

"And I shall never have those horrible, horrible dreams again?"

"Never, Olga darling; never! never!"

She let her head fall gently back against his breast. They were left alone now for a single minute.

"Alan," she whispered, low in his ear, "my darling, my darling, I am quite, quite happy."

When Olga Trevelyan and Alan Tennant were married at St. George's, some six months later, everybody said the bride was looking prettier and stronger than she'd ever looked in her life before, with that odd expression quite gone altogether from her face and eyes, and such a healthy natural girlish glow on her cheeks instead of it. And everybody considered Norah Bickersteth far the sweetest and daintiest of the four bridesmaids. So much so, indeed, that Captain Leigh-Tennant (Alan's rich brother, who inherited their uncle Leigh's money)—that dashing young officer in the 8th Hussars—arrived at a very satisfactory understanding with her in the dance that finished up the day's festivities. And if Harry Bickersteth went away that evening with a sore heart, muttering to himself that even Alan Tennant, good fellow as he undoubtedly