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felt blessedly happy. A man who has undertaken a great and good aim invariably feels so. The note at first puzzled him. It was faded and abused with age. It was, moreover, in his own handwriting—his own, but strangely unfamiliar, his own of some fourteen or fifteen years ago. It read:

London, July, 19, 18—'

"I hereby promise to pay to Harold Horace Vlanee the worth of a Human Life, value received.

HUGH HAINES.

The colonel smiled. He remembered writing it a few days after Vlanee had saved him from drowning. He had written it as a joke—a boy's idea of one certainly—but still a joke. He wondered that Harold had kept it so long. Still smiling he turned it over. In fresh ink upon the back was written.

Pay to bearer.  
HAROLD HORACE VLANCE.

The bearer? Why, that was Cheviot, surely! And now the colonel ceased smiling. With a creeping fear tightening around his heart, he quickly questioned the child:

"When did your father give you this?"  
"Last night, late. He came to kiss me as he always does, and put it under my pillow, telling me to take it to you this morning, without waking him as he would be asleep."

"And when you left him this morning, was he—was he asleep?"  
"Sound."

The child's quaint adjective sank like lead into her hearer's heart.

"Let us go to him."  
He hired a cab to take them, and Cheviot laughed all the time for enjoyment. Cabs had not been in her line.

Yes he was sleeping still: on his face the sternness of a determined purpose, and in one clenched hand the drug he had promised to leave alone. So like Harold Vlanee. Untrustable, self-torturing, desperate to the end! The colonel's heart contracted with a grief and bitterness too dreadful to put into words. Never to be resumed—that friendship. Never to be made good—that debt. Never to be even commenced—that noble, unselfish aim. "Payable to bearer." instead.

The laughing child took her father's arm and lightly shook it, calling, "Harold! Harold! wake up!"

The colonel snatched her away from the bedside with a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.  
"Cheviot, do you think—look away from me—do you think you could love me?"

Instead of answering, the child in whose eyes was the darkness of a coming knowledge, clung to the colonel's coat with two trembling little hands, and cried:

"What did Harold mean? He said last night that to-morrow I would take the violin and play 'Bonny Charlie's ganged awa' And to-morrow's to-day. What did Harold mean?"

"He meant—put your hands in mine—he meant—Oh, for my sake, little daughter, hide your face in my breast; hide it, hide it! for he meant that I should tell you something that children with fathers and mothers living must thank God they have never heard."

And in the hour that followed, the colonel felt that the first payment of his debt was heavier than he could bear.