

"Who do you mean? Ah yes, Mrs. St. James; a most peculiar woman," says Sir Barry, as he comes back, after giving Mrs. Litchfield her cup of coffee.

A very great favorite is Sir Barry of Mrs. Litchfield's; she is so grateful to him for all his past goodness, and, knowing Dolores tender secret, she looks forward to Sir Barry some day gaining his heart's desire. They are a very gay party; Blondine is greatly interested in Sister Jean. She has taken a great fancy to this girl, of whom she has heard so pitiful a history. This lovely morning Blondine and Sister Jean are driving into the town to do some shopping. Pretty Blondine is always needing "trash," as she calls the hundred and one odds and ends her fancy decrees. She has declared her intention of visiting the furrier's store this particular day.

"Why, Miss Gray, what do you want of another seal jacket when you have such a beauty already?" Sister Jean asks, as the man displays the goods before Blondine's critical eyes.

"My darling, I want it for you."

"For me?" Sister Jean's pretty lips ejaculate. Nothing that she could say would make imperious Blondine change her mind.

"To please me, dear, you will take it, won't you? I have so much money I do not know how to spend it. You will not feel insulted and refuse my gift, will you?" Blondine argues in her coaxing tones.

So the gift was accepted. Sister Jean is very happy, everyone is so good to her—to her, a poor charity sister. But as far as being intimately connected for the future with the convent, they will lose one of their most staunch and zealous workers. For Lord Streathmere had very humbly and in great trepidation, asked Sister Jean to marry him.

It all seemed very impossible, but true, nevertheless, and Sister Jean? well, she was so grateful to him, and then another thing, she had learned to be very fond of impetuous, handsome Lord Streathmere. So as there was no need for delay, one pleasant sunny morning in May, pretty Jantie MacKeith became Lady Streathmere. And Burpee's meaning was very tender as well as sincere, when he whispered in Jantie's dainty ear:

"Huntingtower is mine lassie,  
Huntingtower is mine Jeanie;  
Huntingtower an' a' Blairgower,  
And a' that's mine is thine lassie."

No one among all the throng of invited fashionables knew the bride's origin. All they knew was that it was a purely love match, very unusual in those all-for-money-days. But the poor, sick and suffering, of the convent of St. Marguerite are losing a gentle, sympathetic friend. An anonymous gift of several hundred dollars, was received by the new Mother Superior, which went to show Jantie's influence had already begun. Lord Streath-