

ON THE SANDS BY LYNSEA

given up forthwith the thought of Philip as his sister's protector.

"We are well gone," she murmured; "the world is well rid of such as we. We have some evil taint."

He put an arm about her without answering and called for the landlord. Tremayne shuffled into the passage from his bar-room.

"Innkeeper," commanded Warburton, his tall form at its highest, "this lady will rest here for a little. See that some food is prepared at once. Within an hour's time have a coach at the doors."

Tremayne stammered, and, dismissed by a look, went forth.

"A coach!" cried Chloris, dreamily. "Whither go you, sir? Is't to London? Are you tired of this place? I wonder not. 'Tis no fit home for such as you. We are barbarians here, and have an evil taint."

"Aye, 'tis for London," he said, with his arm about her.

"Do you go to-day?" she murmured. "I would that you stayed with me a little ere you go; but 'tis no matter. You were well to be gone. There is nothing here meet for you. I will bid you farewell, sir."

Warburton looked down on her with a smile. "'Tis you and I that go, sweetheart," he said. "I go not without you, and when I go you shall go. This is no place for you, but your place is with me and where mine is."

She opened her half-closed eyes, a long-drawn sigh escaped her, and then her lids fell softly, and she hung a dead weight upon him. She had swooned away.

THE END