

GOING WEST

saw the deep verandas of his own old home. Molly did not hesitate. She turned in at the gate.

There was a short driveway, between clumps of shrubbery and under elms. At a sudden turning she met Ethelind. The two girls stopped and looked at each other as they came face to face.

"You're Ethelind, aren't you?" Molly said, without trembling or awkwardness.

Ethelind's wild eyes were all ablaze.

"Yes, and you're Molly. I'm—I'm so glad you've come. I've wanted to know you. I was coming one day to see you—I don't care what any one says. I know it's what my brother would want me to do. We—we miss him so."

"Thank you," Molly said, with a gentle smile. "I'm glad you thought of me so kindly. Just now there's something I want to say to your father or mother. Do you think either of them would see me?"

Ethelind's face fell.

"I—I can't say—for sure. They're—Oh, I don't know!—But my brother—"

"Yes, I know all that; but this is something important."