

"Yes ; not even relations. Just taken up like me, to fill the waste places of a lonely old life. Say, he must have been a very good man !"

Hilda bowed her head.

"He told me," continued Brand, "that I must try to get quit of Socialism and trades'-union prejudices ; and although he was a wicked plutocrat, I must think of him always as a father. Because, he said, in spite of my being a reprehensible young blackguard, he thought I had the foundations of manhood in me ; and as his own father, Patrick Gault, had risen from being a sailor before the mast, so I might rise to such a position that the United States would be proud of me."

"That's true," said Hilda ; "or coming true quicker than you think."

"He told me," continued Brand, in a wonderfully gentle voice, "that this last of many attempts to kill him, made him fearful as to your future. There was some enemy unknown to him—some blackguard bad enough to attack not only himself, but his child ; so that, after he was gone, you might still be in danger. Your money, he said, was entrusted to—what's his name—Marshall's care ; but Marshall was—well, too keen a business man to look after you, except as regards your property. Then he said that he had caused a big search with detectives as to the train-wrecking, which had failed to trace the wrecker ; but that if ever you were menaced again, in danger, in trouble, he would rather trust me to help you than even Marshall. He was right, it was true ; for when he trusted me, he placed you under a guardianship surer than the love of even a real brother."

She drew her hands away.

"If ever I heard that you were in trouble I was to bring a letter—this letter—to his solicitors, who would