

well. And if—— No, she would not finish that as thought; loyalty to her daughter should make her put it away. What was Mr. Maxwell but a stranger, come for a few weeks to pay a good price for their vacant room. And Ralph Bramlett had grown up with Marjorie, and been always her friend. Why should she for a moment allow herself to wish that he were like Mr. Maxwell?

She sat down in her reading chair, and drew the shaded lamp towards her. She had not promised to try to sleep; she knew better than to try. She did not remember the story of Gideon very well; she wanted to read it. She had some difficulty in finding the story, and in picking it out from various chapters. She stopped many times during its reading, to listen to imaginary sounds on the street. She decided that if she could have had Gideon's signs, she surely could have trusted.

Meantime, Mr. Maxwell and Selim were on their way to the Schuyler farm.