

the morning sun making her golden hair look on fire. Beside the bed on the little table stands the glass half empty of its sleeping draught. But where is Hector? Returning, at the head of the stairs she meets Anstruther; he is deadly pale.

"Where is Hector?" Anstruther never heard words to cause him such pain.

Seeing the look on his face, Constance pushes by him; he could not detain her if he would. Down the stairs, through the hall, out again into the fresh air she hurries, till she comes to the plot of ground behind the hedge. There she pauses. Why are they all standing about that one spot? That one spot! She walks steadily forward. Ardor advances to meet her and tries to lead her aside. It is no use, she waves him off. A few more strides and she is beside it. Yes,—it—what so few short hours, aye, almost moments, ago was Hector Lestrangé. She kneels down beside the loved form, she presses her hand to his heart, she raises his dear hands to her lips, then spies the sickening pool at his side.

No scream, no raving, no call for help now. Only the two words, but oh what anguish they express: "Too late." She falls senseless across the manly breast beneath which so short a time before there beat so warm a heart.

As the sun burst forth from behind its battlements