

strangers, that hollow echoes accompany footsteps along the marble floors, as though jealously guarding all that is left, the associations of the past.

Just opposite to where Harbor street has its junction with Water street stands a building in which once were stored silks and ivories and fruits, in such quantities that signs of its early over-loading are apparent in its bulging sides and ends, its slumping roof and crooked ridge-pole.

In that end of the building which faces Linn is a door; over this door is a sign, with letters well nigh obliterated. On a close inspection, however, the name of John Pattern can be traced.

It was on the same day that Old Tom came from the Goldthurst house—for it was day, being 1:00 o'clock in the morning—when that traveler was walking out of Summit avenue. The rain beat so powerfully on the dingy shingles of the old building on Water street, that little clouds of reddish dust sifted out from under the eaves. Near the door was a window, but a view of the interior was obstructed by a curtain which hung close to the tiny panes. Within the building, at about 2:00 o'clock on this afternoon, Little John Pattern sat in a rocker, his slippered feet toasting at a glowing salamander. Little John's face lacked that irritable annoyance which characterized it in the drawing room on St. Timothy's hill, yet the little man was troubled, for his brow was wrinkled in perplexity, and he turned his head at short intervals toward the window that looked out on the harbor.

By this window Marie was sitting; her head rested on her arms and she was sobbing. There was many a cobweb woven between the rafters; coils of rope and rusty chains were stored away in corners of the room; boat hooks and oars blackened with age hung over the doors and windows. It was a cosy room for the time, however, and the salamander was doing its heartiest toward getting up a pleasing contrast to the outside gloom.

"Come over here to me, Marie," Little John said, in his low, husky voice, "you cry more when you're lookin' on the water."

Marie placed her chair beside his.

"Now let me see," said Little John, taking one small hand from before her eyes and holding it tenderly between his own, "now let me think what we'd better do."

He looked so long and so steadily at the salamander that she thought he had fallen asleep, but turning her head she saw his brow wrinkled in study.

"You should have let me go," she said, sadly.

"No, no, don't say that," smoothing her hand, "we'll be all right when I think." Then, after a pause, "Where was you goin'?" The question was asked eagerly, as though a new idea had entered his head, an idea worth working out. As the girl made no answer, he continued: "Was you g'n' to your folks?"

"No," she answered, a river passing through her slight frame.

John looked blank. "'Cause I thought if you was," he soliloquized, "I'd come to see you, an' we'd



"NOW LET ME SEE," SAID LITTLE JOHN, TAKING ONE SMALL HAND FROM BEFORE HER EYES AND HOLDING IT TENDERLY.

be right happy." Then with another bright look, "Where was you a-goin' then?"

"I don't know," faintly, her breath coming fast.

"Don't know?" astoundedly. "Lordy! what did you run away for? What would you be a-doin' of in this pourin' rain?"

"I don't know," again bursting into sobs.

The little man appeared utterly unable to cope with the situation. "Don't know, don't know," he re-