

it. *It is safe.* Only the bottom of the sheet is burnt where there wasn't anything written. Look! Dick's name is there, and the doctor's, and the notary's. Only mine is gone. . . . Oh, Roger! Now my name is gone, the will is—just about right, isn't it?"

Roger drew in his breath, and looked at the blood-smear, smoke-stained page.

"It is all right now," he said in a strangled voice. And then he suddenly fell on his knees and hid his convulsed face in her gown.

"You mustn't cry, Roger. And you mustn't kiss the hem of my gown. Indeed, you mustn't. It makes me ashamed. Nor my hands: they're quite black. Oh! how my poor Roger cries!"

THE END