

The doctor, for only answer, took off his hat, and, bending over, kissed Mrs. Morrison's hand:

"God only can reward you," he said, full of emotion.

"But here we are standing all this time in the cold, while dinner is waiting at home. Yes, there is the sleigh. So tear yourself from your dream-pictures, and during dinner we can talk of Mary and Jim, and what we wish them to be."

"And of how Mary's fortune was made," laughed the doctor.