

THE CONFESSION

nights in the mountains with the few he could gather to his cause. I was taken to the home of an aunt, my mother's sister. I must have been a lovable child, for I won her affection, and that of her husband. They insisted upon adopting me as their own; and as my real father had no home, no ambition other than revenge, he consented, and I became legally Jean Denslow. No girl could have had a happier life than mine, or greater kindness and care. But it is true, I love Colonel Donald, for he is my father."

It seemed to me I could not speak, the words rushing to my lips choked me. What could all this mean, this confession, this acknowledgment? In confusion, in eagerness, I succeeded in blurting out,

"But Dunn? You were engaged to Dunn?"

"Yes," her eyes uplifting to mine. "It was the wish of my foster father, and then I knew no better."

"But now? Since then you have learned your mistake? You do not love him?"

"You forget, I am a married woman."

I sprang forward, clasping her hands, a sudden confidence mastering me.

"Jean, tell me the truth — all the truth! What is it your heart says?"

Shall I ever forget what I read in the depths of those blue-gray eyes, or those words in which she answered me?

"I love my husband."

THE END