

rather than walked, into her mother's room. "Mamma," she cried, holding up the paper for her mother to see, "mamma, tell me was this—was this Robert Grant my own father?"

Mrs. Grant cast one glance on the paper, and then with a loud shriek she sank back fainting on the pillow of her couch.

Almost beside herself Violet rang the bell, which brought her aunt and nurse at once, but it took a long time before Mrs. Grant recovered from her fainting fit; but all Violet was told that day concerning the fatal paper only roused her curiosity the more, and she did not rest till she had drawn from the nurse's lips the sad narrative of her father's death. It had made a lasting impression on her mind, and it was this that so often cast a shadow on her sweet face, and gave her that resolve to try as soon as she should be able, to relieve her dear kind uncle of some of the expense of supporting her and her mother, for she had also heard from nurse that her uncle was not so rich as he was reported to be.

So on one occasion while visiting at a friend's