

of the government, help came slowly. The fact was, for some days he and a Catholic priest had almost the whole work, nurse, doctor and undertaker indeed. The priest was a capital fellow. Finally some nurses and a couple of doctors arrived, young fellows. Arenberg stayed merely long enough to run them into the grooves—about ten days in all. Then his heart, a poor machine at best, after repeated warning signals, gave out. The symptoms were distinct. He might have remained at a country inn or tried to go back to his home, or to the baths to die alone. He turned to Monica. The trains had no wings, and the pain was rather bad. He did not want to lie by like a lost hat-box in a way-station. It was all rather awkward—the connections and boats—but he came like a bird to its nest. Only not die till he reach her! The heart business was precarious—but that mattered little if only his strength lasted till he found her—and he willed that it should. So, dying, he came by unwinged plodding trains and stolid boats, to her—and love and life—a little while.

Upon the sands he said one day:

“Soon I must leave you, dear.”

She did not stir.