

"Miss Webster? Oh, yes. —I say, you're Miss Webster. That imp upstairs told me all about it, don't yer know? But I—I forgive you "

"Do you, George? How generous!" With this the girl is nearly in his arms, but Mr. Bulger calls out in a horrified tone of voice:

"Good heavens! Don't touch his hand! Evie, remember the bills Seraphia paid for him. You yourself said you could marry no man with such a record of debauchery."

"Yes," murmurs Evelyn, "but I don't visit the sins of the fathers on the children." With this the girl leads her father away and whispers to him the true history of this matter, while George looks out of the window, but curses his father's crimes that are now causing his son to get red about the ears.

A minute after he sneers: "Egad, Mr. Bulger, those bills should frighten little Mirie. See what the New York papers say about her in their English news." And producing a morning New York journal Bar-Sinister reads this curious announcement by cable:

"Marriage in High Life. At St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 20th inst., will be celebrated the nuptials of the Most Honorable Hugo Cressy Agincourt Cranmere, Marquis of Fitzminster, and Mirabelle Aurelia, daughter of the late Jonas Armitage, Esq., of Chicago, Illinois. The bride, we are informed, is to have two million dollars dowry, her father having been one of the magnates of that Western city. The Marquis bears one of the oldest titles in England, and in his younger days was famous on the British turf. He is not as young as the coming Marchioness of Fitzminster by some years."

"Is it true?" gasps Evie. "Mirie, *our* mother!"

"Yes, that's the reason she helped us. She didn't want a gray-haired daughter," laughs George. "You'd better go up and pay your respects."

This Evie does, and Mirabelle tells her she is going