

Kasba had remained outside, but she could hear their voices and for a moment her heart stopped beating and her lips set tightly. She pressed one hand to her bosom, uttering a stifled wail like a wounded animal. The sacrifice had been great. She reeled and almost fell. Then she made a great effort, straightened herself and went and leaned against the hut, on the other side, away from the door, and covered her face with her hands. Then a feeling of utter loneliness fell upon her. She felt that something had been taken from her and given to another—something that was more to her than life.

She could still hear their voices. They were happy together, while she was outside alone. And so it would always be now. They would take Roy away and leave her behind, and she would see him no more. Then she heard footfalls, and one was Sahanderry's. He came and stood beside her. She could hear his sharp breathing. Then, in an impulse, she dropped her hands and gave them to him. "He is happy now," she said, a little bitterly. "Take me. It was my father's wish. I am yours."

Here ends the story of Kasba, and the chronicler makes apology for all that has been amiss in the telling of the events recorded, conscious that a better man could have done it better. Whether Kasba will ever come into another story the author himself cannot tell, nor does he know whether she will be welcome if she comes.