

fidence, and he gave it gladly. She was a poor, uneducated woman, but she had a heart of gold, and had rendered to Roger Marcham a service which he could never forget, or think of lightly. Had she not saved his ward from untold temptations and hardships? He could have kissed the toilworn palm, in token of his gratitude and honour. Although it was early in the day when they reached Euston, a thick fog hung so low over the city that gas lamps were lighted in the streets, as well as in every shop and warehouse. Roger Marcham accompanied his new friend to Gisborne Street with a beating heart. He could scarcely realise that in a few minutes he should look upon the sweet face he had so missed from his home.

"Just follow me, sir; she'll be in the back room; we're never busy at this time," said Aunt Judith, in an excited whisper, when they reached the door. Then she marched boldly in, and met Dorothy just at the door of the inner room. The little passage between the two places was in shadow, so that Roger Marcham was hidden.

"Back again so soon, Aunt Judith!" Dorothy said, and the sweet voice went to the heart of Roger Marcham like the most exquisite music.

"Yes, my deary, here I am; an' here's somebody with me, who, I think, wants to see you much more than I want to. Here he is," said Aunt Judith, tremblingly, and then fairly turned about, and, sitting down on a chair in the shop, began to cry.

Dorothy stood still with a half-frightened look, as the tall figure emerged from the shadows. Then a strange, low cry, rung through the room,