

Suddenly she drooped and the tears fell upon the hand in hers. "Maurice," she whispered, "you have not loved in vain." She could utter no more; but she raised her head and looked into his eyes, and he saw the glory of the world in hers.

"Into still waters and silence," he said softly. "No more pain, nor joy, nor love; silence. . . . You love me! . . . Alexia; how often have I repeated that name to myself. . . . I have not strength to lift your hand to my lips."

She kissed him on the lips. She felt as if she, too, were dying.

"God guard your Highness," he said. "It is dark. . . . I do not see you. . . ."

He tried to raise himself, but he could not. He sank back, settled deeply into the pillow, and smiled. After that he lay very still.

THE END.