

appointments elegant, but they were arranged with the most artistic effect and finely displayed the taste of the owner.

It was the morning after the opera. The sun had just peeped above the horizon, throwing forth his soft light over the vast plains to the eastward. A calm, gentle breeze was astir, filling the air with sweet autumnal odors and the freshness of the prairie. It gently crept through the city, into the mansion garden, carrying away with it the delicious scents from the numerous flowers there.

A girl's slender form was seen bending over the stone rim of the fountain, her loose, golden hair rippling in the breeze, while the sun's rays played softly on it. In her hand she clasped her hat, and slowly twined the strings around her fingers. She was gazing at the water below her, watching the spray, which glittered in the sunshine like many rainbows, fall into the fountain.

This was her favorite spot; she often came here at the break of day, stealing away quietly from the house so as not to disturb anybody, to indulge in "maiden meditation." Many thoughts would pass through her mind, some of them but half defined. To her there seemed to be a sad undertone in life, something that made her feel unhappy, yes, very, very sad. Why was she unhappy? Was not the beautiful world before her,