

The Judge smiled. Bethany occasionally showed a little bit of temper. Well, she had been rather spoiled lately, and he was afraid that some foolish people had been talking to her about her rich grandfather.

He had had rather a trying interview with Mr. Hittaker. In the first place, being two men so absolutely unlike, they had found no common ground on which to stand. Then Mr. Hittaker had been painfully absent-minded. It had been almost impossible to induce him to concentrate his attention on the subject of Bethany, though it was for the purpose of talking about her that he had come to see the Judge.

He evidently was not much interested in her. All the mind and heart that he had seemed to have been buried with his dead daughter and her children. However, before leaving, he gave the Judge to understand that he regarded Bethany as the only remaining member of his family besides himself, and in the event of his death she would receive what property he had to leave.

He had at one time in their interview expressed a desire that Bethany should come to New York to live with him.

This desire the Judge kindly but promptly told him could not be gratified. Inwardly he added a resolve that not for all the wealth of the Union would he deliver Bethany up to the training of so self-centered a man.

Mr. Hittaker did not seem to feel disappointed. Indeed, so strange a state of mind had he been in that he had not even asked to see the child. It was