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## THE GLIMPSE

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"Uncle," she said, after cautiously shutting the door leading to the other room, "why should mother go to Captain Hulse because he's ill, and leave me here? Supposing I was ill?"

Evidently the question was overripe in her mind.

"Well," I replied, "you aren't ill, and you mustn't be. Don't forget it's your mother's birthday to-morrow. You must be well for that."

"Is it?" she exclaimed. "When shall we get home?"

"Oh! about six o'clock."

"To-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"And will mother be at home or will she be with Captain Hulse?"

"I hope she'll be at home. I'm going to write this minute. But if Captain Hulse was very ill——"

"You mean she won't be at home."

I had not definitely promised Mary to give Edith an "idea" of what was in store for her, but I had not refused to do so. If the thing was to be done it ought to be done before she saw her mother again, and time was short now.

"Suppose," I blurted out, "suppose your mother were to decide that it would be nice for you to have a new father, and—it was Captain Hulse?"