

GOING WEST

The girl seized the sister-in-law's arm. "It — it isn't — anything you've — you've heard?"

"It's nothing I've heard; it's only something that I feel I know."

But they had been seen from the window. The mother came running out, all her gay audacity transformed, as a lamp is transformed when, instead of giving light, it becomes the center of conflagration.

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" she cried, as she hurried toward them.

"It's nothing very definite, Mrs. Lester," Molly replied, calmly. "It's only something I feel so strongly that—"

"Oh, feel!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed, impatiently. "Don't frighten us with feelings when—"

"Is Mr. Lester in? I should like to talk to him as well."

The mother led the way toward the house. Molly followed, Ethelind clinging to her arm. It did not occur to any of them that no further explanation had been made as to who Molly was. That seemed to take itself for granted.

The father was in the hall at the foot of