
Penny of Top Hill Trail

is but half conscious that it is a dream. He read it again and again, each time grasping bit by bit the realization of its contents and what they meant to him.

"She was right," he thought. "I didn't know what love meant. I do now — now that I missed it. I've lost her more surely than if she were a 'hardened, young criminal.' I shall never try to find her."

It was hardly sunrise when he went down to the office.

"I should like to speak to Mr. Lamont when he comes down," he said to the clerk.

"He has gone," was the reply. "He came down before his call and has gone to the train."

"Maybe it is just as well," thought Kurt. "There is really no message I could send to her."

"See the picture last night?" asked the clerk chattily. "The Thief, or Meg O' The Prairies. Great picture!"

"Yes; I saw it," replied Kurt dismally.