

at last she heard the bedroom door open, and a heavy foot go towards the sitting-room. Then the bell rang.

"Ask your mistress to come here, girl," he said, gruffly.

"She's gone out, sir; but there's Mr. Stormont'll speak to you," the Crater answered, and disappeared with trepidation, for there was something very awful in the old gentleman's eye. Frank came into the room without hesitation. He hoped an opportunity had come for him to speak his mind.

"Good-morning, sir. Your name is Stormont—the Stormont I have heard my son speak of, I presume? Do you live here?"

"Yes, I live here."

Frank did not know what to make of the old gentleman. If he had any feelings, or had received a shock that morning, there was no visible sign.

"Mrs. Gilruth, it appears, has gone out. Perhaps you can give me some details. How long has my son been ill?"

"Nearly a month."

"Ah! Typhoid fever, caught in his dispensary work, your letter said. Perforation of the bowel supervened. You have been his college companion all along, I understand, and, as you have been living in the house, you may know something of their circumstances. My son must have been continuing his University career. How was it done?"

"Done? It was done by self-sacrifice and unremitting toil on the part of his wife,