

down—rear another about yourself. No one blames you for this catastrophe. Can you not accept the assurance of this man who offers your family a pardon that is almost divine? Has he not suffered? Aye, more than you.”

“I have been stunned,” said Armour in a hollow, far-away voice. “I am going away.”

“Coward!” exclaimed Camperdown with assumed anger. “Moral coward!”

Armour’s face brightened. Instead of resenting the offensive epithet, he turned to his friend with a smile so humble, so touching, that Camperdown swung himself away, muttering discomposedly, “I can make nothing of this fellow.”

Mr. Delavigne looked compassionately at Armour. “I should have known you anywhere,” he said in a dreamy voice; “you are like the little lad whom I loved so much as he sat beside me at my desk, and yet you have changed. Your expression——”

“Yes,” interrupted Camperdown furiously, “we all know why the boyish expression went. His father—that gibbering idiot down yonder—was the one to frighten it away. Tell us, Stanton, you suspected this bad business from the first.”

“Only suspected,” said Armour in a firm tone. “Had I known surely——”

“But you had no proofs—we all know that,” interposed Camperdown; “and you,” turning to Mr.