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aunt. I keep outside of it all, but I about the lassie, for the young man has liked the little girl, and I'm sorry this never forgotten her, and, his aunt says, has happened. Who is she, anyhow, never will." has happened. Miss Gentles?"

"Her father was the doctor at Portna-ferry, and died when she was very young, leaving her without a mother, and almost penniless. She drifted to Broomferry somehow, and several have had a hand in her upbringing. She was at my school for four years; just before she went to Briars Manse."

"And she hasn't been seen about Broomferry since yesterday, you say?" No; I'm very anxious about her.

"I shouldn't like any harm to come to the lassie, Miss Gentles, but what are we to do?"
"I'll go back and speak to the ser-

geant; Jenny had a very passionate, hasty temper, but I hope she would not do any harm to herself.'

"Oh, bless me, no; that would be an awful thing. Don't suggest it, Miss Gentles. If you'll sit down for ten minutes or so, I'll get a horse put in and drive down with you.'

Every inquiry was made in Broomferry and the surrounding district, but nothing more was heard of Jenny Ransome for many a day. Perhaps the one who had the most uneasy mind over it was Miss Gentles. She fell ill after a time, with an illness so serious that a trained nurse had to be fetched from Glasgow to look after her, which was naturally a sore dispensation on Susan Bell. But when she opened the door to admit the nurse, she gave a little cry, and a light shone over all her rugged face.

Jenny Ransome, as I'm a living

woman! 'Yes, Susan, I hoped you wouldn't recognize me, and I only came because I wanted so much to see dear Miss Gentles again. Promise me you won't tell a living soul in Broomferry I'm here."

Susan promised blithely enough, and a delightsome month ensued in the old house in the Broad Wynd, where Miss Gentles was slowly nursed back to health and strength by the most winsome nurse that had ever made sunshine in a sick room. One day in the last week of the month during which the secret of Jenny Ransome's return to Broomferry had been secretly guarded, a carriage drove up in hot haste to Miss Gentle's house, and a footman delivered a peremptory message to Susan Bell. There had been an accident, he told her, and he was bidden to bring Miss Gentle's nurse without fail to Hill o' Cairnie, and to take no denial. He produced a note from his mistress to that effect, which Susan Bell carried to the dining room, where her mistress and the nurse were at that moment having tea together. A hurried discussion took place, Jenny demurring. But something stronger than her wish and will seemed to settle the question, and in less than ten minutes' time Jenny's bag was on the box and herself inside the carriage, and the fleet horses covering the distance to Hill o' Cairnie. And Jenny Ransome came no more to the Broad Wynd of Broomferry, save as an occasional, and well-beloved visitor from the bleak house on the windy Hill o' Cairnie.

Next day when Doctor Cuthill came to pay his usual visit to Miss Gentles, there was an air of quiet satisfaction about him, a little twinkle in his eye which spoke volumes.

"Tell me about Jenny, Doctor," said Miss Gentles, without a moment's preliminary. "Was it you that got her taken up to Cairnie?"

"Yes, and the best day's work ever I did. The captain had an accident with his gun yesterday, and for a man of his age it might be serious. There was not time to lose, and I wanted somebody to help me."

"What did Mrs. Stonor say when she saw Jenny?"

'She didn't recognize her, my woman. Her sight is not so very good, and she's fallen desperately in love with her. We,

that's looking on, will see all the fun."
"But is it quite honest, Doctor?"
inquired Miss Gentles gravely. "Mrs.
Stonor might have cause to be very

angry if she knew.

"I'll risk it, and the nephew has been telegraphed for, and will be here the morn for the first time since Jenny left come in an hour before the wedding to Hill o' Cairnie; and I heard it from see her and have a box of wedding cake." Hill o' Cairnie; and I heard it from Mrs. Stonor's lips this morning, that their hearts have been sore about the breach, and that she regrets what she did

"It's wonderful, but she's a dear lassie, Doctor, and fit for any Stonor among

"Just what I thought, Miss Gentles. I'll come in every day on my way back from Hill o' Cairnie, and charge you nothing for reporting Jenny day by day."

"Here's the limmer to account for herself. Oh, there's been bonnie ongauns at Cairnie, I promise ye, Miss Gentles. It's time ye had her in hand again."

He only waited to let her alight, and she ran in and with laughter and tears flung herself on the kind breast of her old friend.

"Oh, everybody's so kind, and I'm so happy, and I don't deserve it all," she cried breathlessly.

Deserve what, my lassie?"

"Oh, everything; the captain has been making his will this morning all over again, and it includes me, andand I'm not coming back any more to Broomferry, dear Miss Caroline. Hubert is going abroad with his regiment immediately after we are married, and I'm to stop at Cairnie till he comes back."

'And Mrs. Stonor?" "It was she who made the arrangement; oh, it is all very wonderful." said the girl, with a quiver in her voice. "I have often thought there could not be a God who cared about folks, but—but now I know."—British Weekly.

Nora's Wedding

Barbara Kelsey dropped into a chair before Anne McNeil's fire, tossed aside her furs, and turned an excited face to her friend.

"Have you heard about Nora's wedding?" she asked. "I never was so much disappointed in anyone. I love Nora; that's why it hurts. To have her sofrivolous—at a time like this!'

Anne leaned forward to push back a blazing stick of hickory. "I can't imagine Nora frivolous," she

said. "Neither could I, before. But to have a big, fashionable wedding when her mother hasn't been dead a year-white satin-and Nora thirty-eight! - and

four bridesmaids-" "Six," Anne corrected her.

"Six! And you say Nora isn't frivol-

ous!" "Are you sure," Anne asked quietly,

"that you have it all straight?" "Evidently not! I had only heard of four bridesmaids," Barbara retorted. "I suppose you think I'm foolish, and that it's none of my business, but I admired Nora so! I thought her such a splendid big woman, and to see her acting like a girl of twenty—"

Anne looked down into the fire, "You didn't know Nora at twenty," she said gently; "I did. She was the most exquisite girl. She was engaged to Bruce Revell. I never saw anyone so happy as those two children wereunless it was Nora's mother! I believe Mrs. Malcolm was as happy as Nora in planning the wedding. Nora was to wear white satin and have six brides-

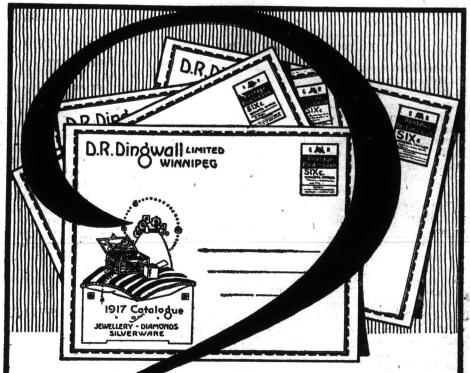
"Then Bruce was killed in a railway accident. It almost killed Nora, too; for months we did not think she would live. I think her mother saved her by sheer loving. She came out of it the

Nora you know. "When, last year, Mrs. Malcolm knew that she couldn't live long, Nora's engagement to Doctor Moulton was the greatest comfort to her. Over and over she planned the wedding; she insisted on working on the wedding gown—she never could think of Nora as anything

except a girl, you know."
"Oh!" Barbara cried.

guessed-" "I knew you didn't, dear. And the bridesmaids are all Nora's nieces-she wanted to give them that pleasure. Two of them are very poor; she has had their gowns made and is planning the loveliest supper for them! And the guests-her Sunday-school boys and their wives-all who have wives. All the children of the neighborhood are to

Barbara was impetuously putting on her furs. "I'm going to see Nora this minute!" she cried.



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