

though you've grown old since I saw you. Have you, too, been ill?"

That interview had been a brief one, but it had assured James Meredith that Dr. Norton's theory was well founded, and when he had communicated his impressions to the others of the family, a great load of doubt and suspense was lifted from their hearts and if ever prayers of thanksgiving went up from the Meredith family altar, it was that night.

"Really, I believe I shall always have a warm place in my heart for Gen. Sweeney," said Marie Meredith, as she and Grattan were alone in the parlor, she sitting in a low chair, he standing with his elbow resting upon the mantle, looking down into her upturned face with admiration and something far stronger in his dark eyes.

"Why are you partial to the general?" asked Grattan playfully, "I thought you rather disliked Fenians?"

"I wish you wouldn't speak that way," she said with a fine show of irritation. "You know I have buried my prejudices to quite an extent. I begin to see that while they were terribly mistaken in their methods their purpose had an element that must command respect. But that isn't all. To us the Fenian invasion has been a blessing in disguise, for has it not brought me a father and a brother?"

"And changed your doubts—"