

Then he said: "How strangely influential are the accidents of life, the circumstance that seems at the time so small."

"And character, as it meets them, and bends, or breaks, or stands fast," said Archer.

"True, true," returned Grace, "but here we are. There are Miss Clementina and Miss Mary on the steps. I thought we were late."

A few months later Grace received a letter from Knellwood:

"MY DEAR SIR: What you say of Archer's opinion and advice is very pleasant to hear. What little I can do for you I do every day. May it help you.

"I enjoyed our dear old cathedrals, and then wandered on to the Continent. At Monaco to my surprise I saw, unseen of them, Mrs. Hunter and Craig as they came out of the door of the gambling saloon. She was ghastly white. Had she lost money? I do not know. He was a bloated, ill-dressed, flashy wreck. Miss Morrow was not with them, and I left that evening. Can nothing be done to rescue the poor girl?

"I wish to be remembered to all who care for me.

"Yours truly,

"CYRIL KNELLWOOD."