

temporary inconvenience of a few weeks at the farthest.

Dorothy bore the operation without a murmur, placing her left hand in that of her husband, and leaning her head upon his breast. When it was over she was gently laid back upon her pillow, and given a composing draught to induce sleep.

“Gerard,” she whispered, “did you see that unhappy man?”

“No, my love.”

“It was Gilbert Rushmere. Has he escaped?”

“From the punishment due to his crime? Yes.”

“Thank God! I would not have him suffer death on my account. Oh, Gerard, if you had seen his eyes—the look he gave, when he fired. It was not Gilbert Rushmere but some demon in his shape.”

“Hush, my precious wife. You must