

the lawyer practically. 'They will have a chance now to redeem the time, and to make good account of the means their father spent so lavishly on their education and accomplishments. There are many who have less to fall back upon.'

Mrs. Cheyne wrung her hands. No face ever wore a more pitifully helpless expression than hers did at that moment.

'You are quite sure there is no mistake, Uncle Penfold?'

'I only wish I were less sure,' was the grave reply. 'I need not assure you, Emily, that you may rely upon any assistance I may have it in my power to offer you. I am not a rich man. I have pursued my business in the old slow beaten tracks where no fortunes are made. But I will do my best for you. I must return to London to-morrow, but I shall be glad to answer any communication you may address to me after you have consulted with your daughters; and if I can do any good by coming back again, I shall come.'

Mrs. Cheyne did not acknowledge the lawyer's offer of assistance. I am not sure even that she heard it. She walked away out of the room without