

they could to ease his cough, which was incessant. Towards evening he seemed rather better and the little mother's heart felt lighter, though Esther and the others knew that it was but the last faint flicker of the waning light.

As the clock struck six the guv'nor's latch-key grated in the lock. Evan opened his eyes.

"That's the guv'nor," he said; "call him now; I'd like to see him."

Esther ran to the top of the stairs. "Father, father, oh, come quickly! Evan is dying and has asked for you."

The old man put his hand to his head. "Evan dying—what?" but he asked no more, and came straight upstairs with his mind filled with the vision of the tramp he had spoken to so roughly that morning. As he entered the room Evan raised himself up in bed and cried "Dad, I'm sorry — — —"

Then there was mourning in the house of Evans for many days.

[THE END.]