

Marjorie's look of distress, the pathetic appeal of the beautiful face, o'ermastered him, and he drew the slender form into his closer embrace and murmured words whose music was sweeter far than Marjorie in her happiest moments had ever imagined.

But Marjorie drew herself away from his embrace, and murmured, "Katy! where is Katy?"

"Marjorie, I sent Katy to you with a message. I thought I was alone, and the temptation to touch the old instrument was too great. It is not often now I yield to the old enthrallment, but to-night, Marjorie, it gave me comfort and hope."

Marjorie understood now. A flush came to the pale cheeks, an indignant light into the beautiful eyes.

"Then you are Mrs. Graham's son?" she said, quickly.

"Yes, Marjorie, I am Theodore Graham."

"Then, why was I deceived? Why was Katy so cruel as to mislead me?"

Marjorie rose. A feeling of rebellion, an angry, bitter feeling, overcame her, and she