eyes, but she bore up bravely, and bowed in a quaint, dignified way when Darcy led her up to Mrs. Crump, that made the brusque old doctor smile.

Now that she had seen her mother, and made sure that she was near her, she was content, and made friends with kind-faced Mrs. Crump at once. Suddenly she announced, in her straightforward way, that she was hungry, and Jack felt ashamed that he had not thought of the child's being hungry. Dr. Jellet had not dined, either; and so the three went down to the dining-room, Golden-hair walking between, holding a hand of each, while Mrs. Crump hurried about preparing a place for her to sleep. Opening out of Jack's sitting-room, on the opposite side of the room where Mrs. Darcy was, was a little square room used as a sort of storeroom for such of Darcy's possessions as were not needed for constant use. There was a small window in the room, which lighted it very well. While the three were at dinner, Mrs. Crump had this room cleared out, and proceeded to draw on the great storeroom of the hotel for furniture, bedding, rugs and linen; so that by the time they came back, she had metamorphosed the bare little storeroom into a very cozy little chamber. The doctor looked his approval, and the little girl, when told that it was for her, looked pleased, and exclaimed, "I am glad, 'cause I can be near mamma!"

The doctor took her in and let her say good-night to her mother, and then she willingly let Mrs. Crump put her to bed, while the two men sat down and conversed in low tones.

Dr. Jellet had evinced little curiosity in regard to his patient and her relation to Darcy, but Jack had noted his quizzical glances, and realized that some explanation must be given. What he was to do he did not know, poor fellow! The startling events of the day had unrolled themselves one after the other in such bewildering succession that his poor brain was all in a whirl, and it was almost impossible for him to think. As he sat now by the table, he knew that the doctor was regarding him attentively, and evidently waiting for him to speak.

"Do you think she will die, doctor?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Can't say, as yet," was the reply; "she is evidently much run down by previous sickness, and she is a very sick woman to-night."

Jack felt his heart sink within him. What if she should die, and leave the child—his brother's child—with him? He roused himself with an effort. "Dr. Jellet," he said, "she must not die. You must save her."

The doctor looked calmly at him. "What is she to you?" he asked, bluntly.

The door opened and Mrs. Crump came out, softly closing it behind her. Dr. Jellet arose impatiently, and went into the sick-room. Mrs. Crump announced that the child was asleep; and after telling Jack that a room across the hall had been prepared for himself, said "good-night," and went away to look after her own family. Dr. Jellet emerged from the sick-room, and silently picked up his hat and walked to the door. Then he stopped, and, turning around, eyed Jack curiously. "Who is she?" he asked, slowly.

For a moment there was no answer, and then it came, low but distinct, "She is Mrs. Darcy." Without a word Dr. Jellet opened the door and went out.

(To be continued.)

We regret to announce the resignation of Mr. A. L. Kean from the Editorial Board.

With Mr. Greeley's temporary withdrawal, this leaves the Board of Editors consisting of but five men. Five men cannot do the whole work of The Tech. Spend your spare time by attempting something in a literary way. If you cannot do this, hand in some newsy locals. One never knows what he is good for until he tries, and you may find the fire of true literary eminence mixed up with your mathematics.