

"If she lives through the night—yes; but . . ."
and he shook his head very gravely.

In the evening the last solemn pathetic offices of the Church were solemnized; and through it all she remained unconscious—mercifully, as it seemed to me, since it would have roused her to the knowledge that she was dying.

I went back to my chair by the bed with a heart full of foreboding. I recalled the General's words—so sadly prophetic—"Whom the gods love, die young." The saying had galled me as he quoted it; but it did so no longer.

She looked so frail and fragile in her sickness; a tender floweret so utterly unable to bear up against the rough cross winds of anger and strife which, held in restraint only by her weakness, would assuredly burst forth to blight her life, that one could only feel with sad resignation that the dark verdict was the best for her happiness.

And yet so loving and passing sweet she was that with resignation to the will of Heaven was an irresistible, almost passionate regret that she should go.

Hours passed with that solemn slowness one knows in a sick room. The time was broken by my errands to the two watchers below stairs, to whom I carried news of her condition. More than once during the night Karl came also, as he had come frequently during the day, sent by the Duke in his anxiety for tidings of Gareth.