

thing. I will have the legal transfer made in the morning, and give it to you before you leave.

This was not very intelligible to Draxy. The thin and tattered old paper looked singularly worthless to her. But rising again, she said simply, as before, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter; and I thank you for trying to pay us! Will you let some one go and show me to the hotel where I ought to sleep?"

Stephen Potter was embarrassed. It cut him to the heart to send this daughter of Reuben Miller's out of his house to pass the night. He hesitated only a moment.

"No, Miss Miller. You must sleep here. I will have you shown to your room at once. I do not ask you to see my wife. It would not be pleasant for you to do so." And he rang the bell. When the servant came he said,—

"William, have a fire kindled in the blue room at once; as soon as it is done, come and let me know."

Then he sat down near Draxy and asked many questions about her family, all of which she answered with childlike candour. She felt a strange sympathy for this miserable, stricken, wicked man. When she bade him good-night, she said again, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter. My father would be glad if he could help you in any way."

Stephen Potter went into the parlour where his wife sat, reading a novel. She was a very silly, frivolous woman, and she cared nothing for her husband, but when she saw his face she exclaimed, in terror, "What was it Stephen?"

"Only Reuben Miller's daughter, come two day's journey after some money I owe her father and cannot pay," said Stephen, bitterly.

"Miller? Miller?" said Mrs. Potter, "one of those old canal debts?"

"Yes," said Stephen.

"Well, of course, all those are outlawed long ago," said she. "I don't see why you need worry about that; she can't touch you."

Stephen looked scornfully at her. She had a worse heart than he. At that moment Draxy's face and voice, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter," stood out in the very air before him.

"I suppose not," said he moodily; "I wish she could! But I shall give her a deed of a piece of New Hampshire land which they may get some good of. I hope she may," and he left the room, turning back, however, to add, "She is to sleep here to-night. I could not have her go to the hotel. But you need take no trouble about her."

"I should think not, Stephen Potter," exclaimed Mrs. Potter,