

## THE MUSIC AGAIN

first time in his life felt sweeping over him a resistless weakness, and in this vision he knew that Jean de Gravois came to him, too, and held him in his arms, and that as the light faded away from about him he still heard Mélisse calling to him, felt her arms about him, her face crushed to his own. And as the deep gloom enveloped him more densely, and he felt himself slipping down through it, he whispered to the faces which he could no longer see,

“Kazan—died—to-night—”

For a long time Jan fought to throw off the darkness, and when he succeeded, and opened his eyes again, he knew that it was Mélisse who was sitting beside him, and that it was Mélisse who flung her arms about him when he awoke from his strange sleep, and held his wild head pressed against her bosom—Mélisse, with her glorious hair flowing about her as he had loved it in their old days, and with the old love shining in her eyes, only more glorious now, as he heard her voice.

“Jan—Jan—we have been hunting for you—so long,” she cried softly. “We have been searching—ever since you left Lac Bain. Jan, dear Jan, I loved