

ing to his feet, the noble fellow said: "Jennie, love, see to the traps. I'll go down to the agent's—learn about the steamers, and be back in half an hour. For, dearest, he is my father after all, you know; and if he had known you darling, as Heaven willeth, he may even yet, we never could have left him."

And off he went.

Of course, the £100 were not needed.

The next day Horace drew his money, paid his bills, placed his affairs in the hands of a lawyer, packed up, and started for New York.

One week later he stood upon the deck of a superb Cunarder—but he stood alone, crying like a babe.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY, OH, WHERE WAS HE?

PERHAPS you think men should never cry.

Well, let us see.

Three days before this, Horace, his wife, and little Harry reached the Astor House, and were shown one of the best rooms in the hotel.

The next day was spent in necessary preparations for the voyage.

The day preceding the day of sailing was equally occupied until about six o'clock, when Jennie, being utterly exhausted, threw herself on the bed to rest.

Horace was weary, too.

But little Harry was cross.

Of course he was.

Two long days he had been left in the care of a chambermaid, who was kind and careless. He rolled a hoop through the halls till a call-boy stole it. He slid down the banisters until one of the guests complained at the office. He went into the dining-hall twenty times a day, and gorged himself until he was sick. He played marbles with a little boy from Boston, and won all his stock.

He wore himself out in the endeavor to amuse himself.

And when his father carried him up stairs on his back, after dinner on Friday evening, he begged him to take him out for a walk.

Little Harry was five years old, tall of his age, smart, bright, quick, and full of fun. His hair was jet black, like his father's; his eye was a blue gray, like his mother's. Nothing frightened him, but he could be easily moved by his sympathies.

Altogether he was a loving, lovable boy—one of the kind that fathers whip and mothers shield; who always turn out well in spite of the lash, and develop qualities precisely the opposite to those which their "teachers and guardians" predict for their manhood.

However, out they went. The father proud of the son; the boy pleased with his father.

They walked over to the City Hall Park, and admired the architectural wonders of the building, with its marble front and freestone rear.