

off, to another vessel homeward bound, and of his final arrival in San Francisco. When the miracle of his resurrection had become familiar enough for Helen to begin to touch it at a point here and there, she asked him why he did not telegraph her from San Francisco as soon as he landed, and instantly answered herself that it would have killed her if he had done so; and that if he had not been there at once to help her bear the fact of his being alive, she could not have borne it.

They were married, and went to live in a little house in a retired street of Old Cambridge, and Margaret came to live with them. She sacrificed to this end an ideal place in an expressman's family in East Somerville, where she had the sole charge of the housework for twelve persons; but it was something that Miss Helen kept no other girl, and it was everything that she could be with her when Lieutenant Fenton should be ordered away to sea again. He had six months' leave, and he tried to find home occupation which would justify him in quitting the navy. He found nothing, and in the leisure of this time Helen and he concerned themselves rather with their past than their future. They rehabilitated every moment of it for each other; and, as their lives came completely together again, he developed certain limitations which at first puzzled her. She did not approach that passage which related to Lord Rainford without trying to establish defences from which, if necessary, she could make reprisals; and she began by abruptly asking, one day:

"Robert, who is Mrs. Bowers?"

"Did *she* turn up?" he asked in reply, with a joyous guiltlessness that at once defeated and utterly consoled his wife. "That was very kind of her. But how did she find you out? I never told her your name."

"She never turned up—directly," said Helen.

And then she told him how she happened to know of Mrs. Bowers, and of the bad half-hour that lady had given her.