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CHAPTER I.

"You might just as well marry a duke, my dear, with that beauty of yours, which worldly men find very enticing, your freshness and frankness of character, and your entire lack of—of—motif—" (Mr. Houghton generally swoops down upon some well-remembered French word or phrase cleaned and garnered to the best

she does not profess to be, but she is a woman and what woman ever born, who was not a connoisseur of all things beautiful in art or nature? In her heart she carries the love of all these things that money can purchase, but she longs to be back in the old rectory, with "ma and dad" and the little bothersome brood who are a

oped in a cold perspiration, until gradually she began to doze off again, and consciousness left her, not to awake again until morning, and in the light of day it seemed so absurd that she concluded it must have been a hideous nightmare, and, well, possibly, the accusing voice of conscience. She made up her mind that she would see Dr.

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“We'll, I'm blamed, but she's a co-
hand! There were two of them, then-
perhaps more.

He felt one shudder go through the frame of the girl, as he held her there in his arms; then she grew as motionless as a corpse. She never knew how the little procession wended its way out of the house, and down the darkened paths beneath the overhanging boughs, and down the drive to the

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