

FINIS

"There shall be no more legends."

He laughed, kissing her hands gently.

"And yet after all was it not a legend that brought me Princess Tatyana?"

"But she is here to guard you against danger, Philippe Rowlan'. Death seems to me so much the more terrible now that Life and happiness stretch before us both. . . . Poor Zoya!"

"And Markov. But they went together—as he would have wished."

She hid her face in her hands.

"Together? Yes. I can never forget him. . . . Never."

"Nor I."

"She . . . loved *you*, Philippe——" she whispered.

He was silent, thinking. And then——

"She did what she could—to atone. One is judged, I think—by one's whole life, Tanya—not a part of it. Her record is finished, but its last item is the most important. She paid . . . in blood," he finished soberly.

"And Grisha Khodkine—he too——"

Rowland shrugged. "He was game——" he muttered.

She took from her hand bag some papers, much wrinkled, soiled and water-stained.

"His *dossier*——"

"We'll hardly need it now——"

He caught her hands in his and the papers fell to the floor, papers once so significant and now merely—soiled papers.

"We have now this moment, Tanya. Let us forget—everything else. Later we will give for others. Now we will take—for ourselves."

"It is too wonderful to be true——"