

her window Imogene could hear what ever might be said out there, and not wishing to be present when her father told his news, if he should have any, she directly sat down by the open casement' concealing herself behind the heavy lace curtains; nor had she long to wait.

The Professor's step sounded light and elastic, as he walked along the corridor to their little parlor. It was empty, and he, too, stepped out on the balcony, expecting to see both Veeder and Imogene.

The former sprang up nervously at his approach.

"What news? You have news, I am sure, you look so."

"Yes, I have; but where is Imogene?"

"I have not seen her since I came in, she may be in her room. But tell me your news quickly."

"Patience, my good fellow. Well, I went first to the directory and there found name, business and location of Lee Mason. From there I repaired to his store, and found him a most pleasant, and I should say prosperous, young merchant. I made known my errand, and he took me at once to his sister, Mildred Browning, your old love; and now, Lawrence, I have two choice and astounding bits of information to communicate, one that especially interests you, the other, me, and I don't know which to tell first."

A woman, white as death, sank on her knees on the other side of the lace curtain swaying so innocently near them. Her breath came in snatches, and she felt that she must cry out or choke, but by a mighty effort she did neither; she must hear.

"Don't keep me in suspense longer than necessary," Veeder exclaimed.

"Then, my friend, I will state at once that Mildred Browning is a widow—young and handsome," and Imogene heard no more.

A low moan from the girl's room interrupted the exclamation of mingled surprise and something akin to delight that burst from Veeder's lips. Instantly the Professor crossed to the open window and drew aside the curtains.

"She has fainted," he announced, pushing the sash higher and stepping into the room. "Call a servant."

When consciousness returned, Imogene found herself alone with a lady whose acquaintance she had lately formed at the hotel.

"I sent everybody away," the latter said reassuringly, as she saw the anxious glance the girl cast about the room.

"I hate a lot of awkward men and blundering servants about when I take a notion to faint," she added laughing. "Then you will soon be all right; vertigo, I think."

A little later Imogene was dressing for dinner, and though her fingers trembled, there was a bright red

spot on either cheek, and a determined look underneath the long yellow eye lashes.

"I will win him yet," she muttered, "or fail in the effort. I am playing for a high stake, if I win all right—if I fail, I shall still be Prof. Gettwood's heiress, and there is 'as good fish in the sea as ever were caught,' I'm told."

The Professor was surprised to find her dressed for dinner, and as bright and smiling as if nothing had occurred.

"Only a dizziness or something of the sort," she explained indifferently. "I heard your voice outside and started to look out when—you know the rest better than I."

After dinner the two were a long while alone in their parlor, and when once more the girl sought her room, she was whiter than ever.

"Not Grace Gettwood, after all—still a lone nameless waif. Lost in one brief hour, father and lover," she murmured as she closed and locked her door. "He says I may be his daughter if I will, that he will treat us alike; but I know that there will be a difference, wide as the world, and I cannot endure it after having been the only one for a year. But it is my only chance. Going back to the Irving's means to be poor and unknown. I will stay and take for my motto: 'Look out for number one.'"

There was a sarcastic smile on her lips as she saw the two men depart to pay their afternoon visit; but it died away and she sat pale and motionless, thinking, planning and scheming. "If only I had one friend, some one to aid me," she thought, "but there is no one unless Fate plays a party into my hands."

To be continued.

Satisfactory arrangements have been made for the construction of the Great Northwest Central railway, to run from Brandon, Manitoba, on the line of the Canadian Pacific, northwesterly to the Peace river country, and eventually across the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean. An English syndicate has taken hold of the project with a capital of \$10,000,000, and having satisfactorily settled all difficulties about the land grant, will take up the work where it was dropped by the Canadian company. Rails for the first fifty miles are on the way from England, and that much of the road will be completed this season. Next year it will be extended to Battleford, on the North Saskatchewan. It will run through the most fertile and productive region of the Canadian territories, and its land grant will become enormously valuable in a few years. It is expected that satisfactory arrangements will be made for running trains of both the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific over this line.