
THE GRAVENORS

" 'He is too weak,' said your father. 'The doctor would not allow him to be moved.'

" 'Then he is dying! Perhaps he is dead now.'

" 'No,' replied your father, 'I am sure you will still find him alive. But come, let us go!'

" Quickly we hurried to the spot, your father and I. The earth seemed to reel before me. When I reached him Dave raised his head and smiled gently. 'I am so glad you came. I am dying—take my hand,' was all he said. His life hung by the merest thread. Another minute and the struggle was over. That very evening your father took me to Bleur House. My heart was broken, but I found friends in your dear parents. They sympathized with me, and in time my suffering became less acute. Bleur House was to be my home forever, they said, and I was glad. Then Arthur came into the world and I nursed him through childhood, and some years later your precious self, Muriel, was entrusted to me. You see, then, child, I have remained with you both until now. I loved your parents. They were good to me, and for their sake and yours I hope to remain with you until I die."

" Oh, I am so glad to hear that you intend remaining here always," joyfully cried Muriel, "and, though your early years experienced such great sorrows, I know that