

At this moment a carriage dashed down to the wharf to carry the young ladies back to Bradley Hall. Marie was already dressed and waiting.

"Miss Stedman will still need help," she said in much concern, as she appeared at the door. So the two men lifted her gently into the carriage.

"When shall I see you again?" Harry asked of Marie. "I must have a talk to-night; after all this time we have not had five words together."

"I would like to, but it may be difficult."

"But, Marie, I have many things to say."

"Well, Miss Bradley may object, but you are an old friend and I owe you much. Yes, I will see you at eight o'clock."

"And the man from the *Transit*," said Stuart, lifting his battered hat, which bore marks of its recent conflict with the elements, "will not impose his presence upon you again to-night; but to-morrow morning, if you will name the hour, he will ask in person how you both have fared."

"It is very kind of you," she replied with a slight flush. "Perhaps ten o'clock would do; and the girls, whose lives you have helped to save, will be delighted to receive their guest,—at least one of them will—but poor Jessie!"

With a chirrup from the driver the horses started, Jessie's head resting on Marie's shoulder. A few minutes later, they reached Bradley Hall, where Dr. Rolph, who had already been summoned, awaited their arrival.