

the correspondence that had passed between them since that time had served only to strengthen the invisible bonds which already held him powerless.

Affairs had progressed so far, and it is in this state that he is presented to the reader.

The train rolled swiftly and noisily along, each revolution of the wheels bringing him nearer his heart's desire. At Carncross, a little station on the outskirts of Brighton, the train slowed up, preparatory to coming to a standstill.

"Another stop," growled Theo. under his breath. "I thought there were no more till Brighton. Well, what can't be cured must be endured," and he lay back on the cushions again.

Then his attention was attracted by the laughter of a party of young people on the platform outside, and he glanced curiously at them. Suddenly his eyes fell upon one of the girls in the crowd. He started and clutched tightly the arm of his seat. That face,—that form,—surely they belonged to her, and he felt his heart rise in his throat and choke him.

Then the train stopped and the young people clambered hastily aboard, fortunately entering the same car as that in which Theo. had chosen his seat. Eagerly he watched them as they entered, and at length a smile broadened his features as down the aisle came a slender girl of medium height, with chestnut brown hair and hazel eyes, and cheeks all aglow from contact with the frosty air. As she neared him, Theo. rose and spoke.

"Ah, Miss Chester," he exclaimed, "I am delighted to see you."

A faint blush rose to the already vivid cheeks, then receded, leaving them paler than before.

"Why, Mr. Hammond, you here?" she said. "What a pleasant surprise." Then, seeing him make room for her beside him, she seated herself.

"I do not know that you should be so surprised to see me," continued Theo., "I wrote you that I would be here this evening."

"Oh, yes, I knew you would reach Brighton this evening, but I had no thought of meeting you on the way."

"Nor had I even dreamed of it myself," added Theo., glancing at her with a curious smile.

"I suppose," she said, "you are smiling at my appearance. Well," she continued, giving sundry admonitory touches to a