

so did my mamma.' 'Have you no feeling for your child?' I said to his father. 'Yes,' he said, 'but I want to teach him how to bear pain. It will come easier to him, father; for he will have to bear it as I have had in my time.' Yes, Gertie, I recollect it all. That's twenty-five years ago, and I've never seen George since. But perhaps I shall now, for he's coming back, Gertie."

"Yes, uncle."

"Fetch me the second drawer; the keys have worked right behind."

She thrust her hand beneath the pillow, and drew out a bunch of very bright-worn keys, before crossing the room to a tall, black oak cabinet in the corner near the bed's head. Unlocking the glass door, she unlocked also and took out a small shallow drawer which, evidently according to custom, she placed across the old man's knees, afterwards assisting him to rise, and propping him with pillows, so that he could examine the contents.

"There," he said eagerly, as he took a handsome gold watch from its case, the chain and seal pendant being curiously formed of natural nuggets of gold.

The watch was of American make, and looked as new as if it had only just left the maker's hands.

The old man's eyes looked on eagerly as the girl took and opened the watch, the peculiar sound emitted, as she carefully re-wound it, seeming to afford the invalid the greatest satisfaction.

"Not lost, has it, Gertie?" he said quickly.

"No, uncle, dear," said Gertie, comparing the hands with those of her own watch.

"Nor likely to. A splendid watch, Gertie. No trashy present, that. My boy's made of too good stuff to mar his future. But I was blind in those days, Gertie—blind. Now read it again."

As if well accustomed to the task, the girl held the open case to the light, and read on its glistening concave, where it was deeply engraved with many a flourish and scroll:

JAMES HARRINGTON, ESQ.,

FROM HIS GRANDSON.

PURE GOLD FROM THE GOLDEN WEST.