

could Frank, how could anybody make a squeal for him?
"How would old Ken like that?"

"He would n't like it at all," Anne admitted; "that's why you must ask your father to dismiss this suit on *your* account; not because of any feeling you have about Kenneth, but because you think it right."

Frank did n't see himself at that. He had n't taken to editing the Governor's morals *yet*. Well, then, he must do it, she said, because she asked him. To which Frank insisted again that he did n't see where she came in.

"Ah," she said, "then it's extraordinarily stupid of you, not to see what it would mean to me to have Ken discredited the way he would be if he lost this suit. It is n't true what Ken said to your father, that I don't approve of him. I think he's splendid; I did n't know he had it in him. But it is n't what I wanted for him. I wanted him to get in with your father. It was I that sent him here in the first place, and now, if by something I've put him up to, he loses everything —"

Frank said he could see *that*, of course; what he did n't see was why she should n't put it up to the Governor; why she should put it on *him*.

"Because," said Anne, "I've promised, and because it's the last thing you can ever do for me."

He did n't see that either. If she meant that because Ken had got at cross-purposes with the Old Man, it was to be the end of a pleasant friendship between *them*, he would be sorry; but was it fair to put it to him at that price, was it fair to *him*?

"I had n't meant," she said, "to put it at a price; it is only, as things are, the last thing I shall be able to ask of you." She stood up then, as if so near to the end of