

and brought him tidings of Norah Bickersteth. But Alan himself refused to move from Olga's side. He must watch still over her safety.

At six, she woke. She woke quite naturally, as if from ordinary sleep. Alan and the servants bent over her, inquiring.

"Alan, Alan!" she cried, lifting up her hands to him joyfully. "Then it's all right! You're back, you're back again!"

"Yes, yes, darling," Alan cried, stooping down and kissing her for the first time, unabashed by the presence of others in so terrible a moment. "And Norah's alive—alive and recovering. She's just taken some nourishment this minute."

Olga gazed at him blankly with a strange look of doubt and hesitation on her beautiful countenance.

"Norah?" she said in an inquiring voice. "Norah? Recovering? From what is she recovering? . . . I seem to remember. . . . I fancy I dreamed. . . . No, no. . . . I don't know anything about it. Has Norah been ill? Have I been ill? Have we slept long? What's that bottle for? Why am I on the bed here? I can't recollect it!"

Alan drew back a step in surprise.