

though he would try to escape ; then he heard her little quick breath of astonishment, as she stopped at the fourth step.

"Brand!" she whispered.

He shrank back a little, ashamed ; but he could not help looking up until their eyes met.

Her face was full of pity and sorrow. "My poor boy," she cried. "Has it—I'm so sorry—I mean I'm so glad to see you." She came down the steps ; and a thrill went through him as her gloved hand rested upon his arm. "Come in—come in out of the street. Fancy it being ten whole years since we met, and yet I knew you at the first glance. Mr. Schneidam will lend us his room ; it will be all right. Brand, I can't let you go away. You must come!"

Brand was too weak with hunger—too tired and ill—to offer much resistance ; so she drew him into the house, got leave from a little formal old lawyer, took him to a private consulting-room ; then whispered to somebody at the door, handing him money.

As to Brand, he threw down his hat on the floor. "Well," he growled, "I'm caught." But, from the expression of his face, as he collapsed on the edge of Mr. Schneidam's table, one would have supposed that he liked it.

His hostess closed the door, put Brand's hat on the window-sill, and came to him, stretching out both her hands with frank cordiality. The man received them with reverence.

"Caught!" she said gaily. "You bad boy, how dare you want to run away from me? But what brought you here to father's solicitors of all people?" He could not answer. "So you won't talk?" she laughed. "Never mind. I've got you to look at, anyway."

Somehow her little laugh of delight made it all come