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Sorrow. 40 CHAPTER XXI After a time Carrie, worn out by

weeping, was persuaded to lie upon the bed, and Maida went out of the room. She found Heroncourt pacing up and down the corridor, and he came towards her with his arms outstretched.

"Oh, my darling, my poor darling! he murmured.

able.

But she did not fall into his arms as he had expected, but stood a little away from him, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes, which had been raised to his face for a moment, averted. Something in her attitude,

her expression, made her unapproach-

"My heart bleeds for you, dearest,' he said, as his outstretched arms fell to his side. "Is there nothing I can do-nothing I can say to comfort you? If I could only bear it for you, Maida!"

Her lips quivered and she sighed: it was so hard to keep herself from flying to the shelter of those loving arms and loving breast. But she dared not. A barrier, as impassable as him! It's all done with, miss; and if death, had risen between them; she I could only hope that you'd forget it ld scarcely feel it, realise it

yet; but she knew it was there.

"Where are you going, dearest?" he asked, as she moved towards the stairs.

She drew her hand across her brow as if she were confused.

"I must go down to- Don'tdon't-follow me. I must go alone.' He stood at the head of the stairs uncertain, watching her anxiously as her tall, slim figure went slowly on its way, and he saw her enter the library.

Josiah Purley, once more commonplace and deprecatory, with all the fire burnt out of him, all his passion extinguished by the hand of death, was sitting crouched in a chair, his head in his hands. She closed the door and stood looking at him, gravely, sorrowfully; and he stumbled to his feet and turning his cap round in his hands nervously, stared, at her in

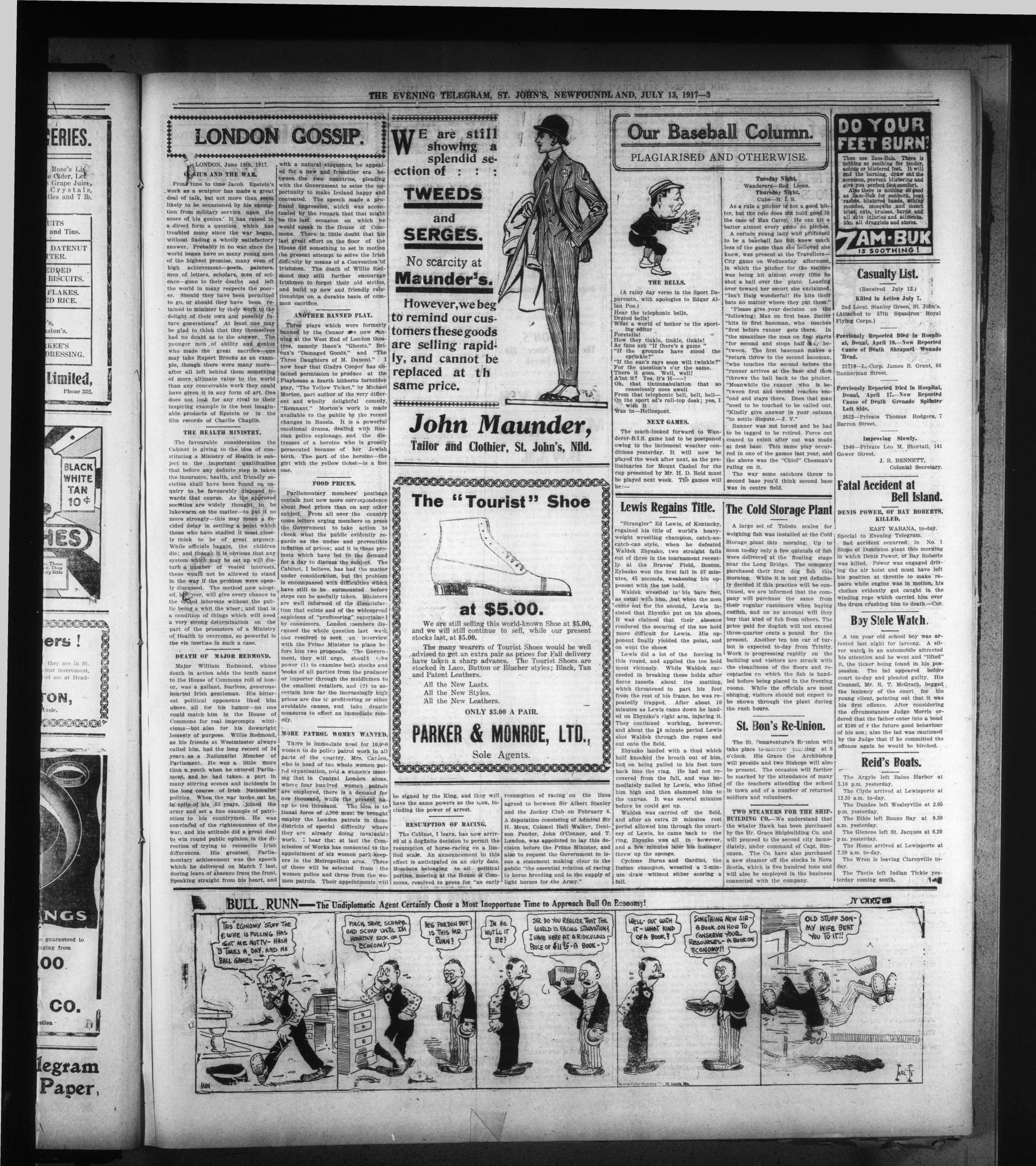
a frightened, half-apologetic way. Something in the lovely face, some thing in the set look of resolution and determination awed him. It was as if a goddess had come to demand repara-

