

Had your father known the truth, proud, high spirited, as you told me he was, the shock of the reality would have been worse to him than the shock of the delusion. Dolly De Courcy saved his life that night, and he married her next day. Married her and deserted her, and is now under this roof the husband of another woman. Don't tremble so, Sydney; I will tell you the whole story?

He tells it; the story of that sultry night, of Dolly, of the services he was able to render, and of her return. And Sydney listens, dazed, in a dream. Bertie Vaughan alive and here! She has thought him dead so long that it is impossible to realize it. And Lewis's hand is unstained by blood, not the shadow of a shadow need stand between them. She turns so white, so deathly faint and sick, that he thinks she is going to swoon, and springs to his feet in consternation.

"Good Heaven! Sydney, the shock has been too much for you. Don't faint, I beg!" cries Lewis with a man's comical horror, "wait! I'll get a glass of wine—of water."

He rushes off, despite Sydney's gasping protest. Under the open window there is a marble stand and a crystal jug of ice-water. He is hastily filling a goblet, when the stentor tones of "You Pete," on the sidewalk below arrest his hand.

"Look-a-heah! you darn black nigger!" is what "You Pete" is vociferating; "does you mean to loaf up dar all day? Jest fotch along Missy Vaughan's tother Sairytygy, and look alive 'bout it, will yer!"

It is the name that arrests his attention. At the curbstone stands a hack, the driver busily strapping on trunks. Within, upon the front seat sits a nurse and a baby; upon the back, a lady, her head thrust out of the doorway giving directions. She is a woman of forty or more, fat and yellow, with an unpleasantly bilious look, a wide thin mouth, a sharply pointed nose, small fierce black eyes, and shrew and vixen in every acrid tone of her piercing voice.

"Say, you darkey!" she shrieks to "You Pete," "just go and see what Mr. Vaughan's about, will you. I can't wait here for him all day."

"All right, missis, he ain't doin' nuffin, missis," briskly responds Pete; "jest a wettin' his whistle in de bar. Now den, old whip, here's dar Sairytygy at last."

"Wetting his whistle!" repeats the lady vindictively. "Will you go, you black boy, and tell him to come here this very minute. I shall drive on if he isn't here when that trunk is strapped."