

day—for one day; but what a day it had been! I picked some white flowers and placed them in her dead hands, and the sad procession started.

It was Georgie's mother who met us at the door of the little inn, where we had been so happy, and where we now laid the body gently down. She seemed to have a right to fold those beautiful hands to their rest—the hands which had saved her boy. I moved as in a dream, but my one overmastering feeling was that the lady's work must be done. I asked directions for the road, took up the box, and, refusing all offers of company, set off on my way.

It was getting late in the evening now, but my sole longing was for night and loneliness. I seemed to feel no fatigue, and was so engrossed with my errand that the shock of what had happened seemed hardly to find place in my brain. I tried not to think of how we had gone up the hill together; I tried to forget where we had turned to look at the view and she had said: "This must be the last, the very last, the night will overtake us." And the night had overtaken her—nay, rather, the eternal day had found her.

There was a strange calm upon me. The shadows were deepening, but I hardly noticed them, for my road was at present straight and direct, till a wild rush of wind whistling around the crags told me that a storm was near—and thunder shook the hills a moment later. Then flash after flash of lightning lit up the mountains, and the rain fell heavily. I was so afraid that the box and its contents might suffer, that for a few minutes I remained in the shelter of a rock. It was where two roads met, and I was in doubt which to take, when a brilliant flash of lightning suddenly showed me the figure of a wayfarer taking the road to the right. It was a woman. "What an evening for her to be out," I said to myself; and then I called out loudly to her, but she took no notice. "I will follow her," I said, "if she can face the storm I can."

I had taken off a light waterproof coat I wore and fastened up the box in it, so that it could not be injured by the rain, and then I followed the solitary woman. Quickly as I walked, I was unable to overtake her, but I persevered in the road she had taken, till I came to the river which the lady had told me I must cross. To my dismay, as I reached it, I saw the ruins of a small foot bridge being washed helplessly away down the stream. The river was much swollen by recent storms and seemed far too deep and rapid for fording at this place. It was all strange to me. How was I to cross it? The evening light was fast fading. What was I to do? To my great astonishment, the solitary woman, I had seen paused also by the edge of the stream, then swiftly turning to the

left, walked along a narrow path among the reeds and rushes by the side of the river. I followed, feeling sure she must have some knowledge of the locality and that she was perhaps acquainted with some other crossing place. The woman sped on over the narrow path beside the swollen stream. At last she paused and I was able to come up to her.

"Can you tell me?" I began, and then an indefinable awe swept over me and I began to tremble. When I attempted to speak again my tongue refused to move, for the shadowy figure turned its face toward me, and it was the face of the lady who was dead.

She pointed across the stream, and I noticed that there were large stepping stones which she seemed to bid me cross, but she then passed on swiftly amongst the reeds by the river side into the twilight gloom. I watched her form till it faded away, then crossed the stream and went up the road on the other side as directed. About two miles farther on I came in sight of the turrets of Tredegar Hall. It stood on a hill, and there was a broad stone terrace in front on which the windows opened, and a lawn planted with trees and shrubs sloped down to the road on which I was walking. I saw a pleasant path leading across the lawn and at once turned into it.

To my consternation, however, I found that instead of leading either to the front or back of the house it came out on the terrace exactly under the large windows, which were open. The lights were burning inside. Two gentlemen were sitting by one of the windows smoking. As I drew near I was concealed by the shadow, and their voices, raised in dispute, came clearly to me through the still, evening air—

"You see, the promised proofs of your innocence have not come to hand; I must stick to my word and refuse consent till they do," said the elder man.

"I can not understand it," rejoined the younger. "Your elder daughter promised they should be here by this time. She loved her sister Margaret and knew her happiness was bound up in mine."

"But you will see I can not permit an engagement with my daughter while a shade of suspicion rests on your character."

"I quite see, and were it not for the certainty of those proofs I should despair. Hark! Did you not hear a step?"

"I can't say that I did; but she will not come now. No, Hector, my boy, take my advice, forget this child of mine, go out to India and live it down."

Hector shook his head sadly as he turned his face to the window. Suddenly his face lighted up with a glow of hope.

"Sir, there is your elder daughter crossing the terrace. I can see her, distinctly. Look, she has