

mean," Isabel said; "but she is awfully sweet and I think she likes to have me here. We talk about you all day long."

"Go on doing that," said John Cheston with a little laugh.

He reached out his hand and laid it on one of the girl's; and at that moment his mother turned and looked at them. She saw them only vaguely, two misty figures, for there was a cloud of unshed tears in her eyes. But her heart gave a leap and her lips quivered with a sensation of pleasure so keen that it was almost pain.

Rising softly she gathered up her letters and began to move towards the door.

"They don't want me," she said to herself.

But Isabel saw her going and got up at once.

"I am afraid it is awfully late," she said. "I expect the car has come for me."

"I'll take you home," the young man said; "and, mother, you'll go to bed, won't you? I'll come in and say good-night to you. That is, I'll be very careful. I won't wake you."

Olivia Mary moved nearer to her son and nestled into the arm he put about her.

"Please wake me," she said, "not that I shall be asleep. I couldn't go to sleep without kissing you, Jack, when you are here."

"Isn't she a baby?" the young man queried of the girl.

They were both so much taller than she was, so much bigger altogether. She seemed just a helpless clinging creature, something to be guarded most

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Cheston as they were

"I have morrow. Do mean if I sh the girl some

"I am su answered; "I them togethe I am anxious She is so rest great fault wa just a second he's always h excitement. Ambrose! Si you?"

"I like her many years," I faintly. "You friendships, Be and if there is

to let me know Isabel stoop "Good nigh

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John Chesto

before he escort