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relief he put the two parcels in his pocket, and seizing his candle turned to leave the room. As he did so he caught sight of himself in the glass. With a great shock of surprise he stood gazing at the terrified, white face, with the staring eyes.

"What a fool I am!" he said, looking at himself in the glass. "Nobody will know, and I'll pay this back soon."

His eyes wandered to a picture which stood on a little shelf beside the glass. It was a picture of his mother, the one he loved best of all he had ever seen of her.

There was a sudden stab of pain at her heart, his breath came in a great sob. For a moment he looked into the eyes that looked back at him so full of love and reproach.

"I won't do it," he said, grinding his teeth hard, and forthwith turned to go to his father's study.

But as he left the room he saw Jessie half-way up the stairs.

"What are you doing now?" she cried, wrathfully. "Up to some mischief, I doubt."

With a sudden, inexplicable rage, Hughie turned toward her.

"It's none of your business! You mind your own business, will you, and leave me alone." The terrible emotions of the last few minutes were at the back of his rage.

"Just wait, you," said Jessie, "till your mother comes. Then you'll hear it."

"You shut your mouth!" cried Hughie, his passion sweeping his whole being like a tempest. "You shut your mouth, you old cat, or I'll throw this candle at you." He raised the candle high in his hand as he spoke, and altogether looked so desperate that Jessie stood in terror lest he should make good his threat.

"Stop, now, Hughie," she entreated. "You will be setting the house on fire."

Hughie hesitated a moment, and then turned from her, going into his room, banged the door in his face, and Jessie, not knowing what to make of it all, went slowly downstairs again, forgetting once more Robbie's stockings.

"The old cat!" said Hughie to himself. "She just stopped me. I was going to put it back."

The memory that he had resolved to undo his wrong brought him a curious sense of relief.

"I was just going to put it back," he said, "when she had to interfere."

He was conscious of a sense of injury against Jessie. It was not his fault that that money was not now in the drawer.

"I'll put it back in the morning, anyhow," he said, firmly. But even as he spoke he was conscious of an infirmity in his determination, while he refused to acknowledge to himself a secret purpose to leave the question open till the morning. But this determination, inconclusive though it was, brought him a certain calm of mind, so that when his mother came into his room she found him sound asleep.

She stood beside his bed looking down upon him for a few minutes, with face full of anxious sadness.

"There's something wrong with the boy," she said to herself, stooping to kiss him. "There's something wrong with him," she repeated, as she left the room. "He's not the same."

During these weeks she had been conscious that Hughie had changed in some way to her. The old, frank confidence was gone. There was a constraint in his manner she could not explain. "He is no longer a child," she would say to herself, seeking to allay the pain in her heart. "A boy must have his secrets. It is foolish in me to think of anything else. Besides, he is not well. He is growing too fast. And indeed, Hughie's pale, miserable face gave ground enough for this opinion."

"That boy is not well," she said to her husband.

"Which boy?"

"Hughie," she replied. "He is looking miserable, and somehow he is different."

"Oh, nonsense! He eats well enough, and sleeps well enough," said her husband, making light of her fears.

"There's something wrong," repeated his wife. "And he hates his school."

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said her husband, sharply. "I don't see how any boy of spirit could take much

pleasure in that kind of school. The boys are just wasting their time, and worse than that, they have lost all the old spirit. I must see to it that the policy of those close-fisted trustees is changed. I am not going to put up with those chits of girls teaching any longer."

"There may be something in what you say," said his wife, sadly, "but certainly Hughie is always begging to stay away from school."

"And indeed, he might as well stay home," answered her husband, "for all the good he gets."

"I do wish we had a good man in charge," replied his wife, with a great sigh. "It is very important that these boys should have a good, strong man over them. How much it means to a boy at Hughie's time of life! But so few are willing to come away into the backwoods here for so small a salary."

Suddenly her husband laid down his pipe.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "The very thing! Wouldn't this be the very thing for young Craven. You remember, the young man that Professor Grey was writing about."

"Not at all," she said. "Didn't Professor Grey say he was dissipated?"

"O, just a little wild. Got going with some loose companions. Out here there would be no temptation."

"I am not at all sure of that," said his wife, "and I would not like Hughie to be under his influence."

"Grey says he is a young man of fine disposition and fine spirits," argued her husband, "and if temptation were removed from him he believes he would turn out a good man."

Mrs. Murray shook her head doubtfully. "He is not the man to put Hughie under just now."

"What are we to do with Hughie?" replied her husband. "He is getting no good in the school as it is, and we cannot send him away yet."

"Send him away!" exclaimed her wife. "No, no, not a child like that."

"Craven might be a very good man," continued her husband. "He might perhaps live with us. I know you have more than enough to do now," he added, answering her look of dismay, "but he would be a great help to Hughie with his lessons, and might start him in his classics. And then, who knows what you might make of the young man?"

Mrs. Murray did not respond to her husband's smile, but only replied, "I am sure I wish I knew what is the matter with the boy, and I wish he could leave school for a while."

"O, the boy is all right," said her husband, impatiently. "Only a little less noisy as far as I can see."

"No, he is not the same," replied his wife. "He is different to me." There was almost a cry of pain in her voice.

"Now, now, don't imagine things. Boys are full of notions at Hughie's age. He may need a change but that's all."

With this the mother tried to quiet the tumult of anxious fear and pain she found rising in her heart, but long after the house was still, and while both her boy and his father lay asleep, she kept pouring forth that ancient sacrifice of self-effacing love before the feet of God.

(To be continued)

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