

ston with confusion and happiness beaming on her countenance, and the Wild Man himself in a condition that fully justified Bounce's suggestion that they had better send for a straight-waistcoat or a pair of handcuffs. As for March, he had all along been, and still was, speechless. That the Wild Man of the West was Dick, and Dick the Wild Man of the West, and that both should come home at the same time in one body, and propose to marry his mother, was past belief,—so of course he didn't believe it.

"Hallo! wait a bit; I do b'lieve I was forgettin'," cried the Wild Man, springing up in his own violent impulsive way, upsetting his chair (as a matter of course, being unused to such delicacies), dashing through the lake of cream to the all but annihilation of the kitten, opening the door, and giving vent to a shrill whistle.

All rushed out to witness the result. They were prepared for anything now—from a mad bison to a red warrior's ghost, and would have been rather disappointed had anything feebler appeared.

Immediately there was a clatter of hoofs; a beautiful white pony galloped round the corner of the wood, and made straight for the cottage. Seated thereon was the vision in leather—not seated as a woman sits, but after the fashion of her own adopted father, and having on her leathern dress with a pair of long leggings highly orna-