

how I feel about him and about Sharrow—but—I shall try to make him a very good man, my friends, so that when his time comes he may be a good friend to your children and their children."

Old Buzzard, who had not yet spoken, suddenly put his knotted hand to his eyes and began to weep.

"God bless 'im," he quavered, "and you, your lordship, and 'er ladyship too. God bless the lot of ye. I'm ninety, I am, and 'e'll never be a friend to my grand-children, 'cause I 'aven't got any, but I'm glad my old eyes 'as seen 'im."

Sandy bent again over his son, and, as he did so, Sally Dingle stepped forward, and, with her hand, protected the baby's face.

"Mr. Sandy! Mr. Sandy!" she exclaimed quickly, "don't let tears fall on a baby's face. Every tear means a grief for him."

"Oh, Sally!"

The fat widow, with her pretty smile, turned her palm uppermost, and in it something glistened.

"I caught them," she declared; "it's all right."

"Thank you, Sally."

Then Sandy bade his friends good-bye, and carried his son back upstairs.

As he came down again, he stood suddenly still on the stairs, and caught at the balustrade. He felt suddenly giddy.

And as suddenly as he stood there in the perfect silence of the night, his face changed.

The Feeling had come back.

THE END