

for my money, and I am sure you have not got enough into your possession yet."

"And if I married you for money, will you be kind enough to say what you married me for? Ah! I see you do not answer. Well, I know. You married me because, with all your boasted riches, matrimonial offers were wondrous few."

Here she broke into a loud, scornful laugh. "But you don't mention how many plighted vows you broke for the sake of Judge Fletcher's unlovable daughter and glittering wealth. Why did you not fulfill your promise to Evelyn?"

"Evelyn! What promise did she say I made her?"

"She never spoke of you, except to say that she had met you, and that you were kind to her father. But listen, and see if I can not paint a picture true to life." Pauline possessed a sort of dramatic talent that she could use quite effectively when she chose. "The scene is on a sunny slope amid the orange groves of Florida. There is a new-made grave there, and beside it kneel a youth and a maiden. His head is bowed on his hands and tears trickle through his fingers and bedew the fresh sod."

"Pauline!" Harold's tone is full of horror and entreaty.

"Listen, I say." There was something in her manner that commanded obedience, and in spite of himself he obeyed. "The girl's white fingers were busy planting heart's-ease on the mound. 'I will come here often, Harold, when you are far away,' she was saying. 'You must not think of little Mamie as here alone, and bye and bye the precious mound will be bright and beautiful with her favorite flowers.' 'Evelyn, Evelyn, my precious one, my angel, I am selfish. I can not leave you here to tend my darling's grave, you must go with me and be my life, my guiding angel. Say you will, Evelyn.' And there, beneath the sunny sky of that land of bloom, her dark tresses tossed and her pure face fanned by the perfume-laden breeze, Evelyn Fletcher plighted her troth to Harold Swinton, on the one condition that she remain with her invalid father till his sands were run. For a while he wrote her long, loving letters; then they became less frequent, and finally ceased, with no word of explanation. She never saw him again until she met him on his wedding day at her uncle's. When introduced, the weak coward could only turn pale and stammer, 'Evelyn.' 'Miss Fletcher,' calmly she said. 'I told Pauline we had met before, but she must have forgotten it,' and I suppose he thought she had—and perhaps she had, I hope so," and with a tragic gesture Mrs. Swinton swept from the room, a conscious victor. Nor did her husband know that in her petty jealousy she had perloined her cousin's private papers until she had gleaned the facts.

This was only the beginning of the misery into which he had sold himself for gold. Honor, manhood, love, happiness, all given in exchange. Even his name, which others had accounted honorable, his wife trailed in the dust along with her womanhood. Any wonder, then, that the money which had cost him so much became a curse?

'Twas a warm, balmy morning in September that Bab Leslie, still weak and white, sitting by the open window of Madame's parlor, a skein of scarlet wool in her lap contrasting strongly with the white gow upon which it lay, and the still whiter hands that nestled in it, saw a carriage coming slowly up the drive. A lady in deepest mourning alighted and rang the bell. Some one answered, the carriage drove away, and in a minute the girl had forgotten the affair and was lost in painful reverie. So absorbed was she that she heard no one approach, and started nervously at sound of Madame's voice, saying gently—

"Bab, dear, let me introduce you to Mrs. Winwood, our precious Dora's mother."

At the words the lady burst into tears and sank into a seat. In an instant Bab was kneeling beside her, mingling her tears with the visitor's. Silently Madame withdrew. When she could command herself, Mrs. Winwood raised the pale, beautiful face to hers and kissed it reverently.

"Dora said that you were lovely and good, and I see it is true. I came here to-day to see if you will come home with me and take her place. You are no stranger to grief, perhaps we can do each other good. Will you come?"

"If you and Madame think best—yes."

"Then it is settled, for I talked it over with her first."

When Dora Winwood left Villa La Rue, the reader will remember, she prophesied never meeting her friend again; and in less than a month after her departure she died suddenly from heart trouble. Thus it came about that Barbara Leslie became the petted daughter of Winwood House.

"You need send no further remittance," wrote Madame to Harold, "she is provided for. Do not think her ungrateful for all you have done for her; but to live on the money, obtained, as it were, by the shedding of her heart's blood, is too much for her sensitive nature to endure. Besides, she is beyond the need of it." And thus the beautiful Mormon passed out of his life.

Four years made changes in all these "lives that touched," and New Year's eve found "Winwood," not a scene of mourning, but one of festivity. Sleigh load after sleigh load was deposited on the broad ve-