night. The little golden-haired girl had long since wearied of the endless panorama of the street below, and sought to be taken up in her mother’s arms; she was gently repulsed, and sent back to her window. Finally, the little head drooped on the leathern cushion of the broad window-seat, and Darcy, rising for the only time during the long hours, went and gently covered the little form with an afghan. Then he came away, letting the heavy folds of the curtain fall softly together behind him.

Just before dusk, tea had been brought in, and Mrs. Darcy gratefully partook of a cup, but Jack neglected the one poured out for him. Poor fellow! he was in no humor for tea. For the greater part of the time he had sat with his face leaning heavily on his hand, gazing straight before him and seeing nothing. It was a terrible ordeal for him. The story as we have told it, sketching only the main facts, gives no adequate conception of the way it sounded to him, with its humiliating details, every point vivified by the emotion of the speaker. But we can understand the crushing sense of disgrace which overpowered him, the proofs of his brother’s cowardice; his humiliating dismissal from his regiment; the thought of the scandal to be connected with the name of which he had been so proud; and last, but greatest of all, the awful wrong done to this sweet woman and her child,—his brother’s child! Time and time again he shuddered as he thought of Lena,—the sweet girl who had seemed so proud that she was going to bear his name. And he had felt proud, too, that he had such a name to offer her; and now, to think that it should be thus sullied and dishonored—oh, it was almost too much to bear!

It must not be supposed that Captain Darcy was handled quite so roughly in his wife's version of the story as in ours. Poor woman! It was only too evident, a wan little smile would come over the pale face, and a sigh from the lips would seem to say that it was not like Cordella, and that she could not understand it. Even Jack, in the midst of the cloud of misery which was gathering so fast around him, could note her pitiful attempts to shield his brother, and the gentle instinct which caused her to spare him all unnecessary pain.

She had not told her story steadily; she seemed very weak, and Jack noticed that at times she breathed with difficulty; twice, during the afternoon, violent spells of coughing interrupted her, and left her in such a weak state that she was compelled to rest for some time before continuing her narrative.

But the end was reached at last. Jack sat with his head bowed between his hands, and made no move to indicate that he was conscious that she had stopped speaking. She leaned forward and gazed in an anxious, yet impassioned way, toward where his form was dimly outlined in the dusk. Through the side window back of her a high electric lamp of the street threw a flood of pale light across her chair, making her face plainly visible amidst the surrounding darkness.

For a moment she sat thus, waiting for him to speak; then she asked in a low tone, "Do you know where he is?"

"No," replied Jack, hoarsely.

An expression of disappointment came over her face; she had not expected this. It had seemed to her that his brother must surely know, but she had made up her mind not to ask him until he knew the whole story.

She clutched nervously at the arm of the chair, as she asked the next question. "But you,—you will help me to find him?"

Jack rose quickly from his chair, and paced rapidly back and forth across the room. She watched him for a moment, and then a sudden pallor spread over her face, and she sank back in the big chair. The next instant a terrible fit of coughing seized her, she struggled to her feet, but immediately fell back again. In an