

tell you sitting there with your arms around me, David, and what I have to say must be said now ; I may never be strong enough to say it another time, and it must be said."

Then she told him all that had occurred while she was in Queensderry, from the moment she came, going down into her heart and revealing the hidden thoughts never before expressed even to herself, while he gazed back into her eyes fascinated by her spiritual beauty which was her power.

She told of the chatter of Hetty Giles, and how she had pointed out the beautiful lady his mother wished him to marry — and how slowly everything had dawned upon her — the real differences. Of the guests she had seen on the Daneshead terrace and how they wore such lovely dresses and moved so easily and laughed and talked all at once, as if they were used to it all, and perhaps wore such charming things for every day — the wonderful colors and wide, beautiful hats with plumes — and how even the servants wore pretty clothes and went about as if they all knew how to do things, passing cups and plates.

Then she told of her talk with his mother and how carefully she had guarded her tongue lest a word escape her he would rather not have had her speak. "I had wronged you in not telling you you had a son, and I meant to leave him with your mother so he could be raised right." She paused, and put her hand to her throat, then went bravely on. "Your mother was kind — she gave me wine — she brought it to me herself. I knew what I ought to do, but I wasn't strong enough. It seemed as if something here in my breast was bleeding, and my baby would die if I did it. When I came out, he was in your sister's arms and had been crying, and it seemed as if all I had planned had happened, and I took him and carried him away quickly. I couldn't go fast enough, and I left the inn that night. The world seemed all like *Vanity Fair*."

David rose and stood before her looking down into her eyes. He could not control his voice in speaking, and she felt his hands quiver as they rested on her shoulders. "When did you read that book, Cassandra? Where did you find it?" he asked, in dismay.

"Among your books in the cabin. I felt at first that it must be a kind of a disgrace to be a lord — as if every one who had a title or education must be mean and low, and