

sitting bolt upright in her angry astonishment; "I never heard of such impudence as her expecting"—

"She expected nothing. I obliged her to stay," interrupted Stephen, and was gone.

Mrs. Potter's first impulse was to go and order the girl out of her house. But she thought better of it. She was often afraid of her husband at this time; she dimly suspected that he was on the verge of ruin. So she sank back into her chair, buried herself in her novel, and soon forgot the interruption.

Draxy's breakfast and dinner were carried to her room, and every provision made for her comfort. Stephen Potter's servants obeyed him always. No friend of the family could have been more scrupulously served than was Draxy Miller. The man-servant carried her bag to the station, touched his hat to her as she stepped on board the train, and returned to the house to say in the kitchen: "Well, I don't care what she come for; she was a real lady, fust to last, an' that's more than Mr. Potter got for a wife, I tell you.

When Stephen Potter went into his library after bidding Draxy good-bye, he found on the table a small envelope addressed to him. It held this note:

"MR. POTTER:—I would not take the paper [the word 'money' had been scratched out and the word 'paper' substituted] for myself; but I think I ought to for my father, because it was a true debt, and he is an old man now, and not strong.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter, and I hope you will become happy again."
DRAXY MILLER."

Draxy had intended to write, "I hope you will be 'good' again," but her heart failed her. "Perhaps he will understand that 'happy' means good," she said, and so wrote the gentler phrase. Stephen Potter did understand; and the feeble out-reachings which, during the few miserable years more of his life, he made toward uprightness, were partly the fruit of Draxy Miller's words.

Draxy's journey home was uneventful. She was sad and weary. The first person she saw on entering the house was her father. He divined in an instant that she had been unsuccessful. "Never mind, little daughter," he said gleefully, "I am not disappointed: I knew you would not get it, but I thought the journey'd be a good thing for you, may be."

"But I have got something, father, dear," said Draxy; "only I'm afraid it is not worth much."

"Taint likely to be if Steve Potter gave it," said Reuben, as