

was to carry on her life, and to-day she had read the answer in the face of the portrait.

She hurried on unseeingly, covering the same track that her father had covered on the night he had ridden out and met death on the dark headland.

From time to time she stopped and looked at the sea—looked at the long curve of shining beach with its margin of dark wreckage—looked at the clustering cottages of Carrigmore, and marvelled in a dumb way at the tragedy that could underlie so calm a scene.

She had none of the nervous panic that had assailed her the night before. She was conscious of nothing but a black despair—a despair such as Denis Asshlin had been wont to drown in drink and cards. She had lived her life; she had had her chance; and the end was failure. She had tangled the thread of her existence; and the one hand that could have unraveled the tangle was closed against her.

One thought alone she rigorously refused to harbour—the thought of Nance. Nance would have her husband—Nance would have her home, she assured herself. Nance would forget. In vain the remembrance of her faithful loyalty rose to make the assurance doubtful. As she had closed the door upon Mick, so she closed her heart to the knowledge.

There were certain hours in every life, she told herself, when the soul judged the body—judged and forgave, or judged and condemned! Her shaken mind drove her feet faster along the rugged track—faster—faster, as though Nemesis pursued her. Terrible visions rose from the sea, creeping over the cliff's edge—visions of Larry, stiff and dead, as she had seen her father, as she had seen Milbanke—visions of the cottage at Carrigmore, of her aunt's dark room, filled with the sound of lamentation.

Before she was aware of it, she turned a bend in the path, and came full upon the scene of her father's accident. She paused, gave a faint gasp, and involuntarily put her hand to her throat. Her destination was nearer than she had thought.

In a vague, startled way her eyes scanned the place, roving from the chasm in the cliff to the sweep of short grass, with its tufting of hardy flowers that throve in the