

Lucy winced. "Please don't. I want you to go on lending them, of course."

"Very well. I have several candidates in mind," Candace rose. "I want to hear about your plans, but I mustn't stop now. When are you two children coming to dine with me?"

Lucy's pause marked the taking of a mighty resolution.

"To-morrow night," she said, and so stood committed to telling Dana that night the appalling secret that he was a rich man.

He made it harder for her by coming home in a blaze of excitement over his "Children's Crusade." He had had an interview with the leader of the orchestra that was to play it, and the appreciation shown him had started the strings and brasses echoing in his ears. After dinner, he had to play bits of it to her, to illustrate the great man's praises. He seemed wholly absorbed in his subject, and yet suddenly he swung round and caught her in his arms as she stood beside him.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Have you got to scold me for something — is that it? Or have you committed some awful crime yourself? Out with it!" She drew a deep breath of resolution; then let it out again.

"It is going to be so hard to make you understand," she faltered.