

Mr. Pownceby-Smith was very weak, but the loving sympathy of his wife brightened him up. He knew that there was to be no longer a possibility of a casual ward; no longer an anxious thought about the next meal; no more insult, humiliation, and distrust. He knew that once more he had regained his position before men; that he was a millionaire.

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And those two there, comforting each other after their long night of trouble like any ordinary husband and wife, have they lost much by their bitter experience, when it roused in them that sense of mutual reliance which had become latent in prosperity? And will the millionaire be any the worse for having tasted the trials which are the lot of the poor? Will he, in the future, be hasty to judge who has seen how the truth can be misjudged? Will he be so hasty to condemn, when he knows that the condemned may be innocent?

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Miss Hettie Martin was soon afterwards discharged, and she made the little press pay heavily for their comments on her character. In the libel suits she instituted she was by no means reticent, and then it transpired that she was an authoress of repute, who sought experience under the name of