

Was it nothing more ?

As she put the question, the mask appeared to answer it. What had provoked and defied interpretation vanished. Derision, protest, pain, malice, seemed to melt into an expression not to be mistaken.

“Michael !”

She whispered his name, but he came as if at the summons of a clarion. What he saw in her eyes made him kneel down. Holding the mask in one hand, she placed the other about his neck, drawing his ear close to her lips. Then she murmured :

“I have read the message on her face.”

“What is it, Téphany ?”

“Forgiveness for all of us.”

THE END.