

"Oh, nothing."

"Good! I have paid Rollins all, and more than all, the fire cost him. I have left you in debt to no man. Consider Kinsman is in charge of the new mill, with Rollins to oversee my affairs. Poor old Philetus Richmond is cared for in an asylum—a hopeless case; and little Ophelia the good German sisters at Lakitz will educate. Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, Johan! And I must have troubled you. This was what I wanted."

He smiled. "And what interest am I to have on all this money which goes to settle your debts?"

"This," she said, and whispered in his ear, flushing as she told her mother-secret.

"Only this was wanting," he said. "Thank God!" And he kissed her.

THE END.

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King