

her bedside, said all hope was gone." The train was in New York, slowing up in the Grand Central station by the time he found this. He wrapped a couple of handkerchiefs round the stems of his flowers, got into the first carriage he came to, saying only "the Brittany Hotel." He thought the cabman might know where to go. The cabman, of course, did, and ere many minutes he was in the office of the magnificent hotel.

He knew nothing of conventional procedure, and if he had, it would not have mattered to him then. He went straight to the desk.

"Is Miss Moore alive?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so, but—"

"I want to go to her at once."

The clerk comprehended, and a bell-boy raced before Andrew to a door whose handle was muffled. He knocked very softly. "Go," said Andrew, and he stood alone waiting for the door to open. It would be impious to speak of the agony which knit his soul and heart to endurance, whilst he waited the word from within.

The door opened. A miserable little man stood there. When he saw Andrew, he said without astonishment:

"You're in time to speak to her. Go in."

Andrew advanced to an open door. The