

loss of these two past

duty and love," she made my ever seeing than's death—forgive again—and my love Many, many times, e and wretched as I return, telling you the n they were finished them. My promise appal me. To ask and these letters went

night. Sister Monica ey knew best. All t was right or what tossing about on a pilot to guide. But ight of you, echoed and I know at last love and venerate ged to cleave until the shadow of the a to know and feel s greatly as though

t sob as she ceases, es over and takes writing.

d lifts her surprised

ke you as strange -day begin a letter three words; they tten them for the use. Do you not

y way that Sydney n's eyes.

"INTO MARVELLOUS LIGHT"

439

"You were going to tell me what I have come all the way from New York to San Francisco to tell you—that life apart was impossible any longer."

"Well, not exactly, although I think it is highly probable I might have said that too. But I had something to tell you. Do you recall the message Dolly De Courcy gave you for me, the afternoon she came to you? Do you remember the words? You look puzzled; let me help you. She said, 'Ask your husband how he last parted with Bertie Vaughan?' Was that not it?"

"Y-e-s; I think so."

"Recall the story I told you. You may recollect I said that after flinging Vaughan from me, and seeing him fall over, I took it for granted he was smashed to atoms, and never looked to confirm the supposition. Now does it not strike you that there may have been a mistake? That he may not have been killed after all?"

"Lewis, what is this? I—I do not understand you!"

She lifts a white startled face, and he smiles down upon her a smile she does not understand.

"I do not believe Bertie Vaughan was killed. Indeed I have excellent reason for believing he is very much alive at this moment. I believe that he is in California; more, that he is in San Francisco; still more, that he is in this very hotel at this very hour! Beneath the same roof with you, Sydney—think of it—Bertie Vaughan!"

She is trembling from head to foot; she is clinging to him with a terrified face.

"Lewis, what are you saying! Oh! you would not jest about this. If you have any pity, speak out—what do you mean?"

"My dear little wife, what I say. All my remorse, all our suffering, all our parting have been for nothing. On that long-gone wedding day of yours, when the bridegroom did not come and you mourned for him as dead, he was the bridegroom of another bride. On the day he was to have married you, my Sydney, he married Dolly De Courcy."

She utters a gasping cry, clasps both hands together, and sits breathlessly waiting.

"Oh!" she cries out, "he was not killed after all! Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!"

"Amen. No, he was not killed. He was but a poor creature to suffer for at the best, but your suffering was in vain.