

Ambrose's face, just as she must have been attracted by the charm of this woman ; but Silvia could see nothing attractive in her stepmother, the mere fact that her father's wife was considered a very good-looking woman, that she had a splendid figure and always wore most becoming clothes deepened the resentment in the girl's heart.

"Are you going ?" she asked in a rude, impatient way.

"I am going when I have said what I have come to say, Silvia."

There was a little pause, and Mrs. Ambrose spoke again in a low voice, a voice that was not quite steady : "Do you know I have been reproached to-day ? I've been told that I've failed in my duty and that I don't do what is right by you and Dick ?"

Silvia Ambrose gave a shrug of her shoulders. "I don't care," she said. "That's nothing to me."

"But it's got to have something to do with you," Helen answered losing her temper a little. "Do you suppose it's pleasant for me to have people think wrong things about me ?"

Silvia walked to the chest of drawers, pulled open a drawer and threw a letter into it, then she stood and leaned against the piece of furniture.

"You came here of your own accord," she said with a sneer, "nobody wanted you. Everybody knows that father would never have married you if he hadn't been so unhappy when he met you. Well, you've got what you wanted, you've got our name, and you live here in supposed intimacy with us ! That ought to be enough for you I think ! At least," she laughed, "you aren't