

Robert's judgment was sound, and he was quite willing to bear the consequences of his morning's work.

He met Mary in the hail. She had been out of doors, and her face was flushed with walking through the sharp morning air. She had a bunch of bright holly-berries and Christmas roses—the first of the season—in her hand.

'Robert, *what* have you been saying to him?' she asked, almost gleefully. 'I saw him go in and come out, and there was a beautiful change in his demeanour.'

'He knows my sentiments now; that is all, Molly. I don't think we shall have much further trouble with Michael Ford,' returned Robert, with a dry smile. 'Will you go up and inquire whether papa will see me. I can't stay much longer, though I could come back after I see to some things at Ladywell.'

'Just go up alone, Bob. It is often better to do these things without preparation. Papa is awake, and up. Madeline took him his breakfast long since. No doubt he knows now what has happened. I am sure he will be thankful and glad to see you.'

Robert took her advice, and went up at once to his father's room. He was in the dressing-room, and had his chair wheeled close to the window, from which he was mournfully contemplating the smouldering ruins of the brewery. He had not appeared much distressed by the news, which Lena had gently broken to him when she brought him his morning chocolate. Perhaps he was not very greatly surprised. He looked round hurriedly at the opening of the door, and there was a