"I can scarcely tell," she answered.   "I did not wish it to seem as if I were in a hurry to let you know."

"I know," he answered, with an adoring smile.   I can understand the extreme delicacy which prevented your writing till a year had elapsed, and I am glad, darling, for if I had known it sooner I am sure I could not have waited for a year."

"Alan," said his wife, quite suddenly, "did you ever find out where the shot came from that struck you that night?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "two young boys who had several times before noticed a large cat-owl which visited that grove each night, conceived the idea of capturing and having it dressed for a small museum of theirs.   So that night they sighted the owl, but it kept further off than before, frightened I suppose by our presence.   I remember hearing the hoot of an owl just before I was struck.   The wind was in a direction which took the sound of our voices off, and the boys, having no idea of anyone being near but themselves, one of them fired, but his aim must have been sadly at fault when the shot struck me instead of the bird."

Eva gave a sigh of relief as she leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder and thought of what she would have been if that shot had proved fatal.   While in New York Allan took her to visit Nellie Grant's grave, and there, on bended knees, both mentally promised that the secret of her ill-fated love, of her stealth and deception should be faithfully locked in their hearts.

The two happy couples started on their homeward journey.   Ida was a victim to sea-sickness, and so they took in all the land travelling they possibly could.   They reached Sydney by rail and took the steamer *Bruce* to Port-aux-Basques.   This journey was completed in six hours, which were made as enjoyable as the genial and hospitable captain so well knows how.

"Eva," asked Alan, playfully, after they had boarded the train at Port-aux-Basques, "have you never thought me presumptuous in aspiring for the hand of such a rich widow as yourself?"

She only smiled as she answered, "If you only knew how I hate it, Alan.   A thousand times I have wished that my