

smokelike in impalpable billowing waves. These enveloped, enclosed, and, for a space, submerged her. She neither saw, nor thought, nor could she utter a sound. A halt was marvellously called in all sensation, all emotion, all volition. At last, unexpectedly as it had arisen, the blackness lifted, cleared. The primrose-shaded lights showed softly radiant again. The fire, a little lowered and fallen together, glowed ruddily incandescent. And between her and it, standing upon the hearthrug, Frances, without shock of surprise, not only saw the figure of Alexis, Lord Oxley, but for the first time distinctly saw his face.

'Ah! our bridge still carries then!' she cried, gently triumphant. 'All my preparations are made. Nothing detains me any longer here. Will it bear us both? Can I, too, cross it?'

'You have already crossed it,' he told her.

At which Frances registered the desired divorce as actually accomplished. For, while she stood close beside him, her ghostly hands in his, his ghostly lips on hers, the silver-gray clad woman still rested, happily smiling, her mothlike eyes wide open, in the gilt arm-chair beside the fireplace.