

could never have done otherwise, when the bell rang and in a moment Maggie appeared in the door-way, flushed and startled.

"Oh, Miss Forrester!"

"My God! they have found his body!" cried Diana, springing to her feet.

"No, no, it's not that!" the girl replied, with an hysterical laugh. She vanished, and in a moment Jerome Harvey, white as a wraith and with one arm in a sling, stood on the threshold. Diana, wan, forlorn, dressed in deepest mourning, stood motionless at first, her hand pressed on her heart; then she shrunk slowly backward, with dilating eyes.

"Diana, dearest! Do not be afraid,—I am not a spectre," he said, with a reassuring smile. "I suppose you think I look like one."

But Diana was already across the room, clutching his uninjured arm, uttering the happiest little half-breaths and sobs and laughs, reddening and paling in the same instant, and conducting herself quite like a wild creature.

"Oh, Jerome! my friend, my brother! Is it really you? Are you sure?" she cried, weeping for joy. "It's too good to be true! I had given up all hope,—I thought you gone,—gone forever!"

"And you were sorry?" asked the young man, delighted.

"Sorry? What a word! It's no word at all!" She clung to his sound arm as if she feared to lose him again, and as the other hung helpless he could only stoop and press his lips on her soft hair.

"Your poor arm,—is it broken? Yes? Ah, how