

old Scotchman for he remembered that he could be severe when he wanted to.

Mr. Ruthven solved the difficulty by coming forward himself — the years had softened his recollections of the truant. There were mutual explanations and then Harry asked anxiously: "May I ask now about my boy — I cannot even remember his name, more shame to me." "Why he is or rather was until very lately in your own city here, but is away now on a sea-voyage. I wonder that you have not heard of him. He has become famous I believe and invited us to come down and see him. He will be back now in a few days." "Ah indeed" Harry replied "I am pleased to hear of his success, though he owes but little to me I must admit. In what line is he engaged? We must go and see him as soon as we can." "He has become a newspaper writer" the grandfather answered proudly "and often has he sent us home papers containing his pieces all signed 'Andrew Gillies.' You see," but the old man got no farther, his listener caught the words out of his mouth.

"Andrew Gillies" did you say? "My God, man, he is married to my daughter, his own half-sister by this time. What can we do? What can we do? Look what that foolish lie about my name has led to? Oh this is too hard" he broke down in a fit of weeping, all of which was incomprehensible to Mr. Ruthven. Then as he got calmer he told the whole matter to the old man withholding nothing. The horrible union into which two innocent lives must have entered ere this upset both men. They were fairly wild with concern. "One thing we can do" Harry managed to think out "we can cable them and forbid the marriage, but their plan was to have the ceremony performed on the outward trip, that is the trouble. However, let us hope something or other intervened to prevent it. I think myself that Andrew—or Norman as I now know him—was not overly anxious in the matter. My wife managed that affair, largely like she managed others" he was thinking of his own case. Nothing more could be done so they drove around to see Mrs. Ruthven, first arranging between themselves that nothing was to be said to her about their discovery in the meantime.

And how speeds matters on board the good ship "Majestic," bound for Liverpool, in the interval? From the time they lost sight of land, a deep gloom seemed to settle down on Norman. He could not shake off the thought that the action he was about to take had a dishonorable side to it. Away out on the broad bosom of the ocean, separated from the fuss and worry of the great city, he was able to think more clearly