

glorious land, through the sweet air the skylarks fill with music above, striking responsive music from the sweet heart of the turf below? It was not in Lucinda to feel no healing to her wounded soul, no counter-stress to her misery in such a new-found exultation; with all her youth to back her, and a love she could not quench for the man who rode beside her still poisoning—if you will have it so—the sources of her being.

And yet, when he and she reined in their steeds at the end of a scour across the down she could not but exult in, she felt disloyal to the dead!

If the dead are a memory and no more, what is their profit from the lamentations of their survivors, each bound to take his turn of Death in the end? But if those lamentations reach them still, powerless to make us hear their voices, may not every tear we shed count only to their loss?—add only to the bitterness of an enforced silence? Such a thought would have seemed to Lucinda an aggravation of disloyalty, and she shut the door of her mind against it. But it hung about the threshold.

It was not the only plea in waiting there, on the watch to unsettle her resolution to remain with Oliver no longer than was needed to gain her end. It had been easy to put aside their unexplained talk about her supposed forgiveness by saying it was an hallucination of Oliver's, and calling in Susan Trant's necromancies to help. But it was hard to believe it heart-whole. May not she herself have said something to warrant the delusion, or produce it? Could she be sure of anything she said or did in so terrible a time?

Anyhow, her bewilderment at this story came back to her as they went slowly, slowly, down the steep descent above the old bridge that the floods had spared for centuries in the face of prophesied disaster. It became unendurable as she dwelt upon the man beside her, and tried to see in