

### *Van Hupfeldt Makes Amends*

Carter — New Street, Birmingham. See to the boy, Vi, for Gwen's sake. Ah, God! for her sake!"

And that was all.

Violet, weeping bitterly, was led away. From over the mantelpiece the wild eyes of a portrait in chalk of a beautiful woman looked down in pity, it may be, on the dead face of the man lying on the floor. And so ended the sad love story of Henry Van Hupfeldt and Gwendoline Mordaunt. In the street beneath, hansoms were jingling along, bringing people home from the restaurants. London recked little of the last scene of one of its many dramas.

Yet it had its sequel in life and love, for Violet and her mother, as the result of a telegram to Birmingham, took into their arms a happy and crowing infant, a fine baby boy who won his way to their hearts by his instant readiness to be fondled by them, and who retained his place in their affections by the likeness he bore to his dead mother; though his hair was dark, and he promised to have the Spanish profile of his father, his eyes were Gwen's blue ones, and his lips parted in the merry smile they knew so well.

But that was next day, when the fount of tears was nearly dry, and the shudderings of the night had passed. Lucky it was for Violet that David was near. What would have become of her had she regained her senses and found herself alone in the flat, alone with a dead man?

David, somewhat hardened by his career in the