, Gerald Kenrick, who perhaps has a tendency toward gloom—gloom tostered by, if not indeed born of, Miss Bowen's little malignant turns and twists and all-round unsatisfactory conduct toward him. This other Kenrick—Tom—is, however, devoid of all melancholy, and is indeed as happy-go-lucky a person, and one as full of life and spirits as one need wish to find. He is older than Gerald by three years, yet younger than him by quite as much, if light-heartedpess is to be taken into account.

"Who are you pleased with now?" saks
Tom. He still addresses Brenda.
"Lord Wyvis," says she with a defiant
glance at Gerald, who responds to it gener-

"Fortune lavors him," says he. "He must be the bravest man alive. 'None but the brave,' you know — . And where does his fortune lie, I wonder. In his

"Oh, never mind his face," says Miss Bowen, throwing up her head in a little petulant fashion. "His face doesn't mat-

ter."
"Certainly not. Nothing matters nowadays. That's what makes us all so happy.
Now even your face —"

"Well," laughing (Tom always makes her laugh), "what's wrong with my face?" "Ah! What indeed. I shouldn't dare to go into that. To be ugly is a fault, no doubt, but to be too lovely! That!" with a reproachful glance, "that is a fault far

"That is Edie Browne's fault," says Miss Bowen, with admirable promptitude, at which Tom Kenrick laughs, and if so in-sociant a youth could so far forget him-

self, changes color faintly.

His brother, who has been looking over their heads for the past three minutes, with the open intention of letting them see he

the open intention of letting them see he takes no interest in such frivolous proceedings, now descends to earth once more.

"I see Verner making signs to you, Tom. He evidently wants you to go to him."

"It's flattering," says Tom. "But I'm afraid he will be very much "in want' before I go to him."

fore I go to him."

"Ah! you dislike him, too," savs Brenda.
"Detestable man. The ways he treats
Rhoda.— Oh! it is impossible to speak
of it."

"Evidently not," says Gerald, disagree-

Tom Kenrick looks amused.

"As to Lady Caryafort wishing me to

"Yes?" saucily.
"She is quite as anxious, I assure you, that you should marry me."
Brenda, whose sense of humor is strong, after a slight struggle with herself bursts

out laughing. "Well-she may wish!" says she, with a

This, of course, may mean anything or nothing. To Gerald's jealous mind it means

death to his hopes.
"Am I to understand," begins he, and

then finds he doesn't know how to go on, especially with that little lovely wicked face laughing at him all the time. "What am I to understand?" cries he at last, des-

perately.

'That I am hungry," declares she promptly. "Is there nothing to eat here? I'm starving. Do take me where sandwitches may be found."

She tucks her arm daintily into his, and with all the air of one who has never said an unkind word in her life, leads him triumphantly out of the room.

CHAPTER VL

Queen, when the clay is my coverlet, When I am dead, and when you are gray. Yow, where the grass of the grave is wet "I shall never lorget till my dying day."

The lights in the conservatory are burn-

ing low. The perfume of the flowers grows fainter. It is just before the dawn, that

marks the summer hours. When Rhoda had

asked Lord Wyvis to give her a little time

with him alone, they had moved with one consent towards the nearest sitting out

place, but on their way there had been

stopped. So many people knew and admired Rhoda that her short walk from

room to room was a triumphal march, and finally Lord Malcom Earle coming up and

claiming her for a tete-a-tete that promised to last indefinitely, frustrated her original

have stammered over it more hopelessly, more shamefacedly. She feels this herself, and the knowledge renders her even more

eruelly nervous than she would otherwise have been. Wyvis' love for her is of the class sympa-

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

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Neilie Raymond, an only child ....
Miss Lizzle Bassell
Mrs. Raymond, the black-mith's wife ....
Miss Jeunie Holt
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Wm. Semour, a counterfeiter ...
Mr. Orson Clifford
Jim, true to the last ... Mr. Wm. Dockstader
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"Is this all—all you can do for me?" says she at last.

"How could it be a falsehood?" cries he like one in pain. "Would you make me a liar? I do loye you; and you know it."

'No, no:" persists the, with a little shiver of disgust; she shrins back from him. It is quite plain to him that she looks with horror on the thought that he loves her.

