

ered Dermot's sallow face. "Arthur will kill me by his actions," moaned the old man.

"Why are you here to-night?" Dermot asked.

"I can not stay away," was the half-stifled answer. "I came to examine the books, and found Arthur lying outside the door. I had hardly got him in before the mob came. Oh, Dermot, I am in sore distress. Look there, where my son, my only son, lies disgraced. He on whom I had thought to proudly lean in my old age. A ripe old age my dreams have shown me, unharrassed by want and care, and yet with this great, dreadful misery comes another. I am ruined, Dermot, financially ruined."

"Let me help you home," Dermot said, taking the trembling hand, "you can do nothing more here to-night. We must not attempt to remove him till to-morrow. If he were discovered—"

"Yes, yes, Dermot, I know; he has done something cruel, I suppose," with a weary sigh. "It is better that he should stay here, his mother—"

It was a pitiful sight, the tears streaming from the father's eyes, as he kissed his prostrate son's cheek.

"Help me, Dermot," he said, brokenly.

It was a slow journey to Millbury Heights, but they at length turned into the avenue which led to the Brigham home. When they were near the house they saw the figure of a young girl, the moonlight flooding her head.

"Kittie!" There was an indescribable tenderness in the tone as the broken-hearted man clasped her to his breast.

"Papa," she said, her voice trembling with anxiety. Then giving her hand to Dermot, who had stood with lowered eyes, his face blanched to an almost ghastly pallor, "I thank you for being kind to papa."

It was an eternity in a moment. To Dermot there was no past, though his heart had bled and suffered. For all he must suffer, there was the remembrance of that hand clasp when her heart had gone out to him, even though only in gratitude.

It was the Sunday following the riot in Millbury—a cold, cheerless day. The mist came in so heavily from the sea that it fell from the eaves of the houses in a steady drip, drip. In the dining room of the Goldthurst home, on St. Timothy's hill, father and daughter were at tea. It had been a silent meal. Mr. Goldthurst, always studiously mindful of his daughter's wants, was more than usually attentive. Alice felt that his eyes were on her face, and though she toyed with her almost untasted food, and presented an outward composure, she was struggling to conceal her annoyance.

"It is unfortunate," said Mr. Goldthurst, breaking the long stillness, "that we are not a more united family. The inclemency of the weather will oblige us to endure each other's company."

She glanced at him. Many times of late she had been forced into this covert observation. His face was turned toward the window. She had always been proud of his haughty, clean-cut, refined features, yet no girlish impulse had ever moved her to go to him with a daughter's filial tenderness, and win him from his cold, scheming self.

"Shall I read to you?" she asked. Her eyes were

scarcely less cold than his own. Knowing him so well, she correctly construed his exaggerated surprise, as he replied—

"I should be delighted."

He held the door wide open for her to pass into the library, then seated himself in an easy chair, and lying back, clasped his hands over his eyes. Alice selected a novel and read, but it was impossible for her to do the author justice, knowing, as she did, that she was being watched. She became distraught, and in her frequent, long pauses, wove lines of action with herself as the principal character.

"You are weary," he observed.

She started from her dream, closed the book and waited. Any other father would have had an excusable pride in the graceful, queenly figure.

"Do you think you treat me with the confidence I deserve, Alice?" he began, looking at her openly. "I have never known of your wanting anything you did not receive."

She had been ever ready with a retort, but this was so far from anything she had expected, that she remained silent.

"You know that I am in difficulties," he continued. "Your silence on my last question is an acknowledgment that I have faithfully performed a father's duty. In my declining years I ask you to compensate my indulgence. What I ask would not cause you exertion, or even inconvenience. In fact, the granting of my request secures your future happiness."

"You refer to my marrying," she said, in a chilly, business-like tone.

"I do," slowly. "You wished me to wait longer. I have waited, patiently, you would say if you knew how heavily I am involved. I have thought since that it was Hawkes to whom you referred on the night of our reception, and then again I have doubted, for I credit you with much greater discernment than to harbor such hopes. Hawkes is a creature of circumstances. Left wealthy early in life, he was placed, by his money and the influence of still more wealthy relatives, in his present position. He happens to be able to hold that position. Now what is the result? He is pampered by wealthy mothers who have marriageable daughters. This fact alone is sufficient to convince you of the hopelessness of your chances, for he will never marry a beggar."

Every word tortured her, yet she controlled herself. Her teeth sank into her lip and she kept her eyes on her hands.

"I trust you will believe me when I say that if it is an affair of the heart, I am sorry for you," he went on, "but I flatter myself that I know human nature, and I think it my duty to tell you that Hawkes would not marry you. Now as to Brigham, an unfortunate termination of my affairs will be disastrous to the house of Brigham & Co. You can easily see that the son would be hardly eligible. However," after a pause, during which he regarded her with half-closed eyes, "I have no fear on that score. I should hardly think that after your treatment of him when he last called that he would come here again."

"You heard?" looking up, her face livid.

"Yes," coolly. "His accusations as to the company you keep. I confess it was a surprise to me. I do not chide you," waving his hand as she attempted to