

when I left Havre that he was really married (Miss Fairborough did not think he would ever marry), and then I wanted to beg, shamelessly beg! Ah, Mrs. Tressidar, perhaps I am not sane—I don't doubt it, to have fallen so low. But at least I should like to be rid of men, and their wolfish desires, and I am starving here."

"Oh, my poor child," Leslie's voice throbbed, and she made as though to rise. "My poor, poor girl!"

"Wait; that is not all. I want to see him, I want to hear him speak, not to me, of course—ah, no! I am not as mad as that—but to you, or perhaps," she hesitated, "to your child. Have you a child?"

Choking, the other bowed her head, and, pushing the girl aside, rang the bell. When it's summons was answered she gave an order in a low voice and stood beside the door, waiting. In a few moments after writing something on a slip of paper, Leslie recrossed the drawing-room and laid her hand upon the bowed head, speaking softly:

"I want you to take this check to the address I have written here. Mr. Crowley will give you all the money now, or will arrange to send it to you, as you wish. He will ask no questions. You will not have to be identified. I am only bitterly sorry there is no more I can do. Money is but a poor consolation for a bleeding heart."

"Your very goodness makes me writhe," said Sue-Leigh Harmon, with streaming eyes. "I have not spoken to a woman for so long. Oh," she gasped, in astonishment. "I can't let you give