

world, and she belonged to one of the first families in the county. I was not blind to the affection I had inspired; the father had no suspicions. He would have thought it impossible for his daughter to stoop so low. I was conscious of a struggle in my heart, but thought over my father's dying words, and the example of Tommy, and conquered. Neither by word nor sign did I show Maud how dear she was to me. I had to exercise the utmost control over myself, and the effort cost me much pain. I hesitated about resigning my position, when my pupil fell ill.

His sickness became serious—dangerous. Then I volunteered to sit with him and nurse him night and day. I knew what was necessary. He must be fed with beef tea every twenty minutes. Everything depended on this, and the nurses could not be relied on. For three weeks I was with the poor child. Had he been my own I could not have done more for him. I saved his life. The doctor said so. No sooner was he out of danger than I broke down. I had overstrained myself, and was attacked with nervous fever. They thought it advisable to move me to a neighboring cottage. My illness, following so closely on that of my pupil, was more than the servants could stand. They rebelled; and the housekeeper suggested the change to my employer, who gave his consent, with the proviso that I should be supplied from the house with everything wanted. So I was taken to the cottage; there to be nursed; and the best port wine, beef tea and grapes were sent from the house for my consumption. The farmer drank the port; his wife, who was nursing, found the beef tea nutritious; and her children greatly enjoyed the grapes. The stalks of the latter were, however, always put on a white plate at my bedside, together with the few skins and pips that could be rescued.

I think that at last some suspicion that I was not well treated entered Maud's mind; for she brought me grapes herself, and insisted on my taking the wine and extract of meat from her own hand. As I got better, she visited me more frequently, kept a posy of flowers always fresh near my seat in the latticed window, read to me, talked to me, and brightened my convalescence with her sunny presence.

One day, as she rose to leave, and extended her hand to me, her eyes met mine, and then, unable to control her emotions, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear Miss Maud?" I asked. My heart sank. I dreaded what would follow, and yet I felt a secret, a wicked, joy at the explanation.

"I am so sorry for you; and it seems so ungrateful in us, after your noble self-devotion to my darling brother. I know that he owes his life to you, and am ready to sink into the ground for shame when I think how little care we have taken of you in return. Papa does not see it; but I can think of nothing else. He says that the farmer's wife is a worthy person, and attends to you very kindly; but then—she has seven children to look after also, and she cannot devote her undivided attention to you. Oh, Mr. Floppjohn! it ought not to be; and you—so good—so generous—so honorable—I feel—I feel—that

my whole life would be too little repayment for all you have done for us!"

I was overcome also. For a moment I forgot Tommy, everything, and clasped beautiful Maud to my heart.

"Noble, generous, heroic soul!" I said.

"Robert," she whispered, "you have loved me. I knew it, though you did everything to conceal your passion. I also have loved you, as I revere your principles. I can do no better than intrust my future to one so upright."

"But your father?" I stammered.

"My father will not consent," she said. "But I have forty thousand dollars of my own, which, at four and a half per cent, amounts to eighteen hundred dollars per annum. Surely we can live and love and be happy on that! We will run away together and get married, and then return and throw ourselves on papa's generosity. He is proud, but kind and forgiving. He would not give consent, but he will accept the *fait accompli*."

I held her hands and looked into her eyes. I could not speak. She said: "I will return to-morrow, and we will make our plans together." We kissed, and she departed.

I could not sleep that night. Here was the sweetest, most charming girl in the world—a girl with \$40,000, with high family connections and the bluest of blue blood in her veins—ready to throw herself into my arms. I tossed on my bed. Toward morning I became calmer. I thought of Tommy. Then I rose from my bed, dressed, put my poor traps together into a bundle, and at early daybreak, before any one was stirring, left the house. I fled the temptation to do what I knew Tommy would have scorned to do. As in the cold morning air I walked away, I thought how Harry would have acted if placed in my position. He would not have nursed the sick boy, called thereto by no obligation. Then the boy would have died, and Maud have been the heiress of a great fortune. Harry would not have run away alone, but run away with the heiress, and reconciled himself with the father-in-law, and succeeded to the estate. I sighed, and felt in my pocket, and found only six dollars and twenty-five cents there. I had left without drawing my quarter's salary. But if light in purse, I was also light in conscience. I was treading the paths of virtue under the guidance of Tommy.

The next place where I found a situation was in the family of a well-to-do farmer, who had amassed sufficient money to think of bringing up his boys to be gentlemen. I had considerable trouble with these urchins. They were wayward, undisciplined and overflowing with animal spirits. Indeed, I doubt much whether they had in them any other spirit than animal spirit. At least, I never lit on the symptoms. They were very full of blood; their lips and cheeks swollen, and looking ready to burst. They hated books and loved and smelt of dogs. They had no power of concentrating their thoughts; I should have almost said they had not the faculty of thinking. They were wholly destitute of the moral sense. I tried to appeal to their consciences—they had none; to the