

"Your ready and noble forgiveness of an unwarrantable outburst of passion on my part, which but for the intervention of a merciful Providence, would have cost you and Lena your lives, makes me bold to tell you something of my history. It is a short story.

"When I was a young man—younger than you—I loved one who promised to be my wife. But I was poor then and her father forced her to marry a rich man who killed her with stern looks and sterner words. She heard her baby cry, then, struggling with her weakness, said:

"Save my child from him! Save my baby!" and died.

"You often speak of Katie Graham. It was she—God bless her—who nursed Lena's mother. It was she who found a home for the babe where it was hidden for nearly a year. Then Grace and I took a house and took the child. From that day until this I have loved and lived for Lena. More than daughter is she to me, for she has her mother's eyes and hair, and when she laughs I look up thinking to see Gertrude. But she is yours now. Deal gently with her and never reveal to her my secret until I am laid beside her mother. The wretch who robbed me of my treasure died abroad years ago."

When we reached the city we found Lena in the General Hospital, having been ministered to by skilful and sympathetic attendants, and having received news of my safety. When we entered her room, she rose from the sofa on which she was resting, and greeted us with a merriment and cheer which were as much a