

being stolen from them, and their chances spoiled, that they robbed the till of one of the shops of which your father was manager at the time.

'Ever since that day, the one who thought of the plan has been saving all the money he has earned towards repairing the wrong. He has set his heart on repaying *fourfold*, and he hopes that this farm which is now left to him will be worth enough to do it.'

'You don't mean Phil!' both the ladies exclaimed in one breath.

'Yes I do—bless the lad! Is he not a boy to be proud of?'

'Then you have really found out where he is at last?'

'Yes; he has written to me, but not till lately. Not till he could pay *fourfold*.'

'Well, I must say that boy has wits enough to get to be Chancellor of the Exchequer some day,' Mrs. Miller exclaimed, wiping the moisture from her eyes. 'He's behaved like a gentleman.'

'What should you say, mater, if I told you that Phil is a son of a lady in your own class of life? What should you say to his having been found out to be related to *us*?'

'To us! You don't mean to say that poor Molly had a son after all, and that it is Phil!'

'Yes, mater, I have sufficient evidence to prove