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Did her lips answer; or was it only in her wilful, smiling eyes that he read what he sought?

“Jocelyn!”

Above the little bird, with a red spot on its breast, bent its bead-like eyes on them; but neither saw, noticed. Besides, it was only a successor to the bird that had once been hers; that had flown like a flashing jewel from her soul to his, in that place, seawashed, remote from the world.

THE END