

was sitting crying softly and comfortably to herself.

Millie looked round her in a dazed way, then produced from somewhere a handkerchief, with which she proceeded to wipe her eyes. With great deliberation she walked over to where her hat and jacket lay upon a chair and proceeded to put them on.

"Millie, I forbid you to go out." Mr. Hearty was making a last despairing effort.

Millie flashed a look of scorn at him.

"I am going away," she said quietly; "and I will never speak to you again until you take back those words."

Bindle looked from father to daughter. He felt helpless, as if he were the onlooker at some impending tragedy which he was powerless to avert.

"You are not of age, Millie, and you must obey your father." There was a more persuasive note in Mr. Hearty's voice.

"I am going away, father," said Millie in the same colourless voice; "and if you try and prevent me——" She did not finish.

"Good-night, mother." Millie went over to her mother and kissed her tenderly. Mrs. Hearty continued to cry. She looked appealingly at Bindle, who nodded reassuringly.

"Look 'ere, 'Earty," whispered Bindle, "you're up agin' somethin' yer don't understand, I don't rightly understand it meself.