

"Do you think for one moment that your darling will have anything to do with you now? In the last letter I got from Ortgeard I was told that she was not expected to live, so if you want to sue for her love and forgiveness you'd better hurry."

Mrs. Julia Pierce never forgot the look that her victim gave her as he left the room and house never to return. But his departure appeared to be a source of congratulation to her, as it aided her in getting the divorce she was now so anxious to obtain, so she could marry a richer man who had lately taken her fancy.

Summer had passed, and October with its wealth of rosy-cheeked apples, had come, still Mrs. Mary Pierce lingered on. Some days her friends had hopes of her recovery, but she herself never wavered in her belief that death would soon claim her for his prey. Although late in the month, the air was so pleasant and balmy that the patient was sitting in a comfortable Morris-chair on the verandah when Philip Hastings came with the mail, which he quietly handed to the invalid, then sat down on the steps for a chat. A hasty exclamation from his companion caused him to look up. The injured wife was reading a letter that seemed to affect her deeply.

"Poor Guy!" at last she said. "I knew that somebody must have grossly slandered me to him before he would have cast me off. Thank God that his eyes have been opened before it was too late!"

"Too late for what?"

"For our reconciliation. Here is his letter. Read it and you will pity him as I do."