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TORONTO**

to the rhythm of his hoarse sobs, as, with shaking hands, he lifted his wife tenderly from her hideous resting-place.

In the next room he laid her in his bed, flinging himself down beside her and calling her name.

Outside the door he heard the sound of curious voices. The people of the house had gathered, listening to the bursts of frantic joy that escaped him, and telling each other that his grief had made him mad. He sprang up and opened to them.

"She is alive! Come and see! She is given back to me!" he spluttered.

The good woman stared incredulously and half fearfully at his distorted face, moving nervously to the bed, while her husband stood eyeing him askance from the doorway.

The next minute the woman turned with surprised eyes. "George!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "I believe he's right! Run round, quick, for Dr. Fordham."

Laura had, in truth, been given back to him. The astonished doctor turned to Frank, after his inspection, and wrung his hand in speechless congratulation. The man's stony despair had haunted him, accustomed though he was to scenes of grief, and his heart burnt in sympathy with Frank's uncontrollable joy.

The faint flutter of awakening life had been succeeded by a full return to consciousness, and Laura was able to speak again. Frank's ungovernable transports of joy revealed to her how close had been her approach to the awful valley of the shadows. The notes still lay clasped in her fingers when presently she awoke from the quiet sleep which had succeeded the excitement of their reunion.

"Frank," she whispered, putting her arms round his neck, "your month's salary is nearly due, isn't it?"

"Next week, my darling," he replied. "If necessary, the manager would have let the advanced sum stand over for a bit, but now—"

"Wait, dearest!" she continued, interrupting his excited speech. "You could manage to send me to Ventnor now, without using this money?"

He looked up sharply and read the thought which lay in her eloquent eyes.

"It is all yours, Laura," he said, bowing his head with a slight, shrinking movement.

Her hand stole over his head, smoothing the ruffled waves of hair that had always been her pride.

"God has been very good to us, Frank," she said.

"I know it! I know it!" he replied, gathering her closer. "A thousand times better than I deserve."

"You remember your promise, Frank?" she went on, timidly.

"Aye!" he answered, reverently. "I swore to you, and to Him, that I would never make another bet in all my life. I will keep my oath, Laura."

She moved a little uneasily, nervously herself for the effort which the words cost her, for his sake.

"Dearest," she said, "let us start again, free of this—this betting money. If I had died you would have done without it. Let us still do without it."

"It is all yours," he replied. "Yours, to do with as you please, little wife."

The next day the treasurer of the London headquarters of a certain society for aiding friendless women was astonished by the reception of an anonymous donation, to the amount of one thousand pounds. The few informal words accompanying it were signed in a tremulous feminine hand, the single word, "Thanksgiving."

(The End.)

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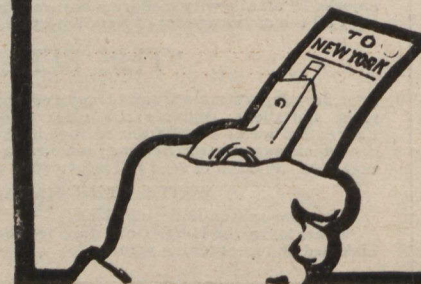
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