

and his daughter. It was the daughter I knew particularly.'

"'Was she nice?' she demanded, eagerly. 'I mean, was she worthy of his help? He was so good. He helped everybody. There is an orphanage in Saloniki which he supported—oh, most generously. And he asked nothing in return. Oh!' she exclaimed, 'when I think of his life, always thinking of others and doing good, and how at last he found happiness for himself, and then this. . . .' and she gazed out of the window at the old gentleman, who was in trouble with his yacht, which had capsized just beyond walking-stick reach. 'It was like him to trust a stranger,' she murmured.

"'He was good enough to make use of me because I was an Englishman,' I replied.

"'And that was like him, too,' she returned, kindling again. 'It was a great grief to him that business prevented him from living with us here in Hampstead. He loved the English ways. He used to say in joke that he would certainly marry an English wife if he could induce any of them to marry him. But of course he met his fate. He wrote hoping we would love her. We shall do that, of course, but——' she looked out again at the old gentleman who had found a small boy volunteer to paddle out, bare-legged, to salve the yacht.