

to welcome you for a daughter. I have told you that I love you; now I wish to know your feelings towards me. Do you love me, Helen?"

"What can a girl of seventeen know about love?"

"I am not going to be put off by such an evasive speech. Look me in the face and give me a plain answer to a plain question. Do you love me—yes or no?"

Two minutes that seemed like two hours to the anxious lover passed before the girl slowly raised her blushing face and said, "I can't say 'no' and I am not sure that I should say 'yes.' It would do no good, for I have fully made up my mind to be an 'old maid.'"

"Thank God for the crumb of comfort you have given me. Do you suppose that I shall be satisfied until I obtain the whole loaf? Time will tell which is the stronger, my love or your foolish pride. Good-bye."

It was not until Dick had left her that Helen fully understood her own feelings. She had been quite honest when she told Dick that she was not sure she should say "yes," but now that he had gone half vexed, but still determined to win her, she realized that he had a larger place in her heart than even her mother, dearly as she loved her. But this realization, although it added to her suffering, did not make her swerve from her resolution to live a life of single blessedness.