

handsome carriage ready to convey him speedily to his wife and children.

"How is she?" were his first words, as he clasped the hands of his former rival, who was now showing himself to be his best friend.

"She seems a little better since she received your letter, but the doctor fears that it is only a temporary improvement. Be prepared to see a great change in her."

"Is—is there no hope of her recovery?" the anxious husband stammered.

"Very little, I fear. If anything will cure her your return will do it!"

"I owe you an apology for believing you guilty of trying to corrupt the honor of my wife. I should have known you better than to doubt your integrity. But jealousy and my infatuation for that woman—I cannot call it love—appear to have blinded me."

"I must be honest with you, Mr. Pierce. After your divorce I did tell your wife of my love for her and begged her to marry me. But previous to that not a word passed my lips that I should have been ashamed or afraid for you or any one else to hear; not a glance from my eyes that I should have been afraid for any one to see. I shall tell you what she said when I made her that offer, so you may know how noble is the woman you deserted. She said that she loved you still and that she had regarded me only as a friend. Think of this, Guy Pierce, and ask yourself if you were ever worthy such true, unalterable love?"

The last sentence was said very sternly, for poor Philip could not help feeling that Guy was being