

handkerchief energetically, while Sir Alfred and Winton wave their arms in a manner that assuredly would have earned strait-jackets if exhibited in Piccadilly. Even when the trap drew up before the door of the new house, it was some time before the noise subsided sufficiently for Dick to make himself heard.

"Hold hard a second, boys! The horses are as excited as you are, and we can't alight!"

Immediately a dozen or more pairs of hands gripped bridle, saddle, trace, fore-lock, and muzzle, until the poor beasts had small chance to breathe, far less stir a muscle.

Then Dick jumped to the ground and handed out his bride. That was the signal for another burst of yells that threatened to bring down the firmament.

Then Ab. Shannon's voice was heard.

"Ease a bit, boys. Here's the old man!"

There was silence at once, and a pathway was made from the steps to the door of the house, out of which was seen to issue a wheel-chair propelled by Walter Mutch and containing a white-haired figure wrapped to the neck in rugs.

It was Seth Gordon—changed, so changed from the old cynical creature of old. His face was softened with suffering, and the child-like goodness of his face, reflecting as it did the spirit of Godly faith, so touched Ethel that she impulsively fell on her knees by the chair and kissed the old man with a daughter's tenderness.

"God bless you, girl, for what you have done for this land," Seth said brokenly, being overcome by the salutation. "You still forgive the old man for what he said?"