"Let that pass!" says he, cut to the very soul by her shrinking from him. "Indeed, why should it concern you at all? What of it then, this love of mine? What difference does it make to you? To you!" for the first time a note of passion breaks the calmness of his tone. "To you!" his voice sinking, "who so certainly do not love me."

"I love no one," returns she coldly. "I desire to love no one. I have never loved any man in all my life, and I" gloomily uesire to love no one. I have never loved any man in all my life, and I'' gloomily "pray God I never may!"

"Do not pray that," say he. "I, who wish you well, and who dare not hope for any good result from my petition, would pray you to take that prayer from off your lins."

"Is this all-all you can do for me?" says

Lord Malcolm was an old man, and of the very best the world could produce, and Rhoda could scarcely say him nay. With a heavy heart, then, but a brilliant smile, she sat with him for half an hour or so, and "I would beg you in turn," says she then drifted elsewhere, always with a heart seared, scorched, miserable, panting for a means of delivery from her overwhelming trouble. In Wyvis she believed such de-

of my doings."

Wyvis looks at her.
"Is that all?" asks he. livery might be found. At all events she

"Is that all?" asks he.

"Yes, all."
"More, surely," says he.

"This much, then," says she, with tears in her lovely eyes. "It seems the world is making gossip of my good name. That it is connecting it with yours! Oh!" pale and trembling, "how am I to explain it to you? It appears that society begins to re-Speech fails her—her very lips grow

"Not another word," says Wyvis, interrupting her with almost savage violence.
"Not one. Who dared breathe such a calumny? It is unworthy of you even to repeat it. What a damnable invention." "A painful one at least-for me." It is plain to him now that she is strug-

on this she recovers herself, and lifting her face confronts him with an expression both strong and earnest. "I told you I wished to speak with you," says she steadily. "You know now why. All I ask-all I want of you is, that you should forget you ever knew me—that you would of your goodness, from this hour, blot me out of you life."

"All this is about your life," says he,

very pale. "How about mine?" "I have a life," says he, with an odd sort of smile. "It may not have occurred to

"Forgetfulness is the one good gift denied by the gods to men," says he. "We do not all dwell by Lethe."

HARRIS' THEATER.

"Ah, then, act as if you had dwelt there," cries she, "As if you had forgotten. You say—you—you—you—." She hesitates. Her eyes sink to the ground. "It is an insult to myself," says she, "yet I must re-

as love within you, then take pity on me. I entrent you because of that love to have pity on me, and to let your-acquaintance with me-end from this hour."

sternly.
She is silent.

"Verner?"
She is still silent, but the faint soft growth of color on her cheeks speaks for

word an affirmation rather than a question. He draws back from her as if shocked. Knowing Verner even as he does, this depth of infamy is too much for him. He —her husband, to lower her to the very dust! He! the possessor of this incompara-ble jewel! It seems inconceivable. He—to

A horrible touch of irony clings about i all. Here she is bound to a man who would gladly and by the basest means rid himself of her, whilst another man stands by who would give his soul almost to succour, de

ary.

Is there not injustice somewhere? Why should she have married a man unkind to her, when, being indifferent to all men, she might have married a man who would have thought the world well lost could it have

of all things so far as he and she are con-cerned. To her this will mean nothing. To him the whole of life. He knows by heart all her relations with her husband—his treachery, deceit, du-plicity, all the scandalous undercurrents, the falsity of his life, the abominations

mouth. "But \* \* I hear \* \* \*..."
she breaks off, and begins again desperately.
"It has been said," whispers she faintly,
"by people in our set, that—that you."
Her voice dies away. If she had been a
mere schoolgirl in her teens she could not

backs. Rhoda's beautiful face has given her so many friends that it is difficult for

her to obscure herself even for five minutes without inquiry being made as to where she is now, or then, or any other time. The night has worn itself almost out, indeed, and still she has lingered—she who is always the last to come, the first to leave every house. Lingered until at last most of her acquaintances have dropped away, and she is free to say what her heart is charged with to Lord Wyyis.

He is standing beside her now; expectant, eager, surprised always! She has been so sold hitherto, but now!

He is a tall man—taller than Verner even, and much better preserved. He is a big man, too, but extremely plain. His nose is much too small, his mouth too large, his eyes light grey—a hideous color. They say the face is the index of the mind. If so, and gossip of Lord Wyvis be true, his face should be indeed repulsive; yet it is far from that. Ugly as Nature has assuredly formed his features his face is still a kindly

one-it dissipated.

