

back. Perhaps you have crossed him in your wanderings?"

Sandy awoke. He had had a strange dream, in which he had been taken back a long way. He awoke and looked straight into the eyes of the little woman bending over him. And as he looked he understood! Years ago he had seen that look in those eyes—those same eyes, bending above him now.

A look it was of yearning, of pain, and great, all-forgiving pity.

All in a second his wits had pieced the thing together. Sandy pushed her from him and stood up. He was quite sober now, and he gazed about the little room like a man living through a miracle. A great feeling of peace surged in upon his soul.

The wanderer started to speak and then stopped.

Above the fireplace hung a little silver-framed mirror, and the man's eyes stopped there.

A scarecrow face it was, dirty, ragged, evil and mean. There was a foul unwholesomeness about it, not accounted for by either the unkempt beard and hair, or the scars left by the spotted plague, from which his friends had named him. The eyes bespoke low cunning and greed; the mouth and chin, weakness.

Gulping for breath, Sandy turned to the old woman. He searched the drawn face for a full, tense minute, fearful of the sudden flame that might, even yet, spring into the eyes.

Then he heaved a great sigh—she did not know him. The eyes held only that look of world-old yearning, pain, and all-forgiving pity—nothing else.

The man let his gaze roam about the room. Then his back straightened. He knew the thing he was—better the old memory than the truth now.

"I'll be gettin' on," he said, "I stayed too long already."

He stumbled through the hall to the front door, she following.

The wind threw in a handful of snow as the door opened. Sandy pulled his rags across his lean chest and stepped out.

"You won't forget what I told you?" a voice was saying. "You'll send my boy home if you should find him—"

As he turned the bend in the road, he halted, fumbling with the cork of the bottle he carried. He swayed backwards and forwards on his heels and muttered strangely to himself.

"That boy of yours—send 'um home—" He had the cork out at last—"That boy, Prod-Prodigious Son. Blinker, you ol' fool, what d'you know about Prodigious Sons?—He might come home some day—"

There was a long pause.

"Hell, no, he'll never come home."

Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

others of far greater importance to discuss? If I have been lacking in respect to you, I am sorry; but you brought it upon yourself. You would have yielded to nothing less than force. I have promised you an explanation of what you term my outrageous behaviour—it is this: I have been a blind fool, but I am no longer; my eyes have been effectually opened, and I know now that you, my mother, have so fallen from your high estate, that you have stooped to lie and cheat a young girl out of her life's happiness. And for what?" he asked with a sudden fierceness. "Answer me that—for what?"

Mrs. Alston fell back a step, the colour fading from her face and lips as she read scorn and condemnation in her son's eyes.

Evading his question, she said bitterly:

"And this girl whose happiness seems your one great consideration—has she, too, not lied and cheated? Lied, when she vowed to keep silence; cheated, when she deliberately breaks the compact she made with me. Did she not promise to hold herself aloof from Dick for the space of one year; to make no effort during that time to call him back? How has she kept it? Answer me that in your turn."

"Your own lips have betrayed you far more than Miss Anerley," he replied, grimly; "she told me nothing beyond the fact—which she let slip inadvertently—that she had called upon you whilst I

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