

sir, who is a lady among a thousand. But for her, Tom would have given up, and tried to earn money for himself; but she wouldn't let him. She's kept boarders—and—and, I believe, taken in sewing to make money, and I—I don't know what kind of a father you call yourself, sir," cried Frank, in fearless indignation. But the curious thing was that the old gentleman, with all his pride, did not appear to resent this plain speaking.

"And there's a baby, too; and she looks like a lady. I've been a fool," said he, to himself. "Where do you suppose she has gone?"

"Oh, out to wander about till you go away. It's not to be expected that she can regard you with lively satisfaction. Poor Tom——!"

But the words choked in the lad's throat, and for a moment there was a constrained silence.

"Just so," said the old gentleman, drily. "Well, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Stormont, and I'll sit here till Mrs. Gilruth returns. Good-morning."

Frank felt himself dismissed, and retired—not knowing what to make of Martin Gilruth, M.D. How often they had joked about such a meeting—not dreaming of the dreary circumstances under which it would take place! Within the hour, Magdalen returned to the house.

"He's here yet," whispered the Crater, as she admitted her. "He's waitin' for you in the room."

There was a high, bright colour on