

er will be here Tues-
line to that effect as

you think ?

inclined to think

and, laughing at her,

Indeed, I haven't a single

doubt of it.'

As Nora and Leon left the parlour, Vashti tore herself from her husband's passionate clasp, and laid her beautiful head in the dust at his feet. In vain he tried to lift her.

'Here! here!' she moaned, 'here is my place till I have confessed and been forgiven! Oh, Robert—my husband—sit down and hold my head upon your knees, if you will, till I have told you?'

She made him sit down. She knelt and poured forth all that burning recital of her life of pain and bitterness. She sounded the depths of the resentful nature that had been hers relentlessly, and showed him how all her life she had gleaned and garnered only chaff and wormwood out of the beautiful harvest with which God had folded her way. She did not spare herself in the least, neither in her errors nor their expiation.

Thorpe sat in stilled awe under the torrent of her eloquent outpouring. When she ceased speaking he drew her restless again to his arms, caressing her tenderly.

She roused him by saying:

'I knew you would love me none the less.'

With an impulsive movement he pressed kiss after kiss on her brow and lips.

'More—more, a thousand times, my wife. I like your proud spirit dependent on me—on me, alone.'

'But I'm not proud now,' she said, cling-

ing to him; 'my pride is all gone. I am only a broken reed—humble, suppliant, dependent on God and you as a little child.'

When Nora and Leon entered the room soon after, the professor was still supporting Vashti. Both had been weeping. She raised her head from his shoulder, her blushes making her cheeks look like carnations.

Nora came to her swiftly, and with one arm round her sister, extended her other hand to the professor, saying:

'Everleigh is glad to see you, sir.'

At the appointed time Leon and Nora were married. They had a grand, gay wedding. Leon would have it so. He meant their united lives should, from that hour, be one gay summer time. They lived at Everleigh, except at brief intervals, during which they visited their mutual relatives, or ravelled to other climes, both for pleasure and profit.

Professor Robert Thorpe resumed that place in the world which he had once cast disdainfully from him—in the days when he was hopeless and despairing. He became, in many senses, a different man, from companionship with his wife's pure and simple faith.

Philip lived to a hale old age—lived to acknowledge with wonderment and something of awe that the Curse of Everleigh was removed.

Margery Gresham died in Nora's arms, thanking God that He had done so well the work for which she had proved herself so incompetent.

THE END.