

comforting me as you had with Master Jack. Are you prepared to take the risk?"

"Yes; I am ready to take the risk of your showing any sign of ordinary sympathy with sorrow or bereavement. Life seems a joke to you, and even death appears to have no terrors to your torpid conscience. Nothing but your good temper, and what some people may think your good looks save you from being a monster."

"I'm glad something saves me from it, my sweet Asphodel," he cried gaily, trying to seize her hand. She sprang up angrily.

"This is no time or place for gallantries, Mr. Tully. I believe I am included in Mr. King's will as one of the executors. I will see you after the funeral to-morrow, when you and Mr. Stryde will be expected to call at, say, four o'clock. Good afternoon."

Mr. Tully showed no signs of being crushed, but took his dismissal with good-humored alacrity, which disarmed further reproof.

## CHAPTER II.

### TELLS US SOMETHING MORE ABOUT STEPHEN TULLY.

After Stephen Tully left the house on Mowburn Street he glanced at his watch and walked rapidly towards the park. As he fastened his gloves and smoothed out the front of his coat and carefully buttoned it, he asked himself, "How is it that Dell Browning has such influence over me? Here I have been hanging around that house communing with the departed and inhaling the perfume of crepe and funeral flowers for an hour, just to get a glimpse of her, and then am sat upon and sent about my business with a lecture for my pains, What a young fury that Jack is; I thought he would scratch my eyes out. Whoever marries the widow will have a cash job training the boy. Likely enough I will have to marry the widow and orphan myself if Dell won't have me or if Mrs. King shows a disposition to let anybody else manage her property."

"Hullo, Tully!" cried a friend accosting him. "Been over to King's, I suppose. When is the funeral?"

"To-morrow at two. I suppose you'll be around," answered Stephen cheerfully. "We want to give the old fellow a good send-off."

"There's no fear about the size of the funeral. Every lawyer in the city will turn out. Everybody liked John King—and his partner, of course. By the way, I saw that pretty typewriter girl of yours in the park just now. Seemed to be waiting for some one; you probably," laughed his friend with a knowing look.

"It can't be me, old fellow. Probably one of the boys in the