

bringing up has been very different. She had no mother for years and years, and always lived in a small village, where every advantage is lacking to the education of a girl. She was devoted to her father, and you know how sad her letters have been since his death last spring. I fear she will not be a very cheerful companion for you. She is very proud, and will probably come with a trunkful of impossible clothes, and refuse to let us get her any new ones."

"Oh, well, don't let's worry about her clothes. I feel sorry for her! I remember her perfectly when we were out there ten years ago. A long-legged, slim, brown girl who played with the boys and scorned me because, as she said, I had no 'nerve.' She used to do things that seemed to me beyond any one's daring. I envied her then. I can tell you."

"She will probably envy you now," replied her mother, looking with pride at the pretty face and figure of her daughter.

"She may be a paragon of beauty and style," laughed Isabel.

"No danger," replied Mrs. Carmen. "Don't forget she will come at 5 o'clock. Your father will meet her and bring her home."

At 5:30 mother and daughter were once more in the library.

"I am positively nervous," remarked Isabel. "I do hope she won't be too awful."

"There they are," Mrs. Carmen said, at the sound of a door opened and closed.

The next moment they were greeting their relative, who entered with Mr. Carmen.

"You were very kind to ask me, Aunt Margaret," were her first words, and Isabel declared afterward that at the first sound of the full, low voice she had been captivated.

After the usual questions and answers as to her journey, Marion asked to go to her room.

"I am tired and dirty," she said, smiling with the perfect self-possession she had shown since she entered the room. "I should like to change

my clothes if my trunk has come. I brought very few clothes," she added, turning to Isabel. "I thought so long as I was coming to Chicago I would wait and have some made here. One is glad to escape from the clutches of country dress-makers," and she smiled again.

"Well," said Mrs. Carmen, when their guest had been shown to her room, "what do you think of her?"

"I think she has the most beautiful voice I have ever heard," replied Isabel. "And she is not at all my idea of what a country cousin should be. She was far less disturbed at meeting us than we were at meeting her. She seems to take you all in when she looks at you in that quiet, comprehensive way. And, mother, dear, I think we need not be afraid of asking people to meet her."

"She is not exactly pretty," said Mrs. Carmen.

"No, but she is charming," said Isabel, "and that is better."

At dinner that evening and during the first day of her cousin's visit, Isabel's ideal of a country cousin received blow after blow, until it finally fell altogether.

This new cousin, who had scarcely been outside of her own village in Central Iowa knew more of what was going on in the world outside than did either Isabel or her mother. She talked of the political situation with her uncle, while Isabel sat and listened, and her grasp of the subject betrayed a mind capable of thinking things out for itself. For all Isabel's college education, she was not more familiar with literature than was this country girl who had acquired her knowledge by assiduous reading. She had met few people, but she had the manner of one who thought nothing of the effect she was to produce, added to a natural simplicity and grace which made her appear to advantage.

Although determined when she came to undertake no social duties, Isabel gradually drew her into the life of the city in the height of the

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