

I J A H

How do you do, Sir

baffled for the first  
on, but inglorious-  
never taken into  
the irony, Fate  
d protrusive eye-  
is tension under  
iles. Allegra, on  
is last quarrel of  
n, and the intoler-  
and again, as they  
f music and light  
the many-colored  
a fever that made  
a passage of en-  
allegra would not  
ngs. He had rid-  
he must endure  
s husky whisper:  
s?" did she vouch-

ch. Explain me

consciousness of  
glancing at that  
, she was aware,  
an air of waiting  
r with the dignity

passed across the  
penetrating the  
tvent, the equerry  
the Prince would  
ion below.  
n the middle of a

## FAREWELL

bar, and broke into the familiar anthem, doubly familiar  
in the feverish war-time:

"Among our ancient mountains,  
And from our lovely vales,  
O let the pray'r re-echo"...

Broser was tottering ceremoniously down the stairs.

THE END