

like a sister. I did not know why I felt so drawn to her from the first moment we met. It is, as you say, that blood is thicker than water. Cecile shall not suffer."

"Ah, I am glad you feel that way about it," the man said, bending his head as though in a courteous acknowledgment. "I am glad you will be good to Cecile. If you do not want to punish me—and I assure you Fate has been before you in that—why should you not enter upon your inheritance quietly? I have all the proofs. I don't know why I should have kept them, since, if I had died suddenly, they would have been there to condemn me—but—for some reason I did not destroy them. I have the marriage certificate of your father and mother; I have the certificate of your birth. It will be easy to establish your identity. I have but to transfer the proofs to your hands. Why, there is no reason against my rejoicing in the discovery that my elder brother was secretly married and left a daughter. We need not take the world into our confidence as to how the discovery was made. Let it talk! As for Cecile—it will be easy to deceive Cecile. And she will probably set the new cousin against the fact that she will be considerably poorer, being Cecile."

"I don't want the money," Freda cried out. "What do I want with money? I only want that I should have a name—that it should be known that there was a marriage." The blood rushed over her