

noisy farewell, for the comfort was lost again and the four children were wildly searching for it, seeming to think we were concealing it.

When we were at the door Mr. Martin raised his head and placed his hand on it as if in blessing. "I am not beaten," he said, tapping his head; "bloody but unbowed! Mrs. Martin, I will provide for you—my marriage vows shall hold. I have a plan, my dear. These filthy tradesmen shall not see a penny of this money—not a penny. My wife and babes come first. I will lay it on the races; I have always been lucky with the ponies. Darling, dry your eyes, trust me. We can do without their help. Tell the wretched banks to keep their loans. Tottie, come and kiss Papa."

The family's fortunes were rising; the comfort had been found. It seemed a good time to withdraw.