

marriage, he rose and angrily bade me stop.

"How do you know all this, and how dare you speak to me of matters that don't concern you,—I will not have her name or his name mentioned." Having said these words, he was about leaving me, but I clung to his arm.

"Father, surely we may speak of her. She is far above our regrets or anger—she is dead."

He repeated the word "dead" mechanically, and pressed his hand over his forehead as if to recall the past.

He stood still for some minutes and I did not disturb him.

Then I seized my opportunity and spoke. "And he, father, he is blind; for the sake of the love you had for her, comfort him in his sorrowing loneliness. "Let him feel the warm grasp of your hand again—let him hear the sound of a voice that shall be again the voice only of a friend."

He did not answer me; but I could perceive his heart had softened at last.

"And there is another reason."

"What reason?"

"For the sake of *your* son and *his* daughter. Their love surely must not lack your blessing."

"We shall see about it," was my father's answer as he left the room.

EPILOGUE.

Although my father did not promise, I knew he would accompany me to "Milford House" on the morrow. Then the two men shook hands, and their warm grasp told me that forgiveness and peace had driven strife and enmity from their hearts for ever!

There is no occasion for me to tell you that we now all formed a happy family party.

To a certain extent I have only been a passive agent in this little drama, but there are times when I am credited with being the cause of it all and I do not contradict the assumption. Anyhow, I trust I have righted myself in the world's estimation and I am sure I shall never regret the cause of my "strange disappearance."

ISIDORE ASCHER.