His voice rouses her to sudden action.

"Lord Wyvis," says she, turning to him a pale face, exquisite in its grief and despair, "I have asked you to give a moment or two, that I might—" she pauses, and her very lips grow white.

"That I might," faintly, "throw myself upon your mercy!"

He flushes a dark red and instinctively mores.

moves a step away from her. What does she mean? What is it? Is the one honest

world as well as love all lost. Nothing remains. His heart sinks within him.

"Yours! Yours only!" says she, leaning forward. She is trembling. "Your mercy."

It seems impossible for her to go on. Looking at her he gauges exactly the depth of the agony she is enduring at having thus to appeal to him—and the humiliation.

This he feels instinctively to be an incision movest. The surface of all past ive moment-a cutting asunder of all past kindly relations-it is to be indeed an end

the falsity of his life, the abominations that desecrate her hearthstone day by day; they may be unknown to her, save from the filterings that reach her through her dearest friends, but to him they are as tales that are told. And that she should be tied to such a man. Whilst he, he who could willingly lay down his life to serve her, is as nought to her-nought.

If she could have loved him, such love as hers would have been a redemption. What fin could tempt him an her loving arms as safeguard? Her love would have made him another man—a good man! He laughs in his heart as this thought comes to him. A sad and mirthless laugh!

"Go on," says he, very gently.

"It is hard to say it," savs Lady Verner, slowly, and with great difficulty. Truly her tongue is cleaving to the roof of her mouth. "But \* \* I hear \* \* \* "" she breaks off, and beginsagain desperately.

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of smile. "It may not have occurred to you, but yet, I assure you, I have a life—of some sort. What of it?"

She is looking at him, but answer of any kind seems impossible to her.

"I suppose I ought to apologize to you for bringing zuch a trivial matter as my life into the subject at all," says he, with a kind of satire that breathes only of despair.
"Pray foreign ma. You stocks just now. "Pray forgive me. You spoke just now; you desired something of me—"
"Only forgetfulness," says she huskily.
"Forget me. Let me be to you as though I never had been—as a dream in the night.

mind you that a while since you said you-"It was not only said, but meant," returns he almost sullenly.
"If that is true," says she, eagerly bending forward so as to catch his reluctant glace, "hear me now. If—if I have been so unhappy as to awaken such a sentiment seleva within you, then take nity on me

Wyvis turns a scarching glace on her—a glance replete with rage and misery.
"Who has dared to accuse you?" asks he,

"Verner!" says he again, this time the

fend and cherish her, till life deserted his poor clay. And lo! to both men she is equally indifferent and cold as ice in Janu-

purchased her—a jewel, longed for?
"It is Verner, then?" says he, slowly.
"Well; and what is it you want me to do?" "Well; and what is it you want me to do?"
"To help me."
"I see." He looks at her long and earnestly. "Verner makes you unhappy. Some women, when are they unhappy."
"Some women!" she interrupts him, not hurriedly, yet decidedly. "You must not class me!" says she with a pale smile. "I

am not as many other women are; I am un-happier than many of them. I have my misfortunes as my sole love; and I dwell on them, as others dwell upon their joys. It fills my life. Extremes meet," says she. lifting her eyes, brilliant with tears and misery to Wyvis' face. "Joy-misery! They are near akin."
"There is but the step over," says he,

"How? From joy to —"
"No. Either way. From misery to joy." She stands up suddenly.

"There is no such step in my case," says she, coldly, hautily. "I—asked you to help me. It was too much to ask, perhaps."

"No." He pauses; then, "I can help "No." He pauses; then, "I can help you, and I will, though it costs me all I care for."
"You promise!" says she, eagerly.
"I swear it." He takes her hand and

with the deepest, the most unmarked respect, presses it gently.

"This is the last time," says he, slowly, "that I shall be a cause of annoyance to you. This is, indeed, our last meeting."

"You mean?" says she. She has not withdrawn her hand, and is looking up at him her whole heart in her eyes. What with the deepest, the most unmistakable him, her whole heart in her eyes. What is it he means? Oh, if he will but gogo far away. "That next week I shall be beyond reach

[To be continued next Sunday.]

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CHAPTER IV.

