

how it goes with her. I entrust her to you—(a groan). To you I give her. Knowing that if you are living, dear fellow, you will not desert me in my great need, but will do what you can for my little one.”

“But what is that?” demands the professor, distractedly. He pushes his spectacles up to the top of his head, and then drags them down again, and casts them wildly into the sugar-bowl. “What on earth am I to do with a girl of seventeen? If it had been a boy! even *that* would have been bad enough—but a girl! And, of course—I know Wynter—he has died without a penny. He was bound to do that, as he always lived without one. *Poor* old Wynter!”—as if a little ashamed of himself. “I don’t see how I can afford to put her out to nurse.” He pulls himself up with a start. “To nurse! a girl of seventeen! She’ll want to be going out to balls and things—at her age.”

As if smitten to the earth by this last awful idea, he picks his glasses out of the sugar and goes back to the letter.

“You will find her the dearest girl. Most loving, and tender-hearted; and full of life and spirits.”

“Good heavens!” says the professor. He puts down the letter again, and begins to pace the room. “‘Life and spirits.’ A sort of young kangaroo, no doubt. What will the landlady say? I shall leave these rooms”—with a fond and lingering gaze round the dingy old apartment that hasn’t an article in it worth ten sous—“and take a small house—somewhere—and . . . But—er—— It won’t be respectable, I think. I—I’ve heard things said about—er—