

to hear. Through the open door came the strains of sweet music and the same sweet voice he had grown to love, and the song was the same he had heard a few nights before. Ecstasied, he stood listening until the last echoes of the gentle voice died away. Then there came a clatter of swift-flying hoofs on the cobblestones, and a coupé dashed around the corner to stop before the mansion across the way. Scarcely had it halted than a tall man in the uniform of a French naval officer sprang from it and hurried up the steps. But ere he could enter, a vision in white rushed through the doorway and hurled itself into his arms.

Poor Jacques' heart stood still as he saw this meeting of long-separated husband and wife. All his dearest hopes were dashed to the earth at one fell blow, and with stumbling feet and eyes blinded by tears of bitter disappointment he slowly ascended to his cheerless attic room. From its pigeon-hole he drew forth the fresh manuscript, the toil of many weary hours, lighted a taper and sat down at his desk. His brain was all awlirl, and his mind in a turmoil. How should he end it now? Ah, he had an idea. He would not end it at all. It should never be seen. Its fame should die with him. Slowly and deliberately he wrote "finis" across the last page, then folded the manuscript and sealed it in an envelope. This he placed in his inner pocket. Then, for the second time during that evening, he wended his way towards the river. How calm and serene it lay in the shimmering moonlight. What a place to drown all sorrow; and he laughed cynically as the thought passed through his mind.

With never a quiver he walked to the end of the pier. There he paused to take one long, last, lingering look at the world he was about to leave, then plunged forward and downward. There was a faint splash, a series of rapidly widening ripples, a few bubbles bursting at the surface, and then the silence of death, save for the requiem of the slowly flowing waters. The last chapter had been written and the book of life had closed.

If she cares to love another,
 Why, oh why, should I complain?
 Better far one heart be broken,
 Than that two should suffer pain.

A SKIRMISH.

The sun is just rising from behind the mountains to the eastward. Deep down in the valley below us his first rays are just beginning to penetrate. The birds have been singing for an hour