

moment, you would see brilliantly lighted streets, and hear—”

“Don’t,” she pleaded. “I shall see Exeter soon enough—and the world. Let me look at my precious Widecombe now.”

They were silent, and he walked on while she stood still a moment. The eab had climbed to the summit of the hill and stood there waiting for them.

Phena traversed the Vale in thought, pictured the faces bent about each little glimmer, and then raised her eyes to the gloom of Hameldon, where dimly it hove upward into a night of cloud.

Bells from the church tower lifted a last farewell to her.

“Good-by, dear Dartmoor—good-by. But I’ll come back to you!” she whispered.

THE END