

THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING

her into that man's home? And why had she told her always how fine and noble and splendid her father was. Fine! Noble! Splendid, indeed! Still, it was like mother, — dear mother, — always so sweet and gentle, always seeing the good in everything and everybody! But why had she put her there — in that man's house? How could she have done it?

And Burke Denby himself — did he know? Did he suspect that she was his daughter? Adopt her, indeed! Was *that* the way he thought he could pay her mother back for all those years? And the grief and the hurt and the mortification — where did they come in? Ashamed of her! *Ashamed of her, indeed!* Why, her little finger was as much finer and nobler and — But just wait till she saw him, that was all!

Like the overwrought, half-beside-herself young hurricane of wrathfulness that she was, Betty burst into the library at Denby House a few minutes later.

The very sight of her face brought the man to his feet.

"Why, Betty, what's the matter? Where's your mother? Could n't she come? What *is* the matter?"

"Come? No, she did n't come. She'll never come — never!"

Before the blazing wrath in the young eyes the man fell back limply.

"Why, Betty, did n't you tell her —"

"I've told her nothing. I have n't seen her," cut in the girl crisply. "But I've seen somebody else. I know now — everything!"