

husband's will had been arranged to deprive me of every cent if I married again."

It is twilight, of an evening early in December, and Alan and Eva Horten are seated near the fire in the drawing-room of her old home, where four years ago had come the first cloud in their sky. Alan had purchased the house and it was his wedding gift to his bride, for which she thanked him with tears of gratitude. It was her one desire to get possession of it, and she intended, if it were possible, to buy it herself, but he had forestalled her, and now they are settled down, as Eva says, "in quiet Darby and Joan style," in the home where her youth had been passed, and where she hopes to spend her happy life. Alan's mother is now quite attached to her son's wife, who is only too glad to forget all unpleasantness. The gas is not yet lighted, and the bright firelight gives a glow of warmth to the luxurious-looking room. Ida and Jack Roberts have just left after having paid their friends a lengthy visit. Eva is sitting on a low stool at her husband's feet, her arms resting on his knees. With one hand he is toying with some stray locks of her hair. They had been silent for some time when Eva said, "How positive I was, Alan, that I would be more constant than you. What did you think of me when you came home at the end of two years and found me gone?"

"Very hard and bitter things, Eva, until I discovered that you did not receive my letters, then, knowing how proud you always were, I understood exactly how you must have felt. But, Eva, dearest, even taking all which we have gone through into consideration, now, that it is past, we have no cause for regret. Much good has resulted from it, for our love and faith would not have been so fully tested, nor perhaps the soul of Arthur Brandon saved from eternal ruin, if, when I returned at the end of two years, I had not found you 'Faithless.'"

THE END.