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about the lassie, for the young man has never forgotten her, and, his aunt says, never will."

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

"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 on-gauns 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, and—and I'm not coming back any more to Broomferry, dear Miss Caroline. Hu- bert 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 arrange- ment; 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 wed- ding?" she asked. "I never was so much disappointed in anyone. I love Nora; that's why it hurts. To have her so—frivolous—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 frivolous!"

"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 splen- did 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 were— unless 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- maids."

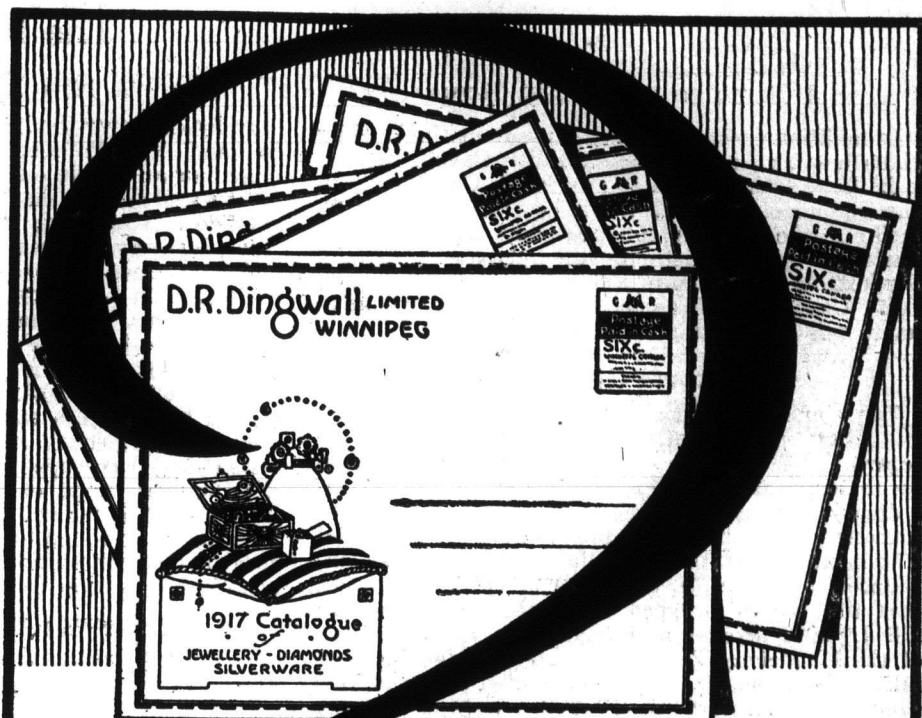
"Then Bruce was killed in a railway accident. It almost killed Nora, too; for months we did not think she would live. I think her mother saved her by sheer loving. She came out of it the Nora you know."

"When, last year, Mrs. Malcolm knew that she couldn't live long, Nora's en- gagement 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. "I never 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 come in an hour before the wedding to see her and have a box of wedding cake."

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



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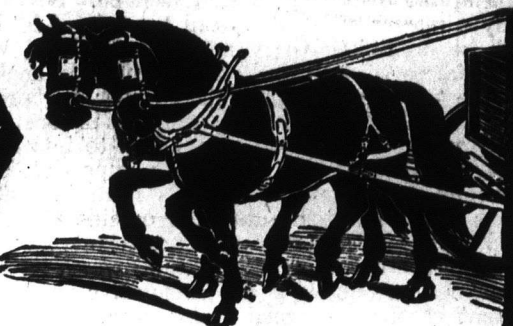
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