

as it was moving out of the station. As he settled into a seat his father saw that there was a moisture in his eyes, which his resolute nature would not allow to develop into falling tears.

"My own fault, if I go wrong out there," were his parting words.

The train left the station, apparently, to the eye, shutting up like a closing telescope, and for a moment it seemed to the father that his boy was being shut away from him for ever. It was the thought of a man who had earned bread for himself and others by the creations of his imaginative powers, such as they were. He kept the thought to himself.

"Jack will get on, he would do well anywhere," he said to his wife.

"It breaks my heart to part with him," said the mother, and the journey across the great City and by train to Meadhill was accomplished without either uttering more than a few occasional words, and they always were of Jack.

"He has only fifty dollars over and above his fare," said his mother, "suppose he should lose or be robbed of his money."

"He will never lose his head," remarked the father.