

the week he went home. He had always meant to go as soon as he saw the way plain. He saw it now.

He was settled in his old rooms, seated before his old secretary, with sheets of paper strewn around, and two pictures mounted on easels, in their old places, looking down on him. One was a photograph of Elizabeth; he had not laid it away, why should he? Elizabeth was his cousin; her photograph had stood there ever since he occupied the room, he was entirely willing to have it there. He had only kindness in his heart for Elizabeth. The other was the pictured face of Truth. The eyes were certainly very like, he told himself, gazing at it earnestly; but they did not do hers justice.

Seated in his old place near the south window was Fletcher; he had been there all the evening, he had asked a thousand questions, he had been answered heartily, and with apparent fulness; but there was something about his old friend that he did not understand.

"He has taken strides," he told himself; "he is changed; it evidently improves one to become a tramp! I feel as though he had gone out of my vision, or up out of my horizon. I wonder what it means?"

"Did you make any acquaintances that will last?" he asked presently, continuing his cross-examination. "Any kindred spirits, I mean?"