

ON THE SANDS BY LYNSEA

further talk, and slowly retraced his way towards the cottage. He found Chloris lying upon the rude couch of grass, asleep, and for some moments he stood watching her, the expression upon his face changing. She was sunk in the slumber of exhaustion, and to wake her were to bring her back to the hard portion of life and realization. Yet it was advisable that she should be removed elsewhere, and he thought of her brother Philip, who was, as he conjectured, somewhere in the neighborhood of Marlock. He stooped and kissed her forehead lightly, and at the touch she stirred, and sat up with a gasp. Her eyes fell on him, and she smiled affectionately; then she remembered, and some questions rose on her speaking features.

"He is gone," said he; "'tis all over. They have not taken him; his secret dies with him."

Chloris uttered a little trembling sigh, and said nothing. He lifted her to her feet. "If you are rested, sweetheart, it is well that we were going," he said.

"Going! Whither?" she asked, vaguely.

"I will give you in charge to your brother Philip," he replied. "He shall look after you until I claim you."

She answered nothing, and presently they were upon their way. In Marlock the whole village was by this time astir, and news of importance was passing from lip to lip. Warburton walked up the street, and many inquisitive glances followed him and his companion. No doubt they had heard something of what had happened, and wondered. At the head of the street a person of some position in the village passed, and seemed as if he would address the girl, casting a look askance at Warburton; but he put up his hand with an impatient and stern gesture, and