

'Yes, it is I,' she answered. 'He was a great man, after all, Hubert. Not good, but great. And greatness by itself extorts our unwilling homage.'

'Hilda,' I cried, 'you are a great woman. And a good woman, too. It makes me proud to think you will soon be my wife. For there is now no longer any just cause or impediment.'

Beside the dead master, she laid her hand solemnly and calmly in mine. 'No impediment,' she answered. 'I have vindicated and cleared my father's memory. And now, I can live. "Actual life comes next." We have much to do, Hubert.'

THE END