

hammered hard—but somehow *this* man had loved her—*his* little girl!

“Phil—?” she said . . .

“Yes, dear?”

“Are we almost home?”

He looked out. “Half an hour yet—sit still, Louie—!” He held her hand close. “Sit still!” he said—and the miles slipped past.

“She is there—Phil? —Yes? They wouldn’t lie to me. . . All these weeks!” she said softly. . . . “I don’t think I could bear it much longer, Phil. . . !” The tears were on her cheeks, raining down and he put his rough face against her, adrift in a new world.

And over the great lake the sun burst out, on a flashing car—and the door flung wide to Betty Harris’s mother, flying with swift, sure feet up the great, stone steps. . . . “This way, ma’am—she’s in here—her own room—this way, ma’am.”

She was kneeling by the great canopied bed, her head bent very low. The