

gone at times these many years, and now again the wonder of the unearthly radiance held their eyes.

"Gatd'en'âle, I don't understand you—you!" said Jean, speaking to the fantastic fires as though they were human.

"There's plenty things we see we can't understand, and there's plenty we understand we can't never see. Ah bah, so it goes!" said Maîtresse Aimable, and she put Guida's letter in her bosom.

Upon the hill of Plemont above them, a stone taken from the chimney of the hut where Guida used to live, stood upright beside a little grave. Upon it was carved:

BIRIBI,
Fidèle ami
De quels jours!

In the words of Maîtresse Aimable, "Ah bah, so it goes,"

FINIS