

Black Rock

and I gave her the letter. In a minute she had read it, and began almost breathlessly —

‘Listen! my life is much changed. My mother-in-law is gone; she needs me no longer. My solicitor tells me, too, that owing to unfortunate investments there is need of money, so great need, that it is possible that either the estates or the works must go. My cousin has his all in the works—iron works, you know. It would be wrong to have him suffer. I shall give up the estates—that is best.’ She paused.

‘And come with me,’ I cried.

‘When do you sail?’

‘Next week,’ I answered eagerly.

She looked at me a few moments, and into her eyes there came a light soft and tender, as she said —

‘I shall go with you.’

And so she did; and no old Roman in all the glory of a Triumph carried a prouder heart than I, as I bore her and her little one from the train to Graeme’s carriage, crying —

‘I’ve got her.’

But his was the better sense, for he stood waving his hat and shouting —

‘He’s all right,’ at which Mrs. Mavor grew white;