

is gone; she needs me no longer. My solicitor tells me, too, that, owing to unfortunate investments, there is need of money, so great need that it is possible that either the estates or the works must go. My cousin has his all in the works—iron works, you know. It would be wrong to have him suffer. I shall give up the estates—that is best." She paused.

"And come with me," I cried.

"When do you sail?"

"Next week," I answered, eagerly.

She looked at me a few moments, and into her eyes there came a light soft and tender, as she said:

"I shall go with you."

And so she did; and no old Roman in all the glory of a Triumph carried a prouder heart than I, as I bore her and her little one from the train to Graeme's carriage, crying:

"I've got her."

But his was the better sense, for he stood waving his hat and shouting:

"He's all right," at which Mrs. Mavor grew white; but when she shook hands with him, the red was in her cheek again.

"It was the cable did it," went on Graeme. "Connor's a great doctor! His first case will make him famous. Good prescription—after mountain fever try a cablegram!" And the red grew deeper in the beautiful face beside us.

Never did the country look so lovely. The woods were in their gayest autumn dress; the brown fields were bathed in a purple haze; the air was sweet and fresh, with a suspicion of the coming frosts of winter. But, in spite of all, the road seemed long, and it was as if hours had gone before our eyes fell upon the white manse standing among the golden leaves.