

deliver to me all the evidence as to train-wrecking, and money to continue the search."

"But," she protested, "I'm not in trouble; there was no need to deliver this."

"Look," he handed her the letter; "you will see that it was also to be presented if I were in trouble. That's why I came to-day."

She had begun reading the letter, when they were interrupted by the office boy, who came in bearing a tray. "Here's the soup, the squab, Miss, and some fruit; and that's the change."

"Hello," said Brand, "what's the meaning of this?"

"Why, you silly boy, do you think I can be a nurse and not know that you're famished?"

"Since when have you been a nurse? Why do you wear——"

"Come, eat," said Hilda, decisively; "we'll have time to talk afterwards."

He cast one longing eye at the tray. "That's all nonsense," he said; but presently, being persuaded to sacrifice all pretence of affluence, he sat down before the soup, and proceeded to scald his mouth.

Hilda walked over to the window, but she could hear him making a ravenous onslaught upon the meat and bread, and did not want him to see that there were tears in her eyes.

"How did you get here, Brand?"

"Walked most of the way. Wanted exercise." The bread was nearly all gone.

"Were you entirely ruined?"

"Why," he said, roughly, "what do you know about it? I haven't written since the beginning of the fight."

"I've been watching you, Brand—that is, Marshall and I. We knew, from the time when father got you