

lieutenant is not opulent, and she had little else. She was in black, and the long oval face with its grave gray eyes, clear complexion, and masses of fair hair, had the charm of a Gainsborough portrait.

"Oh, I knew you'd come," she said in all sincerity. She took him to see the baby. It was very like Charteris—even the nose, and yet the nose seemed quite normal. Only he had never seen Charteris put his toes in his mouth.

He looked down at the baby and the baby looked up at him. He put out his forefinger, having a vague feeling that the correct thing to do was to stroke them like a pup; four small fingers and a thumb closed upon it. The clasp of those little fingers affected him strangely; he felt as though their impulse came from beyond the grave. He looked round at the tiny nursery, neat and clean as an operating theatre; but the flat was cheaply furnished, and it suddenly occurred to him that life must be rather hard for her.

"I want you to be his godfather," said the mother softly. "You were his father's best friend."

She was chastising him with whips, though she did not know it. He turned to the window with a gulp in his throat, and tears came into his eyes.

"No; I was a beast to him," he said.

"Oh, you mustn't say that! It isn't true. He always said in his letters that you were 'such a good chap,' and did not know what fear was."

"Was that all he said?" he asked, with his face still averted.