

back. That dream of ten years ago ; that month—too brief after the train wrecking—when Hilda Gault and her father had nursed him in the hotel at Revolversburg. What was he that these great people should have cared for him? What had he done that the Railroad King should become like a father to him—that Miss Gault should have sat by his bedside, to ease the pain through the night watches?

And then they had gone away, leaving him with the dream of his boyhood realized—an apprenticeship to his heart's profession of journalism, besides the sweet memory of all that they had been to him in his sickness. He—who had never known a father's love, a lady's gentleness—looked back upon that month of perfect happiness as a breath of heaven, that was to inspire all his life. And now—

"Do you remember," he said, "the night before you left Revolversburg, when that brute of a doctor first let me sit up to receive you? Your father was in one of his moods ; said that the shock of the latest attempt on his life had made him feel kinder sick ; he had not long to live."

"I remember," she said gravely. "He told me that day how you seemed to have become a second son to him. He loved you, Brand."

"Humph! a damaged fireman was a queer object for a Railroad King to fall in love with. That night, after you had gone home to bed, he told me how you and your—what do you call him, brother by adoption?"

"Marshall, you mean? He was in New York then. You never saw him, Brand."

"Yes, I remember, Marshall. That you and Marshall were no more his children than I was."

"He told you that—that we were only adopted children?"