(Continued from previous page.)

had found whatever I've found. Isabella, do you think what I've discovered is very important?"

She smiled, tenderly, as at a child. So he, too, for all his pose of confidence, had the doubts sometimes that all people had, that she a queen had had, as to whether all that one did with life was of much worth, after all. But she spoke surely. "I think all. But she spoke surely. "I think that the land you've found, that I, a little, have helped you to find, will be more important than we shall ever know."

He was comforted. The minutes were sliding past like a swift river flowing. It was time she was back in her apartment, to be dressed for the State banquet, before anyone began to search for her. All Christopher and she had ever had, snatched min-utes in palaces honeycombed with eavesdroppers. And this, the last of them. She knew it surely in that room, in the fading sunset light, with the little flower-scented wind stirring the wall tapestries. She knew she would

not see him again.

He said, "Remember how they cheered in Barcelona—and how they hissed afterward. Only you were the Well, one comes to the end of cheers and jeering alike. All that matters is to have gone on through both."

She said. "There are no last words that need saying between us who have been close, though we were half the world distant. Only, this time, Christopher, kiss me once on the lips. Not for farewell, just until a distant tomorrow. Then go quickly, that I may steady myself."

His strong arms went round her. He kissed her once. He stood in the doorway and said, breathlessly, as if he were a young man speaking to his first love, "You have given me all a man needs to live by and die by, Isabella."

She saw him bow, but the sight biurred by the tears she must not shed for him. She heard his quick, uneven footsteps lessening down the corridor. She stood still until the sound was gone, and then went on about her expected duties.

When he came home that time, the week that she was dying at Medina del Campo, they may have told her that he was returned, grown old, ruined in health, his adventures done, and soon himself to die. Perhaps, if they told her, she remembered what last he said to her, and knew the other things were not important. Perhaps he remembered at the last, a queen's kiss, more vividly than he remembered far Hispaniola.

(Continued from page 50.)

6th and 7th rows once, then the 6th row once. Cast off.

12th row.—Like the 6th row **. Repeat from ** to ** twice, the 5th, TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER-CAR-DIGAN.—With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew the collar in position, placing the ends to the edge of the fronts. Sew on buttons to correspond with button-holes. Make two short lengths of crochet chain through which to thread the belt and attach to each side seam 4½ inches from the lower edge.

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