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that aunty should insist on me marrying that wretch, and that he should dare to come here. Oh!" she said, as she stamped her foot. "How I detest a scene, but I detest him more."

And then walking to the window she saw the lake at "Lakeview." Everything looked so peaceful and calm over there. Then the indignant look died out of her eyes and a quiet resolve came instead, and going to her mirror, she smoothed the brown tresses, and changing her collar and tie, she put on her garden hat and taking her jacket on her arm, she took her parasol. She went quietly out of the front door, and walking quickly across the garden to the lane, she was soon walking across the fields to Claire.

"Oh! Mummy!" called Billie who was playing in the lane. "Here comes Aunty Madge." "Why! so it is," said Claire. "And she is walking, I wonder why; and taking Billie by the hand she went to meet her. 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' she called out as soon as she could be heard. She saw that Madge's sweet face was troubled. 'Why! Madge, what is wrong?' she asked. 'Why are you coming this way and walking on such a warm day?'"

"Oh! Claire, may I stay with you?" asked Madge, her voice faltered and broke and sitting down on a rock she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Why Madge! You poor old darling. There, there, have a good cry and then

tell me all about it. And sitting down beside her, Claire put her arm around Madge's shoulder and did not speak again until Madge, raising her tear-stained face, said. "Claire, you will think I am a baby, but I just couldn't help it." "Of course you couldn't help it," said Claire as she patted the hand that had fallen into Madge's lap.

"What's the matter, Aunty Madge?" said Billie. "Tell Billie who made you cry." And taking Billie on her lap, she told Claire of Sir Nigel's sudden appearance, and of how she had left England because her aunt had insisted that she should marry him. "And that was why I came here. I thought I would be free from them. But I was too proud to use any name but my own, so I suppose that is the reason he found me."

"Well, you did right to come to me," said Claire. "It won't be long until Dick will come," and putting her arm around Madge's waist, and taking Billie by the hand, they went back to the house.

"Will you tell your brother? I couldn't," said Madge. "Yes, certainly," said Claire, "and you must come to my room and lie down." "I will after a while," said Madge, and not long after she saw the big four-horse team turn in at the gate, so she went to Claire's room. But she could not sleep.

"Hello, Golden Top," called Dick, as he came in. "Billie says Miss Browne is here, where is she?" But Claire held

up a warning finger, and backed Dick out into the wash-room and then told him what Madge had told her. Dick did not answer for a minute, such a tumult of rage swept over him. "Well, wait until Ned gets hold of him," he said at last. "He'll soon get a quick ride back to town." Claire then called Madge, and they all had supper. After the girls had washed the dishes, Claire had gone to put Billie to bed, and Dick and Madge went out onto the verandah, each talking of other things, and each thinking of Sir Nigel Abbott.

They had scarcely seated themselves when the pound of horses' hoofs and a whinny from "Starlight" made them look around. "Ned," said Dick. "Why! No it isn't." "Sir Nigel," said Madge, her face turning pale.

Dick went down the steps, "Good day, sir," he said, as the man got off the horse. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Nothing," snapped Sir Nigel. "I came to speak to Miss Browne, and I wish to see her alone."

"Do you wish to speak to this man, Miss Browne?" Dick called back. "No," said Madge.

"There, you see. Miss Browne does not care to speak to you. So there is nothing for you to do, but to go back where you came from." And he stepped in front of Sir Nigel as he attempted to come up the path. "Did you hear me?" said Dick, as he scowled at the man in front of him. "And tell Mr. Oliver that Miss Browne will stay here with my sister, until he can assure her that you have left the country." "And with you," snarled Sir Nigel, as he turned back to Starlight. Dick drew his tall figure to its fullest height. "By Heaven!" he said through his clinched teeth. "You coward. You seem to have noticed that the time has gone by for us Western men to carry our belt and six shooters. But you say another word like that and you'll find that here is one Westerner that has a pair of hands that will choke the breath from your miserable body. Get on this horse this minute, and leave the Ranch, while I can still keep my hands off you." Sir Nigel, shaking from head to foot at the sight of Dick's fury, was glad to scramble as best he could on Starlight, and Starlight seemed to think that the sooner he got this rider back the better. Dick stood staring after them and then he felt a gentle touch on his arm. He did not turn, but drew the hand on his arm and turned down the lane. They walked some distance in silence.

"How can I thank you Mr. McClure?" "Don't," said Dick. "Oh! But I must," said Madge. "I am so sorry to have caused such a scene. But I felt I should need your protection this evening." Dick did not answer for a minute and then he turned and there was a pleading that Madge had fancied she had seen shadows of before in the dark gray eyes. "Madge," he said huskily, "You don't know what a joy it would be to give you my protection for ever." He felt the hand on his arm tremble, and thinking that now was not the time to tell her of his love, he said, "Madge," do you know you remind me so much of a girl I saw once." The sweetest girl I ever saw, and glancing at the downcast eyes, until last spring I saw another, and since then it seems to me that you are she, and that she is you. And you get me all mixed up."

"Where did you see her?" asked Madge, in a low voice that was the sweetest music to Dick's ear. "I saw her in the Old Stone Church down East at home, just before I came West," replied Dick. Madge drew her hand from Dick's arm, and stooping picked a tiny rosebud that grew on the path and looking around at Dick with that smile he loved so well, she said. "And you remind me so much of a young man who drew my picture in that church one evening nine years ago." Dick could hardly believe that he had heard her. "Oh! Brownie, can it be, is it true that it is you? Darling,"—and folding her in his arms, he covered the brown tresses with kisses. "Brownie, sweetheart, I can't believe it. You don't know what you have been to me all these years," he whispered. "Just that few minutes in the Church and

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