

ladies sent there. It was rather expensive, however, and the most of the pupils were daughters of wealthy parents. There was a certain aristocratic selectness about it that was gratifying to its patrons. Nellie Swinton had herself been educated there. To know Madame was first to venerate and then to love her. She was severity, graciousness and lovingkindness in one, a fair type of the genuine French woman, now almost extinct.

Bab's arrival caused a flutter of excitement, and, of course, she ruled with the power that beauty and supposed wealth command. The natural conclusion arrived at among the girls was that she was the daughter of some bonanza king in the west. Of herself she never spoke, even to Dora Winwood, who from the first was her almost inseparable friend. Of course, she had enemies among the girls, chief among them Amy Mixton, who, until Bab's arrival, had considered herself the beauty of the villa. No one had disputed her, though many preferred Dora's modest, yet stately, appearance. At Bab's request, she was allowed to room alone. On the first evening Madame called upon her, as she often did upon the others, much to their delight. At such times she was a most interesting and vivacious companion, or else a loving, tender friend—almost mother.

"I thought you might be a little lonely, or homesick," she said; nor was she surprised when the girl burst into tears. Then they had a long talk about Utah and her mother, after which Madame kissed her a tender good-night, and Bab lay down thanking her Heavenly Father for the friends he was raising up for her in the hour of her direct need.

Time glided along very pleasantly, and life at the villa was both novel and interesting to the young girl, though night after night she cried herself to sleep from sheer homesickness to see Harold; but no one guessed it, she was so accustomed to masking her feelings. But one day there came a cloud over her bright horizon. In some way Amy Mixton discovered that the young beauty was not an heiress at all, but a truant Mormon girl, friendless and alone, living on charity. The aristocratic young lady was furious.

"Only to think of the imposition!" she exclaimed. "I never supposed Madame would be guilty of such a deception; and we, all belonging to first families, have been duped into associating with her, a low-lived Mormon, daughter of a polygamist."

Dora and Bab were entering the room just as the last words were spoken. "Yes, and there the impostor is," cried Amy. Bab turned deathly white, and stood as if transfixed.

"Amy Mixton, what are you saying. What do you mean?" demanded Dora, indignantly, passing her arm about her friend.

"I am saying, and I mean, that Miss Leslie is not an heiress at all, but the daughter of a polyamist out in Salt Lake City, and is living here on somebody's charity."

"Shame, shame on you, Amy Mixton," cried Dora. "Speak, Bab, and tell them it ain't so, that you were never a Mormon." Still Bab stood, white and speechless.

"See, she can not deny it. Are you satisfied now, Miss Winwood?" exclaimed Amy, triumphantly.

"Speak, Bab," Dora entreated again, but still no sound from the sealed lips.

Gradually Dora's arm relaxed its hold about the girl's waist, and Bab, turning her horrified, beseeching eyes on her face, saw a look there that sent the blood in a quick tide to her own.

"Oh, Dora," she wailed, "don't forsake me, for I love you so."

Quickly the arm was replaced. "Indeed I won't forsake you, my precious friend; but only tell them that it is all false that Amy has said."

Bab was self-controlled now, though terribly white. "Dora, I can not tell her it is all false. I was born in Utah, and my father is a polygamist; but I promised my mother that I would die rather than marry there, and, when they were going to seal me to a man with other wives, a friend of mine got me away and sent me here to school. But—but I never supposed it made any difference where one is born, if only they are trying to be good themselves; and my mother was a good woman."

"But why didn't you tell?" asked Amy, scornfully, "if you are so wonderfully innocent."

There was an ominous flash in Bab's dark eyes, but she answered quietly: "Because my friend and Madame thought I better not. If my father should find me he would take me back there to that which is worse than death."

There was silence for a moment, the tide of sympathy rather tending in Bab's direction, when Amy said, haughtily—

"Well, the rest may condone such deception and disgrace if they choose, but I shall write at once for papa to take me home. I know mamma will be so indignant."

With a sudden wrench Bab freed herself from her friend's encircling arm, and fled like a hunted animal to her room.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

To be continued.