

A BELLE OF CANADA CITY.

BY BRET HARTE.

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Clay was lying her hat under her hand... The window was open to a background of serrated mountains...

There was only one interruption to this triumphal progress... The new engineer—as Piney had foreseen—was leaning against the doorpost smoking a pipe.

Piney, conscious of having done so and of having blushed under his scrutiny... He was placated by passing the Secamp's outrage...

Rev. Mr. Windbrook had been selected by his ecclesiastical superiors to minister to the spiritual wants of Canada City... He was a man of a hearty man.

Clay colored slightly. "I don't know," she said simply... "How does it look?" responded Clay, as a relevant reply.

"You danced with him," said the simple Piney in astonishment... "But not in the store among his customers," said Clay sagaciously.

"You're just a crosser, Clay!" said Piney with admiration... "And then," continued Clay, "we'll just walk down past the new block to the parson's and make a call."

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vaguely and a little impatiently. They might have talked to her about herself... Clay, standing by the piano, radiant with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes...



THEIR LAUGHING WAS CHECKED AND THEY REMAINED OPEN-MOUTHED AS SHE SWEEP BY THEM.

civil, but somehow young Masterton and he told 'hit off.' Indeed, Mr. Windbrook was told that he had declared that the prospect of Canada City was only mushroom growth...

Clay, with her bright eyes fixed upon her visitor, said: "I shall stay here... What are you staring at—idiot?"

"Get away—there's no answer," she said... "You're just a crosser, Clay!" said Piney with admiration.

There was a knock and the entering voice of Nora, the cook, outside the door. Clay unlocked it and hung it open indignantly... "It's you, Miss, and I never knew you come back until I met that gooson of a hotel waiter in the street..."

Clay, standing by the piano, radiant with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes... "It's you, Miss, and I never knew you come back until I met that gooson of a hotel waiter in the street..."

"Who gave you that note, Ah Fe?" she whispered breathlessly... "Who gave it to him?" "Who gave it to him?" "Who gave it to him?"

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