

light falling calmly all about, on road and trees and fields — and the shadows of the maples on the driveway were the same.

In Varge's heart was song again, and the melody filled his soul, enraptured him — now low, now high it rang; now triumphant, rising to the heights; now softened, rippling over chords of tenderest harmony — crowning him a king of a wondrous kingdom, where he would reign supreme as monarch, and bow the knee as subject in glad, joyous homage to her love — *this* was his inheritance; the song was his acclaim.

And over all, pervading all, was peace, banishing care and sadness, sorrow and strife — a great peace, bearing him onward, in which he seemed to lose himself until, suddenly, out of the beyond he heard his name in liquid, silvery tones that blended like some divine symphony into the music in his soul.

“Varge — *just* Varge!”

She was coming. She had been waiting, watching for him, and she had heard his step upon the driveway.

Yes; it was like that other night — the soft moonlight playing upon the golden head, lingering upon the pure beauty of her face, touching so reverently the full, glorious throat, caressing again the little, white-clad, graceful form. Yes; like that other night it was — as though he had never left her.

“Janet!” he said, and stretched out his arms. “I am free now — we can go.”

THE END