

magen. And again he sat alone with his thoughts in the compartment.

"Until now I have never done anything for my daughter. But now I have done for her the only thing I could do. I have given her a new life—— No human being knows of that which she called her youth, because she believed just as Maria believed. Only I know it. And now there remains for me but one duty, and that duty rises above all others. The duty of the father. And that commands me—to remain silent."

And once more he said, as he had done a short while before: "Rest easy, Maria."

At the station at Dormagen he wrote and sent a long dispatch to Moritz Lachner, telling of Frau Maria's illness and death, and asking his young friend to break the news to Carmen as gently as possible, and to bring her to Zons on the morning train. Weary but erect, he walked along the road, around the little town, and entered Klaus Guelich's house.

"I will sleep now," he said to Heinrich Koch. "Whatever had to be attended to has been done."

He thanked his friend for the offer to occupy his room for the night, but declined, and walked up to his own room. He sat beside the dead for a long while. He had a report to make.

Upon the narrow sofa-bed the housekeeper had fixed up for him he lay down, and he slept all night through, without dreaming. When he awoke, it was morning. Heinrich Koch knocked at the door and told him that the coffin had just been brought. He admitted only his friend and old Klaus to the rooms. The three carried the coffin upstairs and into the bedroom, and they