

high spirited, as you
y would have been
n. Dolly De Courcy
er next day. Married
his roof the husband
dney; I will tell you

t, of Dolly, of the ser-
return. And Sydney
han alive and here!
is impossible to real-
blood, not the shadow
She turns so white, so
s going to swoon, and

as been too much for
with a man's comical
f water."

protest. Under the
a crystal jug of ice-
n the stentor tones of
t his hand.

"is what "You Pete"
ap dar all day? Jest
togy, and look alive

n. At the curbstone
on trunks. Within,
by; upon the back, a
ving directions. She
ow, with an unpleas-
sharply pointed nose,
en in every acrid tone

u Pete," "just go and
I can't wait here for

, missis," briskly re-
n de bar. Now den,

y vindictively. "Will
me here this very min-
that trunk is strapped."

"All right 'm," says Pete with a grin, and an intense appre-
ciation of the situation, and dives into the hotel.

"Sydney," says Mr. Nolan, with what can be called nothing
less than diabolical malice, "come here. The air will do you
good."

There is a wicked laugh in his eyes as he draws her hand
through his arm. His windows "give" on the piazza, like
doors, and he throws this wide, and leads her out.

"I am better, Lewis," she says, "it was nothing. It was
only——"

She suddenly stops. In flaring painted capitals, on the can-
vas cover of the "Sairytogys" there is the name VAUGHAN.

"Well," cries the owner of the vinegar face, in a most vine-
gary voice, to "You Pete," who reappears: "*is* Mr. Vaughan
coming or is he not? Does he mean to keep me here all day,
or—— Oh! really, Mr. Vaughan, here you are at last!" (this
in accents of scathing politeness.) "How very good of you to
condescend to come at all!"

"What a devil of a hurry you're in, Caroline," says a sulky,
masculine voice; "it wants twenty minutes of train-time yet,
and it isn't a ten-minute drive. Can't you let a man——"

He pauses and looks up. For from the piazza there comes
a low, irrepressible cry of "*Bertie!*" And the words die on
his lips, and the deep, permanent flush fades into sickly pallor
on his face, and he stands like a man whom every power is leav-
ing but the one power of sight. And Bertie Vaughan and Syd-
ney are face to face.

He recognizes her instantly and she him. She has changed
but little, and that little for the better; he has changed much,
and that much for the worse; but they know each other instan-
taneously. Grown stout and somewhat bloated, indeed, all that
delicacy of figure and complexion that once made Bertie
Vaughan beautiful, with a woman's beauty, forever lost, it is yet
Bertie Vaughan who stands there and looks at Captain Owen-
son's daughter.

He has turned dead white to the very lips; he stands para-
lyzed, and for ten seconds they look straight into each other's
eyes.

Then Mrs. Vaughan comes to the rescue in tones of smoth-
ered fury.

"Mr. Vaughan, for the last time, will you or will you not get
into this carriage? What are you standing there gaping like a
fool for? Driver, don't wait another minute; drive on."