

face with Death, he determined that he would be true to his better self; and perhaps the Great Judge would deal more mercifully with him, in that he was faithful in the end. He continued—

"Should we not happen to meet again, I want you to know, that if there is anything in the past that you think requires my forgiveness, consider it as disposed of. I do not think it is presuming too much on my part to say this; it has not been done without thinking well over it. I hope you will forget the many cruel and foolish things I have said to you; if you could comprehend the state of mind in which they were uttered, you would have little difficulty in forgiving them. I thought I was more of a man until I met you again. You must keep your spirits up; they are bound to find you before long if I should happen to miss them." And then, as if to rob the nature of the farewell of some of its tragedy, he perpetrated a joke that was pathetic in its very littleness—he reminded her of what the rat said, when it left its tail in the trap, about the best of friends parting.

And then he said "Good-bye."

There was something very pathetic in the pitiable smile that lit up her face, like a stray gleam of sunshine, just then.

(Could mortal man match the subtlety of the game the devil played now?)

He held out his hand, but would not trust himself to look at her.