

## LINDA CONDON

to go. She gazed again, for a last view, at the bronze seated figure; and a word of Pleydon's, but rather it was Greek, wove its significance in the placid texture of her thoughts. Its exact shape evaded her, a difficult word to recall—*Katharsis*, the purging of the heart. About her was the beating of the white wings of a Victory sweeping her—a faded slender woman in immaculate gloves and a small matchless hat—into a region without despair.

THE END