

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE END.

THE morning sun was shining brilliantly across the snowy waste, although the cold in Mildred's room was so intense that the windows were closely curtained by frost nearly a quarter of an inch deep.

Martha Brand looked in cautiously, and with a certain judicious fear, as if the plague devastating their school had actually assumed visible form and might be lurking there. The regular breathing of the peaceful but exhausted sleeper was reassuring, however, so she stepped boldly in and lifting the heavy masses of hair from the white brow, spoke several times before she received a reply. The blue eyes opened at last in a mystified way;