

down into those fathomless eyes which had taught her all the awful lore of Love and Sorrow.

Gently he drew her slight frame towards him, until her head rested upon his shoulder.

"I feel better, Hugh," she said.

"Because you are in my arms, my sweet?"

"I do not know, but I seem stronger somehow. Why is it?"

"Who can tell, dearest? Never mind the reason, as long as you are comfortable."

"I wish I could love you, Hugh," she went on, after a pause.

"What a strange remark, darling. But I think you must care for me a little, or you would not—"

"I know; but do not misunderstand me—it is different. I seem to want you, to be with you—but, Hugh," very earnestly, "it is not love."

Galbraith pressed her hands gently.

"I do not understand it myself," she continued.

"Do not try to, sweetheart."

Then followed a long interval, fraught with perfect rest to the girl, and deepest sorrow to the man.

"Are you tired, dearest?" he asked presently.

"A little," came the soft reply.

Alas! He knew that she was dying. But what he did not know was that exhausted nature had at last yielded to the sapping power of his Unconscious Hypnotism.

She was quite ready to go. At peace with the