

gave vent to his suppressed feelings by an outburst of hearty laughter, saying at the same time, "I'll warrant you it was in her pocket all the time."

We all agreed that this must have been the case, which Clara, after a great deal of teasing, was obliged to admit.

"Oh, you must be a nice girl," said Katy. "Oh, charming!"

I asked how far they had gone before discovering the whereabouts of the purse. Willie, who did not seem at all put out by the trouble that Clara's stupidity had involved—in fact, judging from the humorous manner in which he related the whole affair, one would imagine that he rather enjoyed it than otherwise—then told us the story in these words:—

"We had gone back as far as the house without coming across the object of our search, when Clara, feeling convinced that Minnie was right after all, made directly for the looking-glass. But no; ill-fate stared us at every