

"Thank God! thank God!" he cried. "She was still mesmerized! She's forgotten every word, every word about it!"

As he spoke, Mrs. Tristram glided gently into the room.

"Mr. Tennant," she said in a low voice. "never mention anything of all this to Norah! She's wide awake now, and she doesn't remember a moment in any way since she first fell asleep in the drawing-room last evening."

Happily, those two young lives were spared till long afterward all knowledge of the awful drama in which they had unconsciously played the part of chief actors. They only knew, for the present at least, that that horrid mesmerizing had given them both a serious illness.

Olga's eyes closed automatically for a second. They opened again next instant with a burst of astonishment.

"Why, what's this?" she asked, in uncontrollable surprise. "My eyelids seem to move like a hinge of themselves, somehow."

Alan took her hand tenderly in his.

"I have cut a little nerve that held them back," he said. "Henceforth, Olga, they will close in sleep like everybody else's."