

the smooth white pillow. Her rich silken hair, thrown back in soft tangled masses from her brow, almost shrouded her temples from sight ; but a tranquil smile played gently about her lips, and she looked like some Italian picture of a beautiful saint, painted in the days when saintliness was still no rare attribute among us. Her long dark lashes closed over her eyes, that were never more to be open for Kalee.

"Let her sleep," Alan said, "till she wakes of herself. Mr. Keen, come here ! Undo your passes !"

The mesmerist, waving his long thin hands, went through the releasing movements once more, exactly as he had done before with Norah. The peaceful look deepened on her face as he waved them, and the gentle eyelids closed tighter and tighter.

Olga Trevelyan had ceased for ever to be a votary of Kalee.

Alan watched her, speechless, by her side, for hours together. She slept so long, he almost feared at last it was as she herself had said in her agony. Had Kalee claimed her ? Was Death coming to put his seal at length upon her perfect innocence ?

From time to time, they stepped in noiselessly