

utter, which gave the least clue to the hiding place of Edith.

Elgar never forgot the solemn awe which filled that night, the old man slept fitfully, and for the rest his mind wandered through the shady byeways of his dissipated life, some would have said that it was no fit place for a boy, but surely it would have been far worse, if Elgar had left the old man to die, uncared for, and alone. Towards the turn of the night the sufferer became quieter, and then sank by degrees into a peaceful sleep.

Elgar had determined that he would not close his eyes, but he was so very tired, that he was nodding before it even occurred to him that he was drowsy, and from simply dozing, he presently slipped into deeper slumber, from which he did not wake until the sun was high in the Heavens, and the birds were singing their loudest.

His first thought was for the sick man, and with keen self-reproach for having slept so long, he rose from the cramped position in which he had been sitting so long, and went across to the bed on which Reuben Shore lay so quietly.

But the old man had died in his sleep, and he had kept the secret of Edith's hiding place to the last.

A very bitter mood seized upon Elgar then, and he was tempted to wish that he had not been so careful to do his duty by the old man, for after all, what had he gained by it?

He staggered to the door of the close little shack, and flinging it wide open, stood for a moment clinging to the door-frame. Then a light step came dancing