

breath. "My daughter is very wise in deciding to have nothing to do with you."

This shot told, and his manner changed to one of haggard doubt and dread.

Mrs. Travers saw her advantage, and, knowing that her time was limited, hastened to follow it up. But at that moment Molly tripped into the room. At sound of the light step and whispering of skirts Hemming turned toward the door. The old woman and all her works were forgotten, for Molly's eyes proved the truth of his dreaming. But he did not approach her. She paused on the threshold, not speaking, not smiling, but with the whole dear secret in her radiant face. How long was it — seconds or centuries — that her eyes looked into his across the furniture of that formal room? Presently, with a little catch in her breath, like a sob, she spoke, turning her gaze to Mrs. Travers.

"Mother," she said, "when I tell you that I overheard your last remark, I think you will understand and forgive the anger and — and disdain which I feel toward you."

Mrs. Travers, suddenly grown old and ugly, moved toward the door. She reeled, and nearly fell. Hemming sprang forward, caught her firmly and gently, and helped her to a couch. By this time her great face was dead-white, and her eyelids flutter-