

opportunity started for the publisher. When I was shown into his office and had delivered my manuscript, I trembled a little.

I was promised an answer in a few days. Probably he saw I was anxious, and his heart may have warmed kindly towards me. At the appointed time I appeared for a reply, and was overjoyed to learn that my compositions had been accepted, and sufficient compensation awarded to procure a few of the necessary articles.

I was obliged to make Mrs. Kye my confidante, I needed her assistance so greatly. Her manner led me to suspect that it was not news to her.

“Did Mr. Wilton tell you?” I asked.

“He did not tell me.”

“Did he tell the doctor, then?”

“Why do you ask?” she answered evasively.

“Because I see it in your face that you know it.”

“You cannot blame Mr. Wilton for telling his own secret?” she asked, smilingly.

At the end of the term, by diligent perseverance and the sale of a few more sheets of music,