

about to speak, but she quickly averted her eyes, and, being pulled forward, he passed on in silence. He was placed in the center of one of the canoes and a rope tied round his waist was attached to the thwart against which he leaned—a precaution against possible temptation to suicide.

“You have shown the generosity of a great soul, Harold, dear, and you will find your reward,” said Alberta, as she clung to her cousin’s hand in parting.

He could not trust himself to say more than a simple goodbye, and turning blindly from her, Harold stepped into his canoe, knelt in his place, and they were off.

Alberta stood some moments alone, listening to the dip of the paddles and straining her eyes after the dusky canoes as they skimmed rapidly out on the bosom of the lake, now white and glistening beneath the paling stars, then she turned her steps toward the fire-lit room of The Retreat, where waited the promise of a great enduring happiness.

THE END.