

"She would, if she were awake, but she had such a bad night that the doctor gave her morphia when he came about an hour ago. She's under it now, and she won't likely wake up till the afternoon."

"Ah, I'm sorry. I'll try to come back; but if I don't, be sure to tell her I was here."

"I shall be certain to do that. She often talks about you, Mr. Charters."

"Does she? I am glad to think she has you to look after her, for I am sure you'll do it well."

"I wish I could do it better," answered Eliza disconsolately. "I can't bear to think of the future without her. She has been so good to me! I had no idea that there could be anybody quite so kind and good in the whole world!"

"I suppose heaps of people come to inquire?"

"Crowds. All sorts of people—charwomen and newsboys and policemen and dustmen, as well as grand folks in carriages and motors! I don't believe there is anybody in London who has as many friends," said Eliza proudly. "And some of them went away crying yesterday when we had nothing but a poor message to give them."

Charters went out, shaking his head. There seemed to be no rest for the sole of his foot that day, yet there was no sign of indecision about him as he turned away from the gate.

He merely went round the corner into Marlborough Hill to Anna Helder's door, and when he reached it he knew that that was the main object on which he had set out.

He gave "good-morning" to the smart parlour-maid, who showed him at once into the beautiful room—half drawing-room, half study—where Anna spent her leisure hours and entertained her friends.

She was there alone, practising at the piano, of which