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*Winsome Winnie*

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"Miss Clair," said the lawyer, advancing and taking the girl's hand for a moment in a kindly clasp, "The time has come for me to explain all. You are not, you never were, the penniless girl that you suppose. Under the terms of your father's will, I was called upon to act a part and to throw you upon the world. It was my client's wish, and I followed it. I told you, quite truthfully, that I had put part of your money into options in an oil well. Miss Clair, that well is now producing a million gallons of gasoline a month!"

"A million gallons!" cried Winnifred. "I can never use it."

"Wait till you own a motor car, Miss Winnifred," said the lawyer.

"Then I am rich!" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

"Rich beyond your dreams," answered the lawyer. "Miss Clair, you own in your own right about half of the State of Texas—I think it is Texas, at any rate either Texas or Rhode Island, or one of those big states in America. More than this, I have invested your property