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CHAPTER VI

A MIND OF HIS OWN

OOD evening, Mr. Fletcher, father will be down presently ; but I thought I must come and thank you for what you did for me last night. I can never forget it as long as I live."

"Oh, it was nothing," he answered, stiffly, more embarrassed than when he had received her father's thanks. "I said to the master that anybody would have done the same."

"It's very kind of you to put it like that ; but the service remains just as important," she said, as she laid her hand in his and looked into his face with a very sweet serious expression on her own. "I am only ashamed that I should have been so cowardly, and given you so much trouble."

"It's nothing at all," he answered, almost harshly. "I wish you would say no more about it."

"Well, I won't," she said, with a smile ; "but it was the least I could do to speak a word of personal thanks. You were looking at the books when I came in. I have heard from dear Mrs. Fletcher how fond you are of books."