

“It is Phillip, Helen,” and a gleam of love lights up the angelic face.

“Good night, dearest,” exclaimed Marguerite, embracing her friend in the old school-girl fashion.

“Good night, Marguerite, if my life be indeed half as happy as yours, it is all I ask.”

“Yes, Helen, I am truly happy,” and the young wife went forth to meet the loving embrace of a tender, true and devoted husband.

“Ah! my darling, where is to be found such happiness as ours?”

Phillip Lawson needed no reply—no other language than the depths of those violet eyes.