

look once more like the Laura of old. Care had no abiding in her heart, and peace had touched with its metamorphosing pencil every feature of her face. A little more dignified, a little more gentle, infinitely more winning, she stood waiting in all her expectant loveliness for the fruition of months of watching and hoping. As Allan came toward her she saw that he was bronzed and ruddy. A bold manliness mingled with the former delicacy that Mr. Bassett had thought too fine-grained. He came toward her, carrying his hat in his hand.

A white scar in the upper right side of his forehead ran up into his hair. Laura thought of that night in Haymarket square, and shuddered visibly, seeing which, a thrill of fear shot through Allan's heart. Tossing his hat upon the ground, he extended his hands, exclaiming with the passionateness of despair:

"I am come for the last time, Laura; what is my answer?"

Then the proud woman flung her white arms about his neck, saying softly, earnestly:

"I love you, Allan, I will love you always, and be true to you living or dead!"

THE END.