

that will last him! Wonder if in the other jurisdiction he'll find a chance to make up for the fun he missed here? Duty! Duty! Duty! Always 'Duty'; no time to sing a song or take a drink, or join the rest of us in some sport! Poor fellow, a sense of duty and lung disease spoiled a brilliant career!" The speaker yawned, as if wearied by the idea, stroked his moustache, straightened himself up and with his hands in his pockets strolled towards the window, stopping for a moment to look more closely at the white face in the coffin.

"Can't be much consolation to the widow to see John looking so happy to get away from her, can it? They seemed happy enough and she's a deuced fine-looking woman too! Don't suppose he ever noticed her looks; too busy hunting for some fad." These thoughts followed him to the window where he turned the sash in the blind and looked out on the quiet street. "'King & Tully, Barristers!' Yes, I must have that changed into 'Stephen Tully, Barrister, Solicitor, etc.'! Big thing for me coming into the whole practice!—if I can hold it." This last thought troubled him for a moment—"I'll have to go slow if I want to keep that church crowd's business; they swore by King,"—after a pause—"if they swore at all, and I suppose everybody swears either aloud or to themselves."

"Who are you?" demanded a sharp voice behind him.

The lawyer turned slowly from the window—Stephen Tully never moved rapidly or without dignity—and surveyed the owner of the voice. "Ah, Master John, I didn't hear you come in. Come over and shake hands with me."

"I won't," Master John responded fiercely. "I don't like you. My papa is dead. Go away, and never come here again."

A boy of ten is never very dangerous except as a tell-tale, but this boy, with freckled, tear-stained face, swollen lips and eyes red with weeping, impressed Mr. Tully as very absurd. The little fellow clenched his hands and advanced threateningly, and this made Mr. Tully laugh.

"How dare you laugh when my papa is dead? You bad man! I struck Jane this morning because she laughed, and I'll strike you," he added, after a choking sob and the comprehension of his own weakness, "with a rock if you laugh when I'll never see my papa again."

Stephen Tully was decidedly a handsome man and of imposing appearance. His voice was pleasant, and his face, expressionless in repose, was bright and captivating when animated. He comprehended the boy, and determined to comfort and win him. "You startled me, my little friend, and the surprise made me smile, but do not think I was laughing at your grief. I, too,