

The Eternal Magdalene

"What promise?"

"Don't pretend you've forgotten it," Bellamy laughed. "That wouldn't be fair. You remember you told me that if you changed your mind on this subject, you would on another subject as well—about Bess and me."

Bradshaw smiled graciously.

"You know, my boy," he said. "I am a man of my word. . . . And, anyway," he added, "even if I hadn't changed my mind on the Tennerloin question, I'd want you for a son-in-law."

He sobered immediately. For a moment he had forgotten his daughter's running away.

"Bess is a good girl," he said soberly, "in spite of what she's done. I think she'll be worthy of you. She loves you, too. I have forgiven her; and I want you to know how deeply I appreciate—your attitude. I am proud of you. I only hope my own son will always be like you. . . . Go to her now, my boy. I was about to send for her; but I think she's in the living-room. Go in to her, yourself."

Bellamy found Elizabeth alone.

"Are you happy?" he asked her, sitting down beside her.

"Almost," the girl answered. "Oh! If I had only not gone away! . . . But father was so good and kind to me. . . . I am going to try so hard to forget what I did."

"And I am going to help you to forget it," the man answered, taking her hand. "I have just had a talk with your father. He has changed his mind about a lot of things—and about me. He sent me in here to you now. I really think he is glad that I love you the way I do."

The girl looked away. She was still trying to fight