

years ago still find an echo in men's hearts. Having deposited her charge in a cab, the girl turned away, but the old woman held her arm for a moment and said: "God bless you, my dear, and take a mother's blessing too. May you be done by as you did by me."

Then she was gone, into the rush and roar of the crowded thoroughfares of a great city.

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In Mr. Lloyd's cosy study the curtains were drawn and a bright fire blazing.

He himself, with a pre-occupied air, was seated at his desk, which was littered with law papers and correspondence. He was a man of not yet thirty, with clear cut, intellectual features; determination was imprinted plainly on each.

The day had been a tiring one for him. It had been spent chiefly at the courthouse, where he had pleaded more brilliantly than ever before, and had won a famous case.

He well knew that the evening papers would record his success and that he would be congratulated on every side for days to come. However, there was little pleasure in the thought, for among the heap of letters he had recognized a familiar one, which to