

For a time there was silence, and then she quietly knelt by her father's side, hiding her face in his lap. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Father," she said, as she raised her face to his, "do not be vexed! Do not let this trouble you."

"Tut, tut, child," he said, patting her fondly on the head. "It was sudden and a little startling. That's all, love."

"But," she persisted, slowly raising her blue eyes appealingly to his face, "tell me, tell me that you will not worry over it, that—that you do not mind."

"No, no—not at all, not at all, child!" he burst out impulsively. Mr. Vernon bit his lip and tugged at his dark moustache. For he was angry with himself for causing such a scene. Like most of his sex, he detested seeing a woman in tears.

"Miss Vaughn," he exclaimed with deep emotion. She glanced up at him and arose, for there was something in his voice that appealed to her heart. The aspect in which she had been wont to look at him now vanished like a dream. She saw him not as a tyrant, but as a man who was great enough to put principle above pride. Henceforth she loved him, and as their eyes met he knew then that his heart's desire was granted.