

when I said you would be back this week. They have not the slightest belief in what I told them about Rujub, and insist that it is all a sort of hallucination brought on by my sufferings. Perhaps they will believe now."

"Your face is wonderfully better," he said presently. "The marks seem dying out, and you look almost like your old self."

"Yes," she said, "I have been to one of the great doctors, and he says that he thinks the scars will quite disappear in time."

Isobel Bathurst has never again received any distinct message from Rabda, but from time to time she has the consciousness, when sitting quietly alone, that the girl is with her in thought. Every year letters and presents are exchanged, and to the end of their lives she and her husband will feel that their happiness is chiefly due to her and her father—Rujub the Juggler.

THE END.