

Celia's pretty mouth set itself firmly.

"She shall never know," she declared. "You read in the note that the baby had not been named. We are going to name her, Ada and I. Did you know that we had a baby sister of our own a year ago? She died with our mother, when she was two weeks old. She was to have been called Christine. This little one need never know that she is not our real little sister, Christine Brown."

Mr. Burns' honest countenance beamed with admiration at this proposal, and as for Miss Eden, her feelings compelled her to jump up and kiss Celia at once. "You dear thing!" she murmured.

"It would be too dreadful to have her live to find out that—well, what the letter says," said Celia, "and, of course, if she knew she was merely adopted she would never be contented without some knowledge of her own people."

Mr. Burns nodded sagely. "You're right there; still, I would not destroy the letter," and then he made a remark very like the one which Mr. Harcourt Flynn had already made that evening. "Things are sure uneven," he mused. "Here is someone throwing away a perfectly good baby, in a manner of speaking, and up there at the Torrance house they are going crazy over the loss of one."

Celia and Miss Eden assented vaguely. They were not vitally interested in the woes of the Torrance family. The rich gain little sympathy in trouble from their poorer neighbours. One is inclined to think that if the rich suffer it must be from their own fault. Indeed, it was something of this feeling which Celia voiced when she said, "It seems to me a rich mother who leaves her children to hired help is quite as bad as this poor