



"SHE WAS WEEPING. DESPARD FOLDED HER IN HIS ARMS."

me or not, after all, you must know what I really am."

"Would you be glad never to see me again?"

The hand which Despard held trembled.

"If you would be happier," said she.

"Would you be glad if I could conquer this love of mine, and meet you again as coolly as a common friend?"

"I want you to be happy, Lama," she replied.

"I would suffer myself to make you happy."

She was weeping. Despard folded her in his arms.

"This once," said he, "the only time, Little Playmate, in this life."

She wept upon his breast.

"*Τελευταίον ἀσπασμον δώμω,*" said Despard, murmuring in a low voice the opening of the song of the dead, so well known, so often sung, so fondly remembered—the song which bids farewell to the dead when the friends bestow the "last kiss."

He bent down his head. Her head fell. His lips touched her forehead.

She felt the beating of his heart; she felt his frame tremble from head to foot; she heard his deep-drawn breathing, every breath a sigh.

"It is our last farewell," said he, in a voice of agony.

Then he tore himself away, and, a few minutes later, was riding from the village.

CHAPTER LX.

CONCLUSION.

A MONTH passed. Despard gave no sign. A short note which he wrote to Brandon announced his arrival at London, and informed him that important affairs required his departure abroad.

The cottage was but a small place, and Brandon determined to have Langhetti conveyed to the Hall. An ambulance was obtained from Exeter, and on this Langhetti and Edith were taken away.

On arriving at Brandon Hall Beatrice found her diary in its place of concealment, the memory of old sorrows which could never be forgotten. But those old sorrows were passing away now, in the presence of her new joy.

And yet that joy was darkened by the cloud of a new sorrow. Langhetti was dying. His