

cruel! Your strong arm, that helped you climb down that precipice to get the letter-case!" Miss Forrester's saying "climb down" was in itself an evidence of extreme perturbation.

"I never thought to be so happy!" said Jerome, in a rapture.

"Poor, poor arm!" whispered Diana. She longed to caress the injured member, but feared the least touch might be a hurt; she failed not, however, to indemnify herself for this forbearance by patting the other sleeve with renewed tenderness. "Poor broken arm! Will it never be any good again?"

"Oh, yes; I am young enough to outgrow the injury. It will be as well as ever in a few weeks," said Jerome, finding this solicitude delightful.

"And see my gown!—black—for you! Bella forbid me to wear it for her. I longed to do something for you; but there was so little to be done. I paid the man for his boat, and I offered a reward for—for—you know what; and then I could do nothing else except to dress in mourning. Thank Heaven, it is not needed!"

Jerome, compelled to remain otherwise inoperative, kissed her hair again. "Don't you wonder how I escaped?" he asked. "Don't you care to know how it came about?"

"I don't care for anything," said Diana, with a long, happy sigh, "except that you are here, alive and well. Oh, you don't know how lonely I have been! It has been as if all the world had gone away and left me!—Yes, tell me all. I long to hear it. But you are ill and weak; you must sit down."