

disappeared, not closing the door. The doctor turned to do so.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, seeing behind him his big companion of the elevator.

"I'm his father."

"Oh!" The doctor turned away hastily again. Amy was looking round for him, and seeing that he followed her she passed hastily from sight. Mr. Moir she did not see, nor Mrs. Moir; but they came quickly upon the doctor's heels. Mrs. Moir could hardly walk; she advanced in a series of pathetic steps, her knees failing with each forward motion, and being tautened only by a trembling determination. Her hands made fluttering gestures before her. They saw the white peaceful face of Martin among cushions.

"It's Death!" she cried—ran a few steps, and losing all the power of her legs, stumbled and sank down. Ebenezer encircled her with his arms, dragged her up, carried her to the divan at the near end of the studio, and laid her there in a half-reclining posture. With staring eyes and mouth open she gazed at the white face that dismissed everything else in the big room—for a space at least, but presently she must needs see the morning's paper lying in the middle of the floor. That sight ended her capacity to see aught else. She sat staring and unseeing, her expression utterly terrible, and she did not see the doctor bending over the body, feeling Martin's pulse, listening at his heart, turning back the eyelids. Only Mr. Moir, held motionless, saw these actions—and how the doctor now looked up at Amy asking some question, to which she replied. The doctor looked down again, and shook his head.

"No? No?" Amy broke out. "Can't I go with him? And this is the day the Show opens!" She knelt down. "Martin, Martin! Doctors don't know. He's