

cold, and then the two drove rapidly down to Lewiston. Arrived there, and having reached the boat-house, Diana was constrained to pause, shivering with dread of what she had to see. Even the river, smiling, sparkling, dimpling, blue under the sunny blue sky, was a fearful sight to her now,—how much more so its lifeless victim! She covered her face with her hands; Dr. Tevan supported her and gently led her into the boat-house, and presently, hearing no sound but the peaceful lapping of the waves outside, she ventured to unclothe her eyes.

The body lay on a rude bier, covered by a heavy canvas, beneath whose rigid folds the imagination pictured the mere wreck and mockery of a man, with broken limbs, stilled breath, and pulseless heart, a creature "Lost to life and use and name and fame," less now in the scheme of creation than the veriest insect. The canvas was so arranged as to expose one hand, swollen and discolored, upon which gleamed the golden fire of the topaz ring. One-half its fabled mission had again been accomplished,—it had brought its wearer speedy death.

"It is Mr. Brooks,—there cannot be a doubt of it," said Diana. She controlled her agitation long enough to give directions for the funeral to the men in charge of the body, and then, in an outburst of tears and sobs, she fled from the place. On the way home they met the hearse which the coroner had summoned, and the same afternoon the burial took place. There was only a simple service at the grave, attended by Diana, Dr. Tevan, and a few acquaintances from the village who had heartily liked the