

she came out into the room where her brother was pacing the floor, quite stirred up by the strange happening of the hour.

"Our guest has a fever, but is conscious," she spoke in her grave, thoughtful way.

"What did she say?" inquired Hayden eagerly.

"She asked where she was. I told her, even to our reduced condition. I told her, too, she must think of nothing but rest and that she would be welcome here until she was stronger. She roused a little and, as her eyes rested on her hand, she suddenly tore off the rings and violently flung them into the farthest corner of the room. 'All ended—that!' she cried out; 'and the little one safe, safe, safe! I am content!'"

For three weeks the strange guest hovered between life and death. Twice the services of a physician were necessary. One evening Lee came home to find the lady seated in one of the easy chairs of the place wearing one of Prue's dressing gowns. She was wan and weak, but her smile seemed to Lee seraphic as she held out a thin, wasted hand to welcome him.

"What do I owe you dear people?" she asked, and bent her head, sobbing from emotion.

An extra mouth to feed meant a good deal to the Lees, but manfully, gladly, Hayden devoted himself to extra work. It got to be elysium complete to Hayden to sit for an hour in the company of Mrs. Lind, as she requested them to call her, and his sister.

One evening Lee was in the kitchen, as was his wont, assisting Prue in disposing of the supper dishes, when there was a sharp scream. Both rushed, startled, into the sitting room. Mrs. Lind lay prone on the floor. The evening paper was crushed in her clenched hand. They carried her into Prue's room. In the meantime Lee had inspected the paper, wondering if something it contained

had caused the collapse of their guest. Mrs. Lind soon revived, but made no explanation as to the cause of her recent emotion.

What was the astonishment and depression of Lee when he came home next day to find Prue half in begone.

"She has left us," she announced. "You don't mean that Mrs. Lind is gone!" gasped Hayden.

"Yes, brother. As soon as you were gone she asked me for a heavy veil, dressed herself and went out, saying she would soon return, which she did. I went to the store to get some groceries. When I came back she was gone. Her rings were missing and there lay a \$50 bill and a note. She must have sold or pawned her jewelry. The note said simply that we should hear from her soon, that her whole future was changed and blessed you as the good genius of her life.

It was then that Hayden Lee knew how much the mysterious guest had been to him. He tried to hide it from his sister, but Prue grieved, for she read the truth in his troubled face.

A week went by—two, three, a month, and then there was a visitor to the cheerless little home one evening. The caller, according to his card was James Page, lawyer.

"I come from the lady you have known as Mrs. Lind," he told Hayden Lee. "She has made me aware of what you two great-hearted people have been to her. I have instructions to reveal sufficient of my client's situation to give you an understanding of a remarkable change in her affairs."

And then the story of a broken life was told. A sordid, worthless spendthrift had won Norma Dale. His name was Walton Burch. A little child was born, but the father went on his selfish, reckless, gambling way. Norma had wedded without the consent of her father. Bruce had tried to induce her to appeal to him for money. She refused, for she