Out of the day and night
A Joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with
delicht No more-O never more! Daring's drawing room. The room beyond that again has been flung wide, and one of the amateur concerts so dear to the soul of the Barings is in full swing. Lady Baring—a fat, florid woman, more like a cook than the daughter of a baronet, has at 55 found her mission in life. It is an old add found her mission in life. It is an old, old mission—the desire to introduce genius—to

force it, indeed-upon an ungrateful world. Music is the talent in which she has concentrated all her energy. Anyone who can produce a sky note or one de profundus, or anyone who can come forward and play with any sort of proficiency upon the "cor-net, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulci-mer," or any other kind of instrument, the stranger the better, was sure of her warmest interest. She had, however, "gone one" better than her compeers in this line; she had decided on encouraging the genius of the upper classes in preference to that of the great unwashed. Lady Baring-unless something tremendously clever turned up-resolutely kept her face averted from

olee, ("her" was the original pronoun, bu that was obviously a mistake), and to hear it uplitted in song best of all. "And really managers and that class of horrid people, know, are so averse to pushing forward vone who happens to be of any sort of decent birth, don't you know, that-Lindy Baring's rooms throughout the sea-son are crowded with the flower of the aris-tocracy. Lady Gertrude This, and the Hon. Altred That, who have long pined in secret to display their talents to a wondering world, have at last had an opening given them. They avail themselves of it gener

and that her receptions are crowded by the very best people. Every one, says some

one-(a wise one)-likes to hear his own

ously; and all their sisters and cousins and nums follow in their train, and all their admiring relations follow in their train, so that quite a goodly assemblage may be seen at Lady Baring's house every now and then from 7 to 9 during the season. Besides which another advantage is to be gleaned from her parties by these titled and aspiring awateurs. After distinguishing themselves during an entire season, they may surely count on a successful run in the provinces may hope for good houses in the country

houses once August has set in.

Sometimes, however, genius does smile upon the upper ten. It has smiled upon Brenda Bowen, and given her a voice greatly to be envied-a clear, sweet sopran o rich in beauty. Not a very powerful voice, but cultivated, warm, and thrilling. She had just finished singing as her cousing Rhoda enters the room, and as yet the plaudits have not died away. A little break in the crowd permits her to make her way to Lady Verner, who has received he hostess greeting, with a little loving scold

near a tall screen banked with palms.
"At last, Rhodal" says Miss Bowen, diving between two gigantic people, and coming up again close to her cousin, is followed by Gerald Kenrick. "We gave you up."
"We?" questions Lady Verner, with a smile, mirthless but very kind, with a elight glance from her to Gerald.
"Everyboly, I mean. And do you know

ing for being so late, and is now standing

"It's name." Lady Verner is still smil-ing, but her manner is brief, and it seems to Kenrick, who is watching her, that it is with difficulty she rouses herself so far as to speak at all. Certainly her thoughts are not with Brenda, they are much farther

"O Happy Life!" says Brenda, who

lihoda comes slowly back from her own

I put off my song from time to time think-ing you would like to hear it? It is a new

You would like it, I am sure."

"A lovely title," she says slowly. "Life should be happy." She looks at the girl. "I hope" sweetly "yours will be." She sighs, and once again her eyes wan-der; they seem to be searching the crowd, as if wanting to find somebody.
"Are you ill, Rhoda?" asks Brenda anx-

has now at last been seen by her.
"No, not ill," says Lady Verner, with an involuntary—an almost unconscious emphasis on the last word. "I am only thinking."
Miss Bowen's eyes brighten with the fire of battle. Thinking! Of what? poor dar-ling thing. Of that monster's wickedness, no doubt. And yet, how impossible to say anything—to declare one's sympathy. They say thinking gives wrinkles," says she lightly, though her eyes are full of tears. "Rhoda, don't think. You are too

The paller of Lady Verner's calm face

tenra. "Rhoda, don't thina-pretty for wrinkles." "Wrinkles are first shadows of the grave," "Wrinkles are first shadows of the grave,"
says Lady Verner smiling.

Yes. That is why you should avoid
them. The grave is hateful."

"Oh, no. It means rest," says her cousin,
still smiling. "Little girls like you do
not knew that. And if they knew, would
not care. You have no longing for the
good long rest that others have. It will
some it you."

come to you."

"Never". says Brends, almost vehemently. "I shall never want to die."

"Ne? Perhaps not, then."

