

"Look here," he said to the cabby, as he turned out the gas and locked his hall door, "that local train from the west gets in about eleven, doesn't it, and a train leaves here in about a quarter of an hour, that meets it somewhere?"

The cabby assented. "All right," said Proteus, plunging into the cab. "Drive me to the station, quick!"

As the cabman mounted to his seat, a boy came down the street, whistling, and stopped at Proteus' gate. Harry stuck his head out of the cab, and asked what was the matter.

"Here I am," cried Proteus. "Drive on!" he called out, as he took the envelope from the boy; and away the cab flew.

He thrust the missive into his side pocket hurriedly, thinking, if he thought at all, that it was an epistle on some matter of business of the day's transaction. He did not want to think at all. He had one desire; to get on that train, feel the train in motion, and then know that he was safe.

It was a long drive to the depot, although the horse worked hard.

Harry smoked viciously, and shouted to the cabman, and did a hundred things to forget what he was doing. He arrived at his train not a moment too soon, and got on board, after hurriedly paying the cabby double fare, and dropping his umbrella twice, as the cars moved out.

He sat down viciously, and almost breathless, and stared out of the window. Sorry?—well, he did not like to think about it. He might be a fool, perhaps. He amused himself watch-

ing the streets and buildings he knew as they filed by. The train was running slowly, and presently a large stone building came in view, brilliantly lighted. It was Bella's hotel. He gazed grimly up at the rows of bright windows, recognizing Bella's; and he pictured to himself the hurried packing of trunks and valise. And at the thought his heart sank again, and he wondered why he had not waited for the train to New York. Then, as he had thought of Carrie, he thought of Bella, waiting, waiting for Harry—in vain.

The hotel was gone, and Proteus sighed, and stretched his legs upon the seat opposite, plunging his hands deep into his coat pockets. His fingers came in contact with the letter he had forgotten, and he drew the envelope out half-curiously, and opened it. The letter had been rapidly scrawled, and some of the words were blurred, as if the writer had been crying.

"Dear Harry"—said the letter—"do not think of our going to night! Oh, I have thought of it all, and cried since you kissed me, and I will not let you do this wrong. We must be brave, Harry. and you must think of Carrie, and little Ethel and the boy. It has been all my fault, I know; but I love you, Harry! You must not think I do not. But I know you will be the old brave Harry, and help me to forget and be true to ourselves, even if we have forgotten. I cannot write any more, but good-night and God bless you, Harry!"

BELLA.

"God bless *you*, Bella!"

