

every way in his power; for as long as they remained in their present position he was bound by the terms of the will not to extend them financial assistance, either directly or indirectly. But he soon realised that his hands were completely tied. The terms of the will made it emphatic also that, once a family had been placed by him in the position of contrast, though he could dismiss them, he could never thereafter offer them aid, as he had hoped he might.

The dead Henry Morgan had calculated every move of a generous heart and had taken care to checkmate it; and the gentleman with the hawk-like face showed himself capable of carrying out the dead man's wishes to the smallest detail.

Rodman looked across at the luxuriously furnished opposite half of the studio, then at the bare floors and walls next him; an angry exclamation leaped to his lips; he went to a window and threw it open and stared out across the city. Suddenly his face grew set and cold.

"Well, what of it?" he muttered. "She's better off here than yonder in some ramshackle tenement. There she might starve; here the worst is humiliation. And why should I care, anyway! There are thousands as good as she down there in the slums. She's exceedingly fortunate to be here, considering where she might be."

"I'm a weak-kneed coward, that's all. If there were good thick walls between us I shouldn't think anything about her poverty and my riches. It's only because there are no walls, and I am confronted face to face with the plain, hard facts of her distress."

He closed his eyes a moment, as though they ached, then turned and left the studio.

The room was large, pleasant and airy; and the yellow-haired little convalescent in the cot by the window smiled in his sleep, as though he were conscious of these things. Or perhaps, dreams, those fairy godmothers of the poor, had given him in imagination the toys that were scattered about upon the carpet which ended abruptly at the middle of the room.

How he had wept for those playthings, in the fever that so lately had left him; how his baby hands had reached out for them; and how often he had begged the pale, tearful-eyed girl by his cot to take him up and put him down on the other half of the room, with its wonderful toys, its soft silken bed and velvet carpet! But his sister had patted his hands and told him that he was dreaming—that the opposite half of the room was as bare as that half where he lay in his cot.

The door opened and Alice Norwalk came in and seated herself beside the sleeping child. Oh, how happy she was that he had not died! She could be content, now, with her humiliating position. She looked across with clear eyes at the luxuriously furnished opposite half of the nursery, and was too thankful to mind that the place in which she sat was pitifully bare and uninviting.

How hard it had been in his fever to keep her little brother from escaping over the line that divided the room in half! How she had longed to break the splendid toys that he was not allowed to play with, and tear the silken couch that taunted him as he tossed in his hard, narrow cot!

But, now that he had not died, the resentment was gone from her heart, and she was like all gentler natures among the poor, who, while they have love and life about them, bear the rich no envy for their wealth, nor question the right of their more fortunate state.

"Father!" She rose quickly as her father came into the room, leaning upon his cane, for there was a whiteness in his face that had startled her.

"Hush! Don't wake your brother! We do not know where he will sleep to-night."

"Father!" "It is too bad—too bad! Just as your brother has come through a long illness and I am on the way to recover the use of my limbs—to be turned out, penniless! It is too bad—too bad!"

"I—don't understand. Turned out penniless! Is—is Mr. Rogert dead?" "No! But things are as bad for us. He has broken some terms of the will, and has forfeited the whole estate to Mr. Broman."

"Broken the will! Forfeited the estate!" The girl was white to the lips. "Oh, father, don't you see—don't you see? It was for us! It was to help Harry get well, and you—you to recover

your health! Oh, I knew he was doing what he shouldn't when the physician came! I shall never forgive myself—never—never! But Harry would have died if we hadn't had him, and you—"

She paused, overcome with emotion. "It is all dreadfully unexpected, but we must do our best. Perhaps Mr. Rogert will continue to help us till I am on my feet again."

The girl placed her hand to her bosom and her breath came painfully. "Oh, how shall I ever show my miserable self to him!" Suddenly she sank down beside the cot and hid her face in the coverlet.

Her father seated himself in the chair and gazed helplessly at her bowed head. "Perhaps we will find the means to repay Mr. Rogert."

"A million dollars! Oh, father!" "It is a great sum, my daughter, and it is a terrible blow to us all; but you mustn't let it make you sick. Poor people need all their health."

The girl did not look at her father, but gently caressed the hands of the sleeping child.

"You are quite right, father dear! But I feel so selfish when I think of Mr. Rogert. Oh, father, do you realise how kind he has been?"

"He has been kind to us; but I wish he had been more cautious, for all our sakes. There, there, daughter, don't think I'm selfish! I'm not myself!"

"I understand, father; you are just eager and restless to get well."

The man rose. "I must leave you now. Mr. Broman wishes to see me about something."

The girl got up quickly, and stayed her father by a touch on the arm.

"What is it, daughter?"

"Do you think Mr. Broman is generous, to take the estate from Mr. Rogert?"

"Those are the terms of the will."

"But are such the terms of a gentleman, father?"

Th man leaned heavily on his cane. "You are sure you cannot learn to love Mr. Broman?"

He waited for an answer, but there was none, his daughter remaining silent with bowed head. He sighed, and turning, went slowly from the room. Once the girl made a motion as if to stay him, but desisted and sank upon her knees beside the cot.

How long she remained thus she did not know, nor did the child know, for he was still asleep when she rose. She crossed the room toward the door, uttering a little cry of alarm, she turned and slipped from view into an alcove on the further side of the nursery.

The door opened and Rodman Rogert entered, bearing a large parcel. He tiptoed to the cot and looked down a moment upon the sleeping child, then softly unwrapping the parcel, discovered to view a gorgeous clown-doll, which he now placed at the foot of the cot where the child could see it the moment he awoke.

This was almost immediately; the little fellow gave a cry of delight and reached for the plaything. But he drew back quickly.

"Mustn't touch it!" he questioned.

Rodman Rogert sat down beside the cot.

"My boy, do you see that clown? Well, it's all yours, to do as you please with. I bought it with the money I got for one of my pictures, and the will of the late Henry Morgan hasn't anything to say about it. You can pull the head off it, if you like."

With a happy little cry that brought sudden tears to the eyes of the girl concealed in the alcove, the child wriggled down to the foot of his cot and eagerly seized the clown.

"I'm glad you like him, Harry," commented Rogert. "That doll is a perfect representation of myself—a stuffed clown!" He laughed bitterly. "It isn't so much losing the estate, my boy, as letting that hawk-faced Broman discover my charity work. I thought I was a better schemer than that."

The child had discovered that the clown squeaked when pressed in the middle, and now laughed with delight as he produced the sound.

"Hello! Got a squeak in him!" exclaimed the man. "Good for him! He can squeak up for himself when he gets sat on, which is more than half the world can do."

The little fellow offered the clown to Rogert. "You squeak him," he demanded.

"No, my heart's too soft! I couldn't bear to make a stuffed clown squeak." But the child was determined that some one else should squeak his toy. "Won't you bring my sister here? She will squeak him. She will do anything

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