

less than a year ago, I found my child in Australia; but as she was but two years old at the time of the disaster, can tell me nothing of her mother's fate. When I learned that you had a friend on the vessel I thought you would be the one most likely able to tell me if the body of my wife—a fair, golden-haired woman—was seen washed ashore."

Mildred was trembling violently, but striving for self-control asked: "Was your wife very beautiful and delicate in appearance?"

"She was." The Professor's tones were husky and tremulous now, and he bent forward, his fine face full of eager, earnest inquiry. "You heard of her—perhaps saw her? Oh tell me, dear madam."

"Prof. Gettwood, I will tell you all I know of the matter. The *Storm Bird* had been due for two days, but there had been squally weather ending in a terrible storm on the particular day of which I speak. I was standing on the shore, toward evening, when faintly came the sound of a signal gun. Others followed, coming nearer; and the men got out the boats, only to swamp repeatedly. Literally there could nothing be done. When daylight came again the vessel had gone to pieces. A great many bodies washed ashore, among them that of a woman such as you describe. My late husband—we were not married then—called my attention to her—also to the little child bound to her bosom."

"Great God!"

The Prof. sprang to his feet in supreme excitement, and began to pace the floor. "But go on I entreat you; were both dead?"

"The mother was—the child—" She paused a moment as a tiny figure in white with loose golden curls appeared in the door-way—"the child you see there."

The man turned his face in the direction indicated, and then stopped as if suddenly transfixed, his dark eyes staring as if they beheld an apparition rather than a being of flesh and blood.

"Grace, Grace! Heavens, what does it mean? you told me my wife was dead and here—but I am dreaming. Tell me, is this the child found on the dead mother's breast?"

"She is."

So surprised had Pet been at the unexpected tableau, that she had remained speechless in the doorway; but now springing forward she cried out joyously:

"Prof. Gettwood, I am delighted. How came you here, and what are you and Auntie so excited about?"

In an instant the Professor recognized the little violinist.

"Miss Mason! is it possible?"

Explanations followed, and when he left two hours later, declining to dine with them, but promising to call in the afternoon, no doubt remained in the minds

of the three that father and daughter were at last united.

"Imogene," he said, "has never seemed like my own; my heart has never been drawn toward her. I seemed always to feel that she was not Grace's child, she is so wholly unlike her; but this little girl's face gave me a terrible shock when I met her in New York, so strikingly does she resemble my lost one, and her manners and motions are the same. Imogene is a fine girl and I am fond of her; but the heart knows its own, aside from the indisputable evidence of circumstances."

Pet and Mildred knew not whether to laugh or cry, and accordingly did both, alternately and together.

"I am so glad that you are my father," whispered the former in a little ecstasy of delight, as he held her in his arms calling her "Gracie" and drinking in the beauty of the face, so like the one that had won his love in youth.

"My darling, my baby!" he answered, fondly caressing the golden head. "Yes, 'Pet' we used to call you oftentimes. Thank God for his great mercies toward me and mine."

Restlessly Imogene had paced the floor of her room all that, to her, long forenoon, starting at every step outside her door, wildly pressing her hands to her throbbing temples or clenching them beside her until the nails marred the white flesh. Hers was an intense, passionate nature when once roused, and her will was stubborn and unyielding. All these weeks she had planned and schemed to withhold the fact of Max Browning's death from Tom Veeder until the latter should have committed himself to her. At first she had been much taken with Prof. Gettwood, but regarding him in the light of a parent, she had allowed her affections to go out to the more companionable man, Veeder. The former seemed to belong to some other world than her own, and his graceful dignity awed her. Perhaps there was something in the romantic constancy of the latter that fired her fancy, and made her, more than anything else, determined to bind him to herself; besides he was wealthy, and would strew her path with roses. As for the Prof., after this visit to Portland, he might decide to marry again; it was not in the nature of man, she reasoned, to mourn forever, after once uncertainty was set at rest. Every art and wile of which she was mistress had been brought to bear on her lover to bring him to an understanding before he should find Mildred; and now this morning one hope alone remained. They might have to search and wait a long while before they found her. She devoutly hoped so. Tom was out somewhere most of the time during the Professor's absence; but finally came in and sought the balcony with his cigar. From