

like a fairy to his side. "I saw you from the window above, Joe," she murmured. "Let me stand beside you. Mr. Armour," with a catching of her breath, "will not allow me to enter the room, but I shall go in this way presently. Do not go," and she made a commanding gesture as the Indian was about to creep away, "I may want you."

"Me no stan' beside ghos' flower," said Joe, gazing at the darkened blossoms across her breast.

The agitated girl looked down at the flowers, whose dainty heads, as if weary of asking fruitless questions, had—unperceived by her—drooped and blackened till they were uncanny and repulsive in their appearance.

With something like a sob she caught them in her hand and threw them far away.

"Ghos' flower always turnum black," said Joe, "when pickum," then immensely flattered at being told to remain, he stepped a little nearer to her, and resumed his scrutiny of the room.

Mr. Armour had become disturbed. His face was no longer resolved and apathetic, but alternately became crimson and deathly pale, and his attention was still fixed on the undemonstrative gentleman with the white hair, then on Dr. Camperdown, who was hurling impetuous sentences at him.

"Suppose your fabric of respectability has fallen