

signing his commission. He had a good deal of business to attend to, and some important letters to receive — one from the American Syndicate, containing a check, and at least two from Miss Travers. It had been the lady's custom, ever since their engagement, to write him twice a week. Three were now overdue. The American letter came, with its terse and satisfactory typewritten instructions and narrow slip of perforated paper, but the English missive failed to put in an appearance. He tried not to worry during the day, and, being busy, succeeded fairly well, but at night, being defenceless, care visited him even in his dreams. Sometimes he saw the woman he loved lying ill — too ill to hold a pen. Sometimes he saw her with a new unsuspected look in her eyes, turning an indifferent face upon his supplications. He lost weight in those few days, and Spalding (who, with the others, thought his only trouble the loss of his money) said that but for the work he had in getting a fair price for his pony, his high-cart, and his extra pairs of riding-boots, he would have blown his brains out.

On his last night in Dublin his old regiment gave a dinner in his honour. Civilians were there, and officers from every branch of the service, and when Major O'Grady beheld Hemming (which did not happen until late in the dinner), clothed in the un-