

She took a rather crumpled-looking letter out of her bag and opened it: then she looked across at Mrs. Cheston.

"See wants me to lend her some money."

To Isabel Matheson it seemed as if the other woman winced; and instantly she began to reproach herself.

"Oh! I am stupid," she said to herself. "Now I am going to upset her, and Jack will be furious with me;" but before she could speak again openly Mrs. Cheston had spoken:

"Have you ever lent her money before?"

"No," said Isabel.

There was a little pause and then nervously Olivia Mary said: "I wonder—may I see the letter, Belle?"

Isabel hesitated a moment and looked at her very thoughtfully.

"Of course you may see the letter; but I feel that I ought not to have told you about this."

"You always have the thought of Jack in your mind?" queried Olivia Mary with her faint smile; and the girl's answer was very frank.

"Yes, because you see he puts you in my care; and you do need that care, darling."

"You are a dear child, Isabel," Mrs. Cheston said gently: then she held out her hand again for the letter.

"But this is not going to do me any harm. Remember, Jack asked me to do what I could for this girl, you were quite right to speak to me about her."

"Well, I thought of you at once," Isabel hastened to say. "Somehow I didn't want to tell mother. She is always so angry about Mr. Ambrose and the way he neglects his children; and then mother is awfully

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