

geous thrall. It had witnessed the downfall of two heirs to a throne, the death of the innocent, and a compact of peace. Men and thrones had passed away, and dynasties had changed, but it was still breathing with life — every shrub and flower attesting its perpetuity.

Silently, as they had entered, they passed from it. With his own hands, the Honorable Bob pulled the huge stone gate shut. The rusty greaves of the lock whined in protest. He carried the key, as an evil thing, to the well in the outer garden, and dropped it into the black depths. There was a splash of riven water, and it was lost. The Garden of Fate was sealed, as it had been sealed those many years before, when a sorrowful Sultan pressed his signet to the heated wax. Superstition would furnish those to come a better lock. The tangled weeds and shrubbery might again run across its length, the tapestries rot and molder on its walls. For these, at least, who turned their backs and went away, it was forever closed.

THE END