

you stay there. But you never cared for anything except your profession."

I looked up from the particular point in the sidewalk where I used to stand to kiss my hand to the watcher on the other side of the window. The blinds were fast shut. The house had a gloomy, forbidding aspect to me before I saw the mute and awful signal pendent from the bell-knob, telling of slain Hope and Death triumphant.

I had a latch-key. Ailsie had given it to me, a month ago,—adding in her best brogue—"And let it be a hint to yer Honour!"

I never used it without recalling the injunction and how she looked when she said it. I almost smiled at the recollection now, when I fitted it in the lock. No one was visible in the halls. The house was still as if it had no living tenant save him who had just entered.

I knew where I should find what I sought, and I mounted the stairs to the guest-chamber. The door was locked, the key on the outside. I turned it, withdrew it, and locked myself in.

Kneeling by the bed, I laid back the sheet from the face, and gazed without let or hindrance from others' observation, upon the still majesty the covering had concealed. There was not one childish lineament. The beautiful spirit had left a cast of itself upon the pillow, as it sped to join its mates. The pure oval of the cheek and chin, the expanse of brow; the carven bow of the mouth were womanly—angelic—yet hers and hers alone to me who had searched out the hidden treasures of heart and intellect.

Amid the white calm of the Presence-chamber, I knelt, neither moving nor weeping; sight and thought enchained by what I looked upon, until the daylight began to wane.

The merest trifle broke the spell.

I had brought a ruby ring to Ailsie from Paris, which