

dead for a time. He granted my perfect right to do so, took me to his own house, enjoined strict secrecy on his mother and his servant, and has cared for me ever since. Lying on the grass in my wet clothes aggravated the trouble with my arm, and I was pretty sick, they would not tell me when poor Stephen's body was found, for fear I should insist upon getting out of bed and coming over."

"Oh, did I do as you would have wished in that matter?" inquired Diana, anxiously.

"Exactly. Poor Stephen! Diana, life seems to me like a great procession; every now and then some one drops out of the ranks and there is a dreadful gap; but the survivors draw nearer together and close it up, and comfort each other's bleeding hearts!"

Diana, making a personal application of these words, blushed.

"Do you know what sustained me during those despairing moments in the water?" the young man went on. "It was the thought that you would grieve if I died. And yet afterwards, when I was safe, I wanted you to grieve, to feel the need of me. That's why I stayed away. And you did miss me, dearest,—you cannot deny it. Your manner is cold enough now, I know, but only a few minutes ago your eyes were shining with delight,—with delight and love and welcome."

"Are you going to make me angry in this hour of reunion?" asked Diana, reproachfully.

"Do you want to drive me away in this hour of reunion?" Jerome retorted. "There's only one re-