

withering scorn, and ran to the nearest public-house to drown his disappointment.

Gerald stepped into the cab, and was just being driven off, when Mr. Grey came up, hot and breathless. He flung open the door, and jumped into the vehicle.

"So you're released, my boy, are you? You're released! Thank God for that! But where is —, — where is —?"

"My uncle?" said Gerald.

"No! don't say the word! Don't say 'uncle,' my boy! He's my brother; but no, no, not your uncle! I can bear the shame! But you, my boy—you shan't! He's *my* brother—nothing more! And is *he* released?"

"He's in the hospital!" said Gerald.

Mr. Grey sighed heavily, and was silent. But when the cab arrived at its destination, and Gerald got out, the driver started off anew with a passenger who deprecated all idea of company by dumb but expressive motions.