

going to get any more from me." Then the girl grew pettish. "I don't know why on earth you want to come here and start this sort of thing to-night, worrying and talking such nonsense! I tell you plainly if you don't leave me to myself I sha'n't stay here."

"Of course you hate me, Silvia, but why should you hate me?" asked Helen Ambrose in a low voice. "Have I ever done you any harm—have I——"

The girl broke in hotly, fiercely: "You know quite well," she said, "you had no right to marry my father. Who are you? Where do you come from? You are so mysterious, and keep everything about yourself to yourself; but you can't help people thinking and asking questions; especially when you speak such vulgar American and have so little dignity."

The woman flinched, and her quick temper rose at this, but she kept it under with a great effort.

"There is nothing in my life that I'm ashamed of," she made answer bravely. "Though my mother wasn't born in a palace and I haven't generations of ancestors to my back we——" But there she pulled herself up, and then she smiled. Her face was very charming when she smiled. Her pretty eyes screwed up, and a dimple came in one cheek. "I see you don't want me. Well I'll go; but Silvia dear, you're not a little girl now, you're almost a woman. Don't you think you might just reason things out a bit? Though you hate to have me say it, I worry about you. I would give, well, I guess I hardly know what; but I'd give all to have you feel you can depend on me, to have you let me do things for you."

"Thanks, I don't want you," Silvia answered rudely

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