"And you Itheds," questions the girl eagerly, "you do not want to die?"

"To die—to rot"—quotes Lady Verner in a carious tone. "That last is a bateful

Renrick with some impatience breaks

"I don't believe anybody - yet wanted

word. And yet to die-

into the conversation.

honestly to die," says he. "And you "Life has some charm for you, too, believe me, if not now—in the future." He speaks openly, as if hardly dreading her displeasure, and indeed she is not dis-pleased. Her eyes have a very kindly light

"No! Mrs. Browne," says Kenrick. "Mrs. Browne? Nonsense."
"It is Mrs. Browne, I'm certain, for all says Miss Bowen, with a little tilt of her shoulder in his direction. "I didn't say Black, however, I said

ner.
"I had despaired!" says this new come in a low tone.

Lady Verner's movement toward him can hardly be called a start, yet it savors of it. She gives him her hand for a moment,

oldly. "I think so! I was watching you, and it seemed to me that you were-"What?" "True," says she, deliberately. "I was looking for you."

CHAPTER V. War, war is still the cry-war even to the

would think you didn't care a button about "If I said that to you, there might be some sense in it." "To me!"

the name of that song.' What song?" "'O, Happy Life!" Is her life so happy that you need remind her that others are

with a crushing little glance at him.
"So do I," says Kenrick, returning her glance with interest.
"The one," says Brenda, slowly, "who could deliberately offend Rhoda must be a wretch. Am la wretch?'

"I think she has a bad husband," returns he, shortly. "But so many people have bad husbanda.
There is Clara Hume, and Mra Erskine,
and May Flower, and —."
An energetic touch from her cousin silences her for a moment.
"I really do wish," says he, "that you

"No!" with wide eyes of amazement.
"Who was with hee?"
"Oh, never mind," says he, reddening.
"May Flower is hardly as unsophisticated
as her name might imply,"
"She didn't hear me?" anxiously.
"I hope not," says Kenrick, who nevertheless feels it would not concern Mrs.
Flower much even if she had heard.
"Then that's all right," says Rrands. "I

"Oh, that!" very clumsily; "that was "Was it, really? I've heard so much about him, A very ugly man, after all."
"Hideous."
"N-o. Not hideous. A nice face, I "You are easily pleased, I must say."

"You are easily pleased, I must say."

"A rare virtue," says someone coming up at this moment, and speaking to Brenda over Kenrick's shoulder. "The curse of this generation lies in the fact that every-

one refuses to be pleased with anything whatsoever. We analyze, scrutinize, we idealize, until we don't know what it is we henestly do admire and what we don't."

His tone is sparkling, his smile scarcely less so. He is quite a contrast to his

"If I said white, you would say black," Browne," returns he, a little nettled.
"You can say what you like!" She almost turns her back on him, and this brings her once more face to face with Rhoda.
"What are you thinking of, Rhoda?" asks
she idly, struck by the other's rapt gaze.
At this instant somebody gently moves
Brenda aside, and comes up to Lady Ver-

but no word.
"I have been watching you," says Lord
Wyvis, "for the past three minutes. That
was after my despair had given way to—
what shall I call it?" "Is it worth giving a name to?" very

A swift wave of color dyes Wyvis' face.
"For me?" says he, stammering like a "For you," calmly. "Take me some-where out of this. I want to speak with

"Oh, how unhappy she looks!" says Brends, turning to Gerald Kenrick. "Very," shortly. "How unsympathetic you are! One

"Certainly, to you." "What do you mean, Kenrick?"-with awful dignity. "Well, I think you needn't have told her

happier?"
"Do you mean to say," growing very pink with grief and anger, "that you thought I meant to—"
"Of course not, Only it was ill-timed, to say the least of it."
"I do hate a scoid! retorts Miss Bowen,

"You know I did not say that, Brenda."
"You said something very like it. But I am not thinking of you," scornfully. "I am thinking of Rhoda. Do you really think her life is so unhappy—so unhappy I mean that she has no joy in it—no de-

would look round you before talking such outrageous scandal. Mrs. Flower was at yout elbow, almost, when you mentioned her name."
"No!" with wide eyes of amazement.

"Then that's all right," says Brenda. "I do hate being heard. It makes one feel so horrid. By the bye, who was the man who spoke to Rhoda?"
"I don't know," reluctantly.
"You don't know! Why, I saw him ned to you."

"Evidently yes," says she, indignantly. "What a temper you have, Gerald! Would you delend Sir Gaston? Actually I think you would. Well, 'Birds of a teather'—we all know the old adage. Fancy you approving of that dreadful man; I declare the more I hear about men the more hateful I think them."
"You can't have heard much about me," interposes Tom Kenrick, mildly.

"Oh, you! I hear of little else morning, noon and night," with a little contemptuous lift of her right shoulder, the shoulder near

RHODA YIELDED AND LORD WYVIS KISSED HER HAND.

him; she is angry enough now to be unkind even to Tom. But Tom is proof against un-kindness of this sort. He beams on her. kindness of this sort. He beams on her.

"How nice!" says he eestatically. "And may I ask who it is discourses on my charms to you, morning, noon and night? Are you sure about the night? It seems a little, a very little too much."

"Not Edie Browne, at all events!" says Miss Bowen, whereon Mr. Kenrick acknowledges himself defeated. He gives her an admiring smile, bows profoundly, and beats a precipitate retreat.

a precipitate retreat.

Brenda, looking after him, laughs. Gerald Kenrick, who had turned away after her last retort to him, and has therefore heard nothing of the end of the conversation, minin-

terprets the smile.
"Tom is amusing," says he, his eyes on

the ground.
"Very," dryly.
"He suits you?"

"As well as most people."
"Better than I do, anyway."
"I really don't see, Gerald, why you should make a point of that. I should think if would be a matter of the most perfect indifference to you whether you suited me or not." "And to you also?" "Your face is even more eloquent than your tone. I should not suit you then?" "Wel!-

There is inquiry in his voice.

"I wonder what you mean?" save she, lifting her bouquet to her lips, and yawning, somewhat openly if delicately be-"Not much. Only—if I suited you; if I were your suitor—

A sudden movement of the girl's fan checks him. She has dropped it with a vehement clash to her side, and is now looking at him curiously from under her long dark lashes. He rebellious little mouth

ing at him curiously from under her long dark lashes. He rebellious little mouth has taken a haughty curve.

"Now do remember," said she, "that there is to be none of that. It isn't because auntie wishes you to be in love with me that necessarily you must be so. You," sarcastically; "are a model nephew, no doubt, but obedience may go too far. I'll let you off your pretty speeches. I'll—"

"You are too good," interrupts he coldly, his anger very badly subdued. "My 'pretty speeches' are always few and far between, and as for that last, I did not mean it to be pretty at all. And as for obedience, do you really believe that to please anyone I should say what I did not mean?"

"Yet you certainly said something about being my suitor," says she, with a little aggressive tilting of her chin. It is too much for Gerald.

"Did 1?" said he, with a feeling in his throat as though he was choking. "I take it back if I did. I should not—presume to pose as a suitor for your hand!"

"Well, now, remember you have said

it back if I did. I should not—presume to pose as a suitor for your hand!"

"Well, now, remember you have said that," says she, angry in her turn. "And that pause you made. I shan't forget that pause. For 'presume' read 'care,' and your speech has truth in it. It is a good thing to lie? Really, Gerald, I cannot see that because auntie wishes you to marry me you should be so outrageously rude to me."

"I must beg you to understand once for all, Brenda," with suppressed fire, "that I never lie; and that I do not permit people to tell me that I do."

"Do you permit people to tell you that

"Do you permit people to tell you that you are the most disagreeable person in the world?"

"I am sorry if I am disagreeable," icily.
"Ah! That is a concession."

was resolved to cast her all upon the die where he was concerned.

And yet the long night had dragged through, and no opportunity was hers until now. It is delightful to be sought and ad-mired, but such delights have their draw-

"At last!" says he, bending over Rhoda.
He had waited for her to speak, but she
sat silent since their entry into this sweet
spot of terns and flowers and changing
lights, and impatience has driven him to His voice rouses her to sudden action.

she mean? What is 11? Is the one monest love of his life to get its reward at last? In one wild moment this hope sways and beguiles him, then dies, dies forever. He has looked into her waiting eyes.

"On mine!" he stammers, feeling the world as well as love all lost! Nothing re-

If she could have loved him! If-

of you-beyond reach of heaven." He laughs as he says this, but his "laughter, with some pain, is fraught."