

turned his bloodshot eyes to me, "O, for God's sake, boys, send them away. They don't know."

I went outside. Standing beside the door, I raised my hand to enjoin silence. And just as if they had some instinctive knowledge of what was coming, the whole crowd became as quiet and as still as death.

"Friends," I said, "Bernard has just received a telegram telling of the death of her whom he held most precious, the truest friend he had in all the world. She is dead. He leaves tomorrow to attend the funeral; next week to help Raymond."

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A sad story did I hear you say? Oh, no; not at all. Jack went to Punjab, sure enough—and a godsend, indeed, has he proved himself to many a poor benighted native—but Molly went with him.

And how that happened? Why it was simple enough after all was over, like those Sherlock Holmes stories of Conan Doyle's, you know.

In his benumbed state it was small wonder that Jack overlooked the fact that the telegram wasn't signed, and thus deceived himself.

He afterwards told me how he reached his home-town. He stepped from the train heart-heavy, when looking up he saw his betrothed standing before him. A whitening of his cheek, an eternity moment of fearful doubt, then with a cry of overwhelming relief, Jack—well you can imagine the rest better than I can tell it, I guess.

"Oh, Jack, how did you get here so soon? Why it was only last night that your brother telegraphed you of his wife's death. Poor Mary, I was expecting her sister on this train."

So you see, sir, the explanation was simple enough. Jack's brother in his grief had forgotten the coincidence of the two names; and had further strengthened the illusion by using his wife's "pet" name instead of the formal "Mary."

He rushed the script, unsigned, along with the fee to the W. U. office, and the operator, although noticing the irregularity,