

The world, basking in the warmth of that June sun, seemed very peaceful as they looked out across the long reaches of the flat valley, and on to the distant town, with the lazy smoke of its factory chimneys floated above the spires and housetops. But the peace that was breathed out of the great calm heart of nature was not for these two! The girl's sense was only one of fierce rebellion at the injustice which was taking—had taken, perhaps, the life of the man she loved; an injustice that could never make amends—so implacable in its exactions, so impotent in its atonements!

They were nearing the limits of the grounds; back of them, among its trees, loomed the gray stone front of Idle Hour. Her father rested a hand upon Elizabeth's shoulder.

"I will try to be brave, too—as he was always—" she said pausing.

She stood there, a tragic figure, and then turned to her father with pathetic courage. She would take up what was left for her. She had her memories. They were of happiness no less than sorrow, for she had loved much and suffered much.

With a final lingering glance townward, she turned away. Then a startled cry escaped her, and her father looked up.

John North was coming toward them across the lawn.

THE END