

"I have seen her, Clifford," at length, murmured the almost unconscious Dormer.

Delmaine shuddered at the solemn and impressive manner in which this vague and unsatisfactory sentence was uttered. "Then she is better, is she not?" he faintly pursued, in a tone that betrayed the fearful surmises which he himself entertained.

"She is dead!"

"Dead!" echoed Delmaine, with a convulsive start, while his features assumed a yet paler hue, as he threw himself at the side of his friend—"Almighty God, is it possible!"

That night Clifford Delmaine was pronounced to be in a high state of fever; on the second it increased to delirium, and, on the third, life was despaired of.

CONCLUSION.

READER, to detail the several incidents that succeeded to the melancholy event narrated in our last chapter, would require another volume. Few, however, can be ignorant of the decidedly hostile manner in which the critics have recently opposed themselves to any infringement on the established customs of the day. As we have all due respect for them, we bow to their fiat, and proceed to sum up the remainder of our story in a few sentences.

Six weeks after the liberation of our hero from Ste. Pélagie, Agatha Worthington and Frederick Dormer were united at the hotel of the British ambassador in Paris, whence they soon afterwards set off for Florence, their friends returning to England nearly about the same time. Sir Edward Delmaine, whose health had been gradually sinking beneath a complication of disease, died within three weeks after his arrival in Grosvenor street. During his last moments, his whole anxiety had been the accomplishment of the union on which he had