

The Twenty-first of June.

his mother's. Yet with the strange inconsistency that seems to beset human nature, he knew that with regard to the most sacred of these ideals he was living a life that must disappoint his mother.

It will have to be admitted that the blunder which committed him to two widely separated platforms on the same evening was excessively annoying to Mr. Curtiss. Both platforms, as it happened, were ones not easily secured, and the world that they represented was of such a character that a young man might be justified in feeling flattered by its invitations. As he made hurried preparations on the morning of the twenty-first for the Deepwater express, he told himself once more that there had been great blundering on Henry's part, and that if he attended to the legal engagements of the firm in like manner, he would soon reach the end of his career. Nevertheless he knew in his heart that he should utter no word of rebuke on Henry's return, for the boy had been heard from, and his mother was dead.

When the train began to slow up for Deepwater, Mr. Curtiss stood, bag in hand, on the platform, wondering how he should get away with the long afternoon, and bestowing vigorous mental criticism on the railroad arrangements that made it necessary for a busy man like himself to consume nearly the entire day in