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"I think I have, too," the girl spoke in deep earnestness. "Why should I be obliged to stay here and always live such a life as this, just because you once married father?" It was the substance of the reasoning upon which her mother had based her own decision. And the logic was irrefutable, relentless and un pitying though it might be, as all the logic of youth.

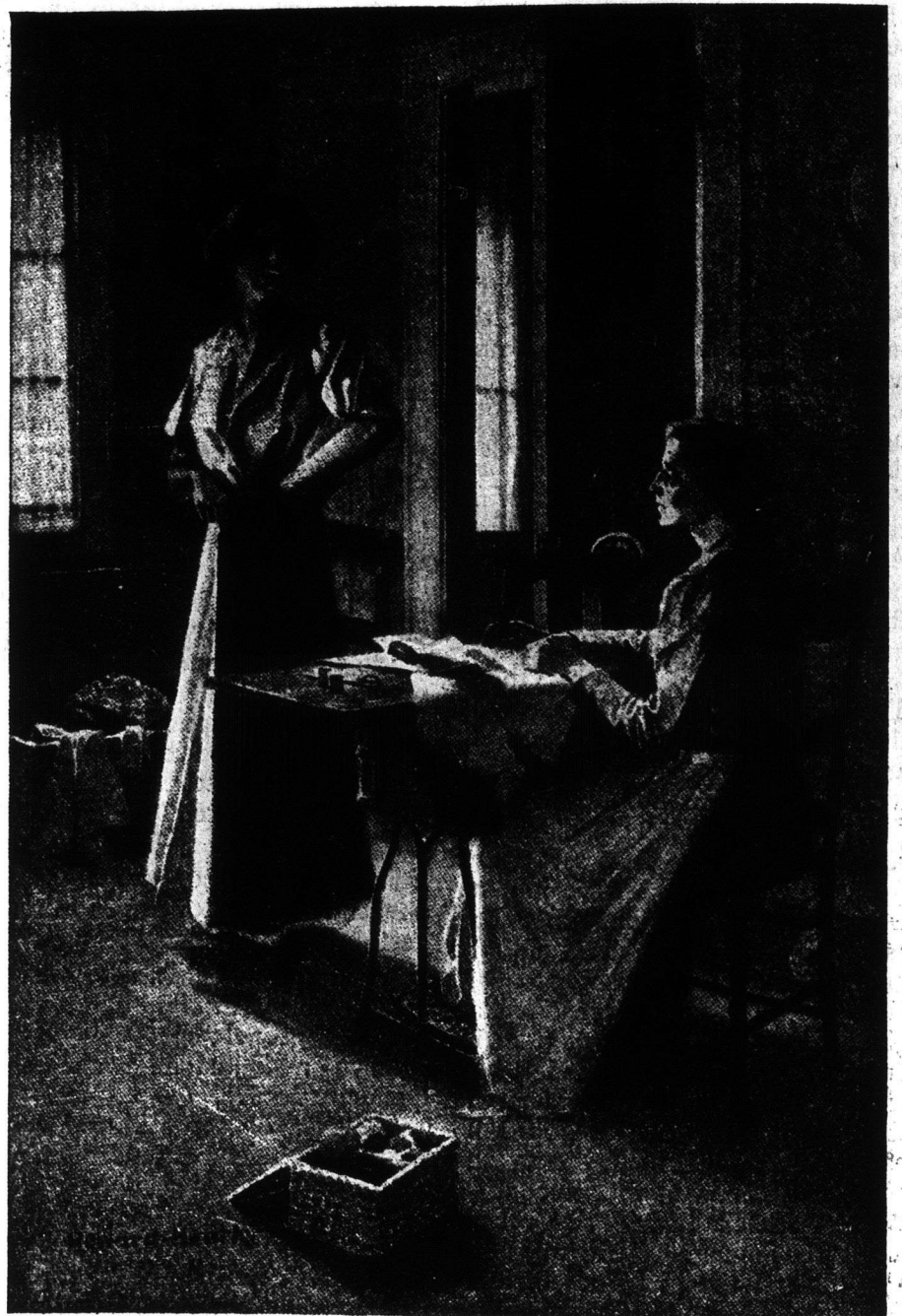
For the time being Juila had even less affection for her father than heretofore.

But gradually, as the summer went on, there came a change. Her mother watched it with a gnawing jealousy and sense of injustice. Yet she resolutely made no sign.

And by degrees his conception of his attitude in the matter affected the girl.

"Father has really been very good about it, hasn't he?" she said to her mother, who was bending over the sewing machine making the dress in which her daughter was to go from her. That the assent was quite without warmth brought a mild reproach. "Don't you think, mother, dear, that you are sometimes a little hard on father?" she propounded. "I am afraid you don't understand him altogether."

"It was I who got you your wish," came the reminder in a tone that was hard with suppressed pain, though the words were, in truth, a plea for appreciation.



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Not long after the day when she had obtained his more than unwilling consent to their daughter's plans, it had begun to be observable that he was not only reconciling himself to them, but taking a certain amount of interest. Though he still held his wife in marked disfavor because of her intervention and the braving of his opinion that it had entailed, he was unusually amiable with the girl herself. And to the neighbors he spoke with pride of the fact that he was going to send his daughter to college. It raised him to a plane above the men about him who kept their children at home upon the farms. It gave him importance in the community. The idea might have been his own from the outset, so entirely did he arrogate to himself all credit.

"I know you did, of course," Julia conceded readily, trying to be impartial. "And I am grateful, very grateful. But I can't help thinking that father deserves some credit, too."

Mrs. Stanton did not point out that no single real hardship would fall upon her husband, no single real sacrifice have to be made by him, that all must be met by herself alone. Julia would only think her complaining and unfair. And above everything else she wished to keep the girl's good opinion. For the day was coming near that was to take her out into a world where love of her mother might prove a safeguard and defense.

And when at last it arrived, Julia and her father drove to the railroad station by themselves. There was only the buggy, and