

no more time for thought, made her way with all speed up the long flight of stairs, and knocked at her lodger's door. What if he was a comparative stranger, having been settled in her best front room less than a month? He was a man, and would know what should be done in an emergency; and she really *could not* endure this suspense longer. Visions of what Marjorie might say concerning this appeal to the lodger in her behalf crossed the troubled mother's brain as she sped, but she resolutely put them aside, and knocked at the closed door. It was opened on the instant, and Mr. Maxwell, fully dressed and looking as though he had not thought of sleep that night, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, speaking hurriedly, "but I am so worried about my daughter that I don't know what to do. I heard your step just now, and determined to come and advise with you.

The door was opened wider, and Mr. Maxwell reached forth and took the little night lamp from a hand which trembled, at the same time he motioned toward an easy-chair.

"Come in, Mrs. Edmonds, and have a seat while you tell me how I can serve you. Your daughter is not ill, I hope?"

"Oh no,—why, I don't know what she is! I have thought that perhaps she had been taken suddenly ill; but there were eight of them; they cannot all be ill, and surely they would have come for