

the public any sign of the bitter disappointment he felt in his son's foolish marriage. Yet he did suffer, and that very keenly. Walter was his only son, and he had looked to him to marry some wealthy girl in his own rank, and then take a share in the big business he had built up for him. He had two daughters; but both had married men personally objectionable to him, besides holding religious and political opinions radically opposed to his own. His wife was dead. Walter, therefore, had been the hope and the pride of his life. He admired the lad's beauty, his sunny temper, and his skill in many things. He reminded him of his own youth; and he was rather proud of his extravagances, and of his abilities concerning many things of which he himself was ignorant.

In fact, Grahame's loss was just as great as Andrew's, as far as domestic hopes were concerned; and Grahame suffered in his own way quite sufficiently to have satisfied Andrew's desire for vengeance—if Andrew had only known it. But he hardly considered this side of the question at all. He could not believe that anyone had ever been so cruelly wronged as he had been, or that anyone had the capacity to suffer as he suffered.

Alas for Andrew Carrick! A victim of the world's misapprehensions and of his own errors, mortified, devoured as by a barren pain, a prey to the delirium of pride, unsocial, ashamed even of his sufferings, he rapidly became an egotist of the worst type. For when a man is his own god, how can he possess the God of heaven?

He was in this way thoroughly self-absorbed, and so he never noticed the change in his daughter Ann. Her household tasks and her constant watch over her father began ere this winter was over to

tell fearfully even upon her perfect health and calm temperament. She had too much to do, even if she had had no other care but the house and dairy; but her work was delayed and hampered perpetually by her father's necessities. Even this might have been borne, if she had been able to sleep; but she was virtually on watch all day and all night, and finally she lost her appetite, and food was like ashes in her mouth. As the spring came on she was compelled frequently to hide herself for half an hour and take a good cry, that she might even temporarily relieve the weight of work and despair that was eating her young life away.

One lovely day in April Andrew appeared to be more reasonable and hopeful, and Ann persuaded him to go to Port Braddon.

"You are forgetting what like the world is, father," she said; "and there's things for the house needed—and if you canna go I will just hae to try and go mysel'—and I'm not feeling very able—I'm feeling very badly, father—and I would like to speak with the doctor."

Her voice trembled; she had to sit down: it was difficult to keep back the tears she knew would anger her father. But he looked at her sharply as she made her most modest complaint, and he was shocked at the wan, shrunken face of the once blooming Ann Carrick.

"Why didna you speak ere this, Ann?" he asked.

"You have been that full o' sorrow, father, that I couldna bear to add one drop to it. But if I dinna get help soon, I'm feared I'll be in my bed, and then we shall be forced to have strangers in the house—and I'm sure that would be a great fret to you."

"Strangers in the house! God forbid! That would be the last