

"Oh, Grace!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed, when she had wound her arm around her daughter's waist, and together they were walking along the path leading to the house, "Franklin has just returned from the office, looking pale and ill, and has given me a letter he received by the noon mail from Jack."

Grace felt uncomfortably guilty over her forgetfulness of the letters in her reticule. An inviting seat stood near, and on it she forced her mother to sit with her while she drew forth the neglected messages from Jack and read them.

Mrs. Lester was a silent listener. Her sweet, motherly face brightened with glad smiles as Grace repeated words strong in tender affection for mother and sister.

"Have you read papa's letter?" Grace asked, as she concluded reading.

"Yes dear," Mrs. Lester replied. And Grace knew by the tone of her mother's voice, that her father was distressed at something Jack had written him, and that she would not be allowed to read the letter.

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