

Miss Warren, then—and, by the way, Mrs. Grayson, that story of yours about your cruel husband didn't go down either. I don't want to know what the truth is—I'd rather not—much rather not."

Mrs. Grayson's eyes shifted uneasily, then she laughed. "You're a whited sepulchre," she said — "you and your golden hair and baby eyes and pink cheeks—you ought to be a fox-faced ferret—Miss Warren—am I right this time?"

"I'll prove it," the vision in blue remarked, crossing to her escritoire, and, returning, held out an opened envelope, bearing an address. Miss Eleonore Warren. "Read the inclosure," she said; "it may interest you."

In a few formal phrases a celebrated detective agency requested the co-operative services of the addressee.

The girl in the black whistled, almost dropped her handbag, and was overcome by a mixture of amusement and wonder. "I'll be hanged!" she cried softly. "You're a female detective! I'll be — Let me get my breath!"

"I don't like to hurry you," Miss Warren broke in, "but if you going to be off before the house wakes you'd better move. I hate to lose you but—"

Mrs. Grayson put down the bag, walked rapidly to the escritoire, scribbled something on a sheet of paper, folded it and thrust it an envelope. "There," she said, "read that when I'm gone. Good-by again — and would it be too much to ask—you've been so good to me—I'm not such a bad lot, really, and I—would you let me kiss you good-by?"

"You're a clever woman," said Miss Warren seriously. "Do, for Heaven's sake, use your cleverness to some good end. You can, you know. Kiss me. There! Good luck, poor girl."

Their lips met. There was an odd look in the dark woman's intelligent eyes as she opened the door and hurried down the faintly-lighted hallway.

Miss Warren sighed as she slipped the bolt. She paused for a moment of introspection, then turned to the writing-desk and tore open the envelope left by her late companion.

You're the whitest woman that ever lived and you'll forgive me who will never forget you.

J. H. Bailey,  
Alias "Pipe-Stem Jimmy."

"And I kissed him! I kissed him!" cried Miss Warren, her hands to her flaming cheeks. And I am glad of it!" she added.



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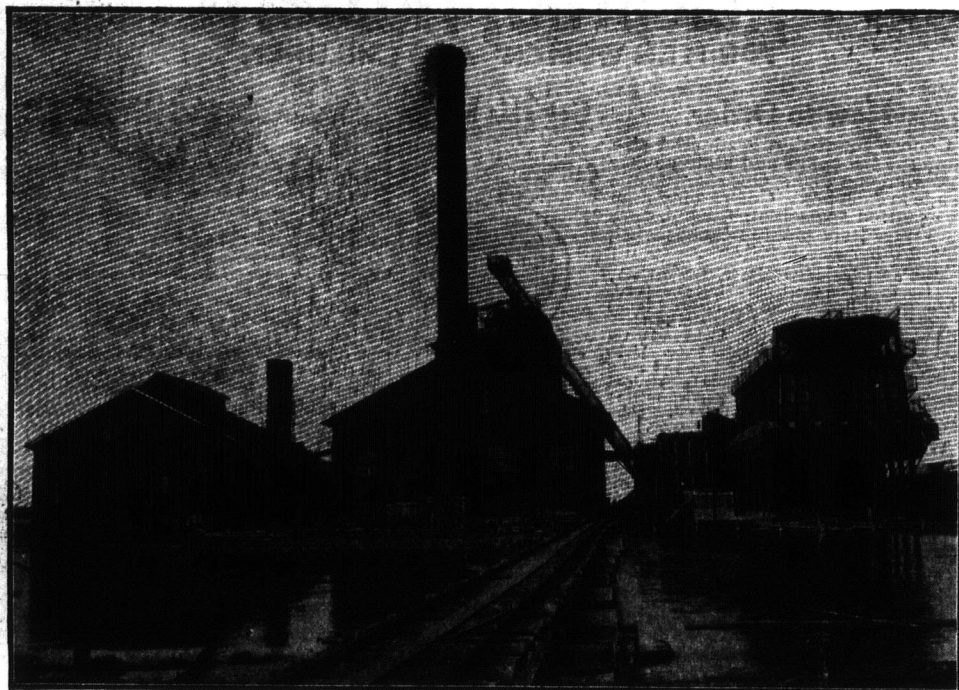
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## Love's Fallacy.

By "Yallasach." Specially Written for Western Home Monthly.



THE Doctor and his wife had driven over to have tea with them in their little suburban home, and now they were all sitting cozily about the glowing hearth.

The busy Doctor's visits were, of necessity, rare. It was not often the two men, friends since boyhood days, had an opportunity of indulging in a quiet fireside chat, and soon they drifted into one of those sweet, yet sad, conversations of reminiscence, which have for their burden the magic words, "Do you remember?" The women listened, leaning back contented in their chairs.

To Camelia it was an hour of perfect peace, for the Doctor, in the professional part of his visit, had set at rest certain fears that had been troubling her for many days, and now, after a short time of waiting, she could look forward to the joyful ending.

Watching the dancing flames, dreaming dreams, she was oblivious to her surroundings until she felt the Doctor's kindly hand upon her head and heard his voice saying, "I know a little girl who is tired and must go to bed right away." "Oh," she protested. "I am not tired. Must I go so soon?" But he was firm, and as the Doctor's wife kissed her good night she begged them to come soon again, for she had known

and loved them both from childhood.

The sound of their voices, mellowed by distance, floated up to her, making sleep impossible, and feeling an overwhelming desire to be nearer them, she wrapped herself up in a warm comforter and stole silently down stairs again. In the darkest corner of the library she tucked herself up on the couch, far enough away not to be detected but near enough to enjoy the companionship of the sound of their voices. There she rested happy and content, smiling to herself as she thought of the little trick she had played on them in disobeying orders.

Soon she heard them moving about in the other room and then the three came out into the hall. She heard the Doctor's wife enquiring for her wraps and Horace bounding up the stairs, three steps at time, in quest of them. Then, in the moment that followed, she heard the Doctor's wife anxiously enquire, "How did you find her?" Instinctively Camelia knew the "her" referred to herself, and she listened eagerly for his reply, but happily, too, for had she not that very afternoon had his assurance that all would be well. She knew, too, that Mrs. Moore shared all her husband's professional secrets and that he would tell her exactly how everything was. Therefore, it was with a feeling of uneasiness she heard him reply that he would rather tell his wife later. "But tell me," Mrs.

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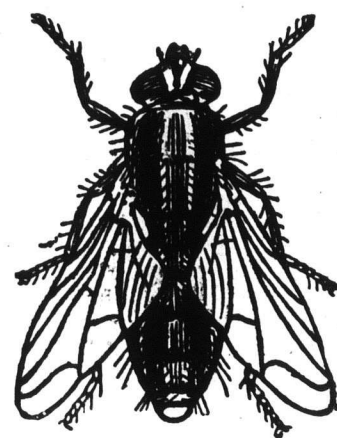
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