

her veil, which has received the ball of the assassin. The sooner we can convey her home the better."

Gerard's handkerchief had formed a temporary bandage to stop the effusion of blood, and as he held his fair young wife in his arms his face was as pale and rigid as her own. "How quickly," he thought, "does sorrow tread in the footsteps of joy. How little of real happiness can be expected in a world on which rests the curse of sin, the shadows of the grave."

Dorothy did not recover from her fainting fit until after they reached the Hall, and she had been conveyed to bed. Then followed the painful operation of extracting the ball from her right arm, where it was lodged about four inches above the elbow, and dressing and bandaging the wound, which Dr. Davy assured the anxious father and husband, would only prove a