

"This is Mr. Stuart," said the Major, and then turned to Genesee.

The Stuart's face was white as the wounded man's as the boy looked up at him, frankly.

"I'm—I'm Jack," he said; "and mamma sent a letter."

The letter was held out, and the boy's plucky mouth trembled a little at the lack of welcome; not even a hand-shake, and he was such a little fellow—about ten. But Stuart looked like a man who sees a ghost. He took the letter, after a pause that seemed very long to the people who watched his strange manner. Then he looked at the envelope, took the boy by the arm, and thrusting the Major blindly aside, he knelt by Genesee.

"This is for you, Jack," he said, motioning the others back by a gesture—all but Rachel—that hand-clasp was so strong! "and your namesake has brought it."

"Read it," and he motioned Rachel to take it; "read me Annie's letter."

She read it in a low tone—a repetition of that other plea that Jack had left with her, and its finale the same longing request that her boy should at last be let know his father. Stuart was in tears when she finished.

"Jack," he said, "ten years is a long time; I've suffered every hour of them. Give me the boy; let me know you are agreed at last. Give Annie back to me!"

Jack raised his hand to the bewildered boy, who took it reverently.

"You are Annie's boy?" he whispered; "kiss me for her—tell her—" And then his eyes sought Stuart's—"I held them in pawn for you. I reckon you're earnest