

a dream all day—they were at their height in him now, and he knew not how to command them, the unused emotions of a lifetime.

"Rosalie, dearest, tell me all!" he persisted.

"I shall never—I have been—oh—you will never forgive me!" she said, brokenly. "I knew it wasn't true, but I couldn't help it. I was mad with anger. I saw her—the woman—come from your house, and—"

"Hush! For God's sake, hush!" he broke in almost harshly. Then a better understanding came upon him, and it made him gentle with her.

"Ah, Rosalie, you did not think! But—but it was natural you should wish to see me—"

"Oh, as soon as I saw you, I knew that—that—" She broke down again and wept.

"I will tell you about her, Rosalie—" His fingers stroked her hair, and bending over her, his face was near her hands.

"No, no, tell me nothing—oh, if you tell me—"

"She came to hear from me what she ought to have heard from the Notary. She has had great trouble—the man—her child—and I have helped her, and—"

His face was so near now that his breath was on her hair. She suddenly raised her head and clasped his face in her hands.

"I knew—oh, I knew, I knew—" she cried, and her eyes drank his.

"Rosalie, my life!" he said, brokenly, clasping her in his arms. The love that was in him, new-born and but half understood, poured itself out in broken words like her own.

For him there was no outside world; no past, no Kathleen, no Billy; no suspicion, or infidelity, or unfaith; no fear of disaster; no terrors of the future. Life was *Now* to him and to her: nothing brooded behind, nothing lay before.

The candle spluttered and burnt low in the socket.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Betrayal

BY L. R. CAUTLEY

ONE day Love came to her: no virgin flame
Blazoned her cheek; for pride and maiden shame
Held o'er her heart's dear secret fast control,
And shuttered all the windows of her soul.
And no one guessed her happy hidden weakness,
Through lowered eyelids and pure front of meekness.

But once she sang, when Joy arose and wove
Into the strain a telltale Song of Love.
And all the little world around her smiled,
By memories of their own fair youth beguiled.
For in her happiness, as in a glass,
They saw their own loves delicately pass.

One day Love went, and none her anguish guessed;
For still she laughed and jested with the rest.
Her fair proud forehead faced the world about,
And every prying peeper put to rout.
Until she sang. Then Sorrow burst his bounds,
And passion's chord broke off in jarring sounds.
All turned and gazed, drawn by a piteous crying,
And saw a broken heart, in her bared bosom, dying.