

Mrs. Cheston shook her head. "Unless she speaks to me how can I say anything to her? And yet;" she brushed back her hair with her hand; "and yet, Payne, she ought to know."

She stood looking into the fire with a little frown knitting her brows, and then she turned to the maid: "Don't speak of this to any of the others."

"Me?" remarked Payne. "I know better. I'm only telling you because if you are going to be friends with Mrs. Ambrose it is likely you might do some good: all the same," the maid added quickly, "you mustn't take on other people's burdens, Mr. John won't stand that you know. You've got to take care of yourself."

Olivia Mary Cheston flung out her hands with a curiously dramatic gesture.

"Oh! Payne," she said. "I am so tired of taking care of myself, so tired, so tired!"

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