

## FELIX O'DAY

last. The day's developments had ended everything. He had no right to bring a criminal into his family.

Kitty swung wide the door and Father Cruse stepped in. He wore his heavy cassock, which was flecked with snow, and his wide hat.

"My messenger told me you were here, Mr. O'Day," he cried out, in a cheery voice, "and I came at once. And, Mrs. Cleary, I am more than glad to find you here as well."

Felix stepped forward. "It was very good of you, Father. I was coming down to see you in a few minutes." They had shaken hands and the three stood together.

The priest glanced in question at Kitty, then back again at Felix. "Does Mrs. Cleary——"

"Yes, Mrs. Cleary knows," returned Felix calmly. "I have told her everything. Lady Barbara—" he paused, the words were strangling him, "has been arrested—for stealing—and is now in the Tombs prison."

Father Cruse laid his hand on O'Day's shoulder. "No, my friend, she is not in the Tombs. I took her to St. Barnabas's Home and put her in charge of the Sisters."

Felix straightened his back. "You have saved her from it."

"Yes, two hours ago. And she can stay there until the matter is settled, or just as long as you wish it." His hand was still on O'Day's shoulder, his mind intent on the drawn features, seamed with the furrows the last few hours had ploughed. He saw how he had suffered.