

the bed where her husband was propped among his pillows waiting for his breakfast.

A change, a very great change, had come over the outward appearance of Mr. Crewe, and none who had only known him in his ruder health would have recognised him now. Perhaps those who had known him in his young manhood might have done, for all the gross flesh had disappeared, and his features were now touched with something of the nobility of an earlier time. His sunken eyes had a kindly, even a pathetic, expression in them, which never failed to touch his wife's heart.

Her devotion to him during the past three months had been transcendent and commented on by all who witnessed it. Often it moved Tibbie to tears. Tibbie came and went between Rochallan and London, very much a woman of affairs, and apparently the prey of an odd restlessness which nothing seemed to dissipate. But the furnished house occupied by Alison and her husband was her ostensible home.

"You have had a good night, nurse says," said Alison, as she bent over him and kissed his brow.

"Yes, so so; I didn't sleep, but at least *she* didn't know it," he answered with a smile. "How are you?"

"Oh fit, very fit."

"You look it."

There might have been some slight envy, at least Alison imagined it, in the gaze which enveloped her strong fine personality, and noted the health flush in her cheeks, the clear light in her beautiful and earnest eyes.

"I am fit, because I have good nights now, Edmund, being relieved of my immediate anxiety about you. You really are very much better since we came here, only you will not confess it. Nobody will ever convince me that men don't love being made a fuss of much more than women."

He smiled again and looked at the letters she held in her hand.