

them both. They have been—angels to me and my brother.”

“I’m told that you and he have been something of the same sort to them.”

“Oh, they would speak kindly of us, of course!—They’re so noble, themselves, they judge——”

“It was another person who told me the particular thing I’m thinking of now.”

“Another person? Doctor Paul, I suppose.”

“You must guess again, Miss O’Malley.”

“I can’t think of any one else who would——”

“What about your friend, Mr. O’Farrell?”

“He’s not my friend!” I cried. “Oh, I *knew* he’d somehow contrive a chance to talk to you alone, about me!”

“He certainly did. And what he said impressed me a good deal.”

“Most likely it’s untrue.”

“Too likely! I’m very anxious to find out from headquarters if it’s true or not.”

“If you ask me, I’ll answer honestly. I can’t and won’t lie to you.”

“I’ll take you at your word and ask you—in a minute. You may be angry when I do. But—it will save time. It’ll clear up all my difficulties at one fell swoop.”

“Why wait a minute, then?” I ventured, with faint bitterness, because *his* “difficulties” seemed so small compared with mine. He was in the right in everything. This was his home. The dear Becketts were his people. All the world was his.

“I wait a minute, because something has to be told you