

stopped and he saw his daughter's face. Richard sprang out, assisted his wife, and then turned to the Squire. The eyes of the two men looked straight into each other, and their hands met.

"Richard, I'm glad to see you safe and sound; you are welcome home," said the old man huskily.

"Thank you, sir," was all that Richard replied; but it was enough. The emotion of the greeting was somewhat dispelled by little Harry springing unceremoniously into the Squire's arms and deluging him with hugs and kisses and innumerable questions concerning the live stock at the farm. With the little one in his arms the Squire turned to utter a word of kindly welcome to the slight graceful figure standing rather timidly by Harry's side.

"God bless you, my dear, for all your goodness to the boy and his mother," he said, and kissed her as if she had been a daughter of his own. Then they entered the house, and Mary was somewhat startled by the magnificence of her friend's paternal home, and she no longer marvelled that Frances had not found it easy to fit herself to her homelier position as Richard's wife.

"Your mother is in the drawing-room, my dear," said the Squire. "Frances, we had better just go in. There's only your Uncle and Aunt Ellesmere besides ourselves, so we needn't stand on ceremony."

They entered the room and the stately figure of Mrs. Kendal came slowly to meet them. Her eyes travelled over her son-in-law's face and figure before she offered him her hand. As she did so, her