

"Sister Katharine," she said, casting an apologetic glance at the visitor, "I have come to tell you that Sister Agnes takes your duties for to-day, while you stay with Mr. Dallan and enjoy every moment of his visit. Would you not like to walk about the gardens?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mother!" cried the little Sister, delighted at the unexpected privilege, and presently a score of girlish heads clustered in the class-room windows to watch Sister Katharine trip gaily down the pathway beside an imposing stranger.

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Kate? Nothing that you wish for?"

"Not a thing, William," she answered, smiling brightly.

"How did this happen?" he questioned, stroking the scarred hand that lay in his.

"O William! we had a fire: such an awful fire! All the class-rooms we needed so much, and Mother is too poor to build again," she said, leading the way to the ruins.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, standing by a heap of blackened masonry.

"Alas! we can only pray," she answered sadly, her eyes bright with tears.

"Kate," said William Dallan, "would it give you pleasure to rebuild the wing yourself?"

"Pleasure!" she gasped.

"Because, if it would," he continued, smiling down upon her, "and twenty thousand dollars would suffice, I think you had better begin at once. It will be far more interesting than being portress."

"Twenty thousand dollars," murmured Sister Katharine thoughtfully. "William, is not that a great sum of money?"

"So people say," he answered, laughing, "but men make millions in Montana."

"I once had ten cents," she said softly, "and I did not know how to spend it. O William, how good you are to me? I was so sad at being useless;" and she glanced at her maimed hands.