

She was a faded little thing, with blue lips and stringy, greasy hair, which I longed to wash in rain water and plenty of white castile soap.

"We cannot stay the hand of death," he said to her, reproachfully. "We would not if we could."

"I am sure we are not wishing dear Auntie away—we will be very grieved when we hear she is gone. You know you will, Felix, too. You have said so."

He motioned for silence.

"My aunt is now an aged woman, and her end draws near. She has always promised that my brother and I shall be her heirs. She named me Felix because her lover, who was drowned, bore that name. She is now nearing the shore. Yesterday a letter came from my brother which has changed our outlook on life."

He opened his coat and produced a letter and read:

"Dear Felix: I have just come from Aunt Cynthia, and think you should know that a change is coming. She talks rather strangely, and does not seem quite herself. The curate goes to see her every day, and it seems like the end. She said she was sending you fifty pounds, and expressed a wish to see you and your five children. I hope everything is all right. I thought I had better write. Your loving brother,
CYRIL."

Mr. Martin replaced the letter and looked at us with a little gleam of triumph.

"I have not boasted of my expectations," he said, modestly. "I deemed it best to walk among my companions here as one of them, a breadwinner and a worker, even as they are. But now I want you and your admirable members to know