

She turned from him. Her face was deeply flushed. "No. It's a thing called happiness. Don't forget to tell her! Good-bye!"

"Then, in heaven's name, come soon!" said Merston as he mounted his horse.

• • • • •

When he was gone they mounted the *kopje* together, still hand in hand.

The way was steep, but they never rested till they reached the top. The evening light was passing, but the sky was full of stars. The *spruit* was a swift-flowing river below them. They heard the rush of its waters—a solemn music that seemed to fill the world.

Sylvia turned her face to the north and the long, dim range of hills beyond the *veldt*.

"We will go beyond some day," Burke said.

She held his hand very fast. "I don't mind where we go, partner, so long as we go together," she said.

He drew something out of his pocket and held it out to her. "I've got to give you this," he said.

She looked at him in surprise. "Burke! What is it?"

"It's something Guy left to you," he said, "with his love. I promised to give it you to-night. Take it, won't you?"

She took it, a small object wrapped in paper, strangely heavy for its size. "What is it?" she said again.

"Open it!" he said.

She complied, trembling a little. "Oh—Burke!" she said.

It lay in her hand, a rough stone like a small crystal, oddly shaped. The last of the evening light caught it, and it gleamed as if with living fire.

"The diamond!" she whispered.

"Yes—the diamond." Burke spoke very quietly. "He gave it to me just before he died. 'Tell her she is not to keep it,' he said. 'She is to sell it. I won it for her, and she is to make use of it.'"

"But—it is yours really," Sylvia said.

"No. It is yours." Burke spoke with insistence. "But I think he is right. You had better sell it. Vreiboorn and