

Dolores removes her seal jacket and hat by the stove in the hall, and Zoe says she will carry them up-stairs, as she is going up. Dolores pushes open the drawing-room door and goes in. The cosy fire looks very cheerful and inviting. Drawing up an arm chair, Dolores sits down to enjoy the warmth. The folding doors are on a jar. Presently someone comes in.

"Ah, Sister Jean, you are reading yet? Your Bible chapter has been rather lengthy, if it is not yet finished," Mrs. Litchfield's pleasant voice says.

"I had finished reading some time ago, and was indulging in a day dream when you came," is the reply. Dolores sits upright in her chair. Surely she has heard that peculiar voice before.

"I have not seen your other daughter yet. I wonder if she will be very angry with me for asking her a question? Sir Barry Traleigh, the last words he spoke to me were to find out, if I could, why Miss Dolores treated him so unkindly. Sir Barry is very fond of your eldest daughter, and he feels her unkind conduct to him very keenly."

Dolores springs from her seat to the door and looks through the opening into the next room. Oh! Why was I so quick to jump to conclusions, might I not have known I could have trusted him? Sister Jean is, yes, the same girl I saw talking to him that wretched day in Italy. She looks again. Yes, she has snubbed Sir Barry all this time, and now will he, will he forgive her? Dolores is dreadfully put about. Sister Jean's next words almost finish her anguish of mind.

"I understand he proposes returning to his home in Scotland, almost immediately. He says there is no excuse for his remaining away any longer. If Miss Dolores would only consider what a wrong she is doing herself by throwing away the love of a good man like Sir Barry, she would be lifting a weight off more than one mind."

There is a silence for a space, then Mrs. Litchfield says, quietly:

"I am sure my Dolores would have told me if there had been any trouble. She certainly cannot know that he cares for her in the way you mean, or—"

The curtains are thrown unceremoniously aside.

"Mother, I did, I do know. What if he has gone before he knows differently? Will he ever forgive my coldness toward him? What shall I do? What am I to do?" Sister Jean's face is bright with gladness. At last she has done something for Sir Barry in return for all his goodness to her. She, or, at least, her words have done more to turn Dolores' wilful, yet loving heart, than anything else could do.