

Anderson to do with it? Now her heart pulsed joy through her veins, and now fear, — and they both hurt. Then came the fearful, humiliating question, — could it be that her uncle had sent for him?

“What has that shameless adventurer written to you?” asked Mrs. Travers, purple with curiosity, and with fear that the chances for her daughter to marry a fortune were ruined.

“What shameless adventurer?” cried Molly, looking up with flashing eyes.

“Herbert Hemming.”

“How do you know the letter is from Herbert Hemming?”

“I — I happened to notice the handwriting.”

“Paul Pry,” cried Molly; and with that she burst into tears. Mrs. Travers sailed from the room, much against her inclination, but her dignity demanded it of her. Left to herself, Molly stifled the sobs, brushed the tears from her eyes, and opened the other letters. Her uncle’s she read with wonder and delight. It ran thus:

“DEAR NIECE: — Herbert is in town. I ran across him at the club. He was in very low spirits, suspecting something between you and Major Anderson; but I soon cheered him up. Now is my