

Winky," she said, wearily; "the color may run and poison you."

The tension was broken by the arrival of the postman, who threw in a letter. The children came at the sound and scrambled for it. The baby wakened and cried lumpily. Tottie darted under my feet to get the comfort, which, when found, Mrs. Martin licked and put in the baby's mouth. While this was in progress Mr. Martin secured the letter from Winky.

Mrs. Burton and I rose to go.

"Stay!" commanded Mr. Martin, "this letter may settle the matter and quiet every doubting voice. You shall know all."

He opened the letter with a flourish and began to read. His eyes grew wild with some emotion, and the letter shook in his hands. Then he sat down suddenly and moaned, and the baby, losing its comfort, joined its wails with his.

"My curses on her, perfidious woman!" he hissed. "And on that damnable villain!"

"Felix! Felix! the children!" expostulated his wife, dancing the crying baby on her knee.

The letter had fallen to the floor at my feet. I handed it to Mrs. Martin, but she, busy with the baby, motioned me to read it. I read:

"My dear Nephew: You will be surprised to hear I have married the curate, who has been so very kind to me in my recent illness. By a curious coincidence, his name is Felix. Happiness has quite restored me, and I know I shall live a very long time. But I am sending you fifty pounds with my love. Tell darling Edith to send me a photo of those precious lambs. Lovingly, AUNT CYNTHIA. P.S.—I will send you a clipping from the *Post re* the wedding."

We took a hurried farewell of Mrs. Martin, a