
SISTER ANNE! SISTER ANNE!!

I leaned against the door and waited.

"She's coming——"? I stupidly repeated.

"Yes, Sister, sure t'ing! She's comin' out, and she send me her picture. Not so beautiful! Mon Dieu!! Not half so beautiful as she self"!

And he devoured with his eyes a large photograph in his hand.

I snatched it from him, and saw—a rather pert looking young woman with a pretty doll face, and a rose in her hair.

"*This*"! I gasped. "Who is this, Damase"?

"This?" he repeated surprised. "This 'La Belle Marguerite' "!

"You said she lived at Quintal Abbey"!

"Yes, sure t'ing she live at Quintal Abbey."

Damase was so taken up with the picture that he was indifferent to my astonishment.

I rushed upstairs, and down again, with the magazine in my hand.

I thrust it into his hand, open at the picture of the Hon. Margaret.

"That," I said, "is the lady who lives at Quintal Abbey, and was in your Hospital, and whose name is Margaret."

Damase threw back his dark head, and laughed and laughed loud and long!

"*That*, Sister, that the *Mistress* of Marguerite."
"That the fine lady who will have all that house for her own"!