tion from him.

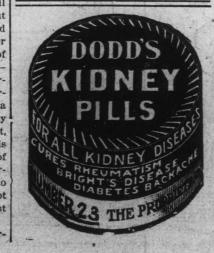
there was anything I-I could do."

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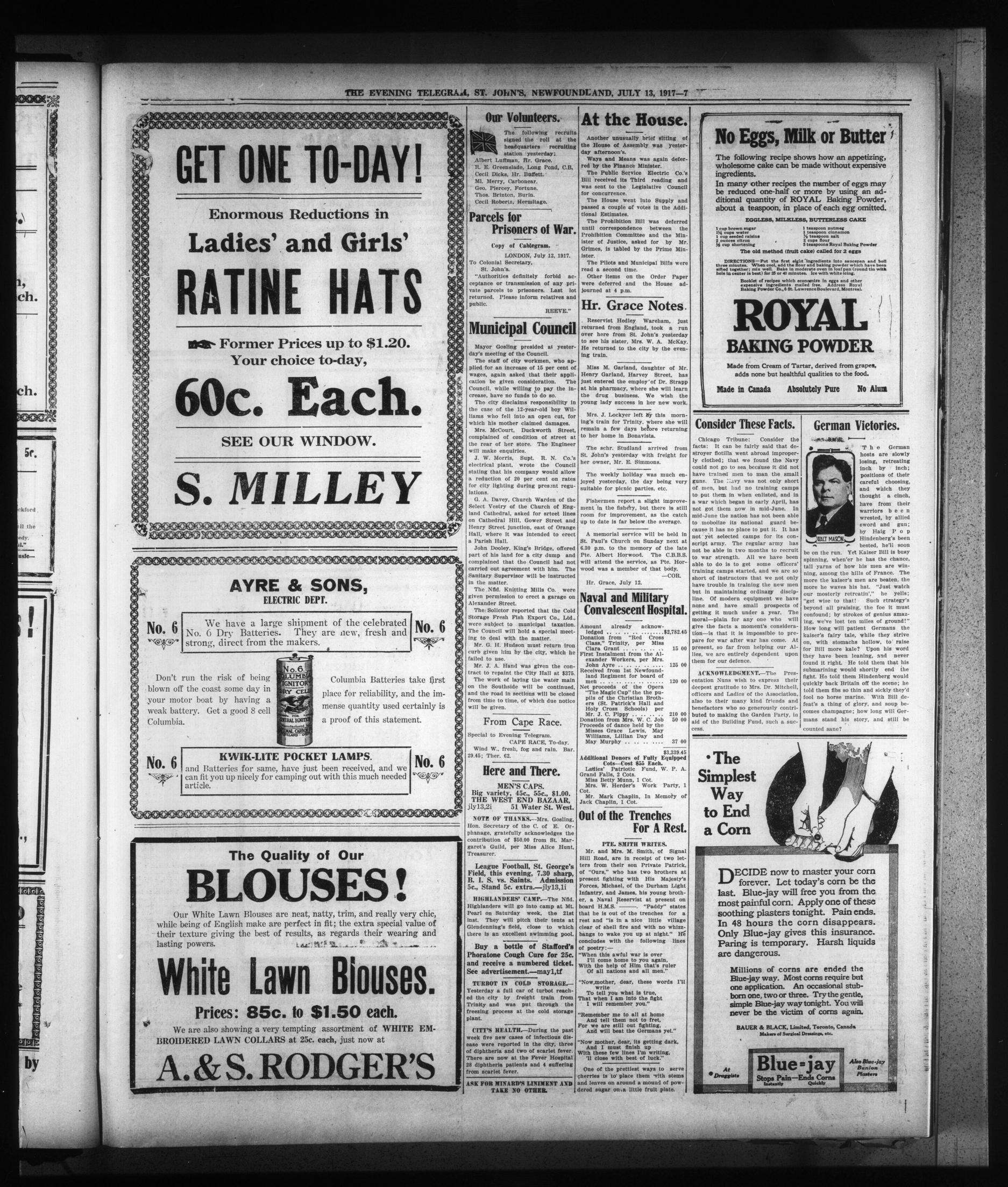


















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