

the room and fell across the figure of Lepage, who murmured dreamily: "And begin the world again."

Time passed. A shadow fell across the sunlight that streamed upon Lepage. He looked up. There was a startled cry of joy, an answering exclamation of love, and Rose was clasped in her husband's arms.

A few moments afterwards the sweet-faced woman said: "Who was that man who rode away to the north as I came up, Clive? He reminded me of some one."

"That was the leader of the White Guard, the man who saved me, Rose." He paused a moment and then solemnly said: "It was Jaspar Hume."

The wife came to her feet with a spring. "He saved you—Jaspar Hume! Oh, Clive!"

"He saved me, Rose."

Her eyes were wet: "And he would not stay and let me thank him! Poor fellow, poor Jaspar Hume! Has he been up here all these years?"

Her face was flushed, and pain was struggling with the joy she felt in seeing her husband again.

"Yes, he has been here all the time."

"Then he has not succeeded in life, Clive!" Her thoughts went back to the days when, blind and ill, Hume went away for health's sake, and she remembered how sorry then she felt for him, and how grieved she was that when he came back strong and well, he did not come near her or her husband, and offered no congratulations. She had not deliberately wronged him. She knew he cared for her: but so did Lepage. A promise had been given to neither when Jaspar Hume went away; and after that she grew to love the successful, kind-mannered genius who became her husband. No real pledge had been broken. Even in this happiness of hers, sitting once again at her husband's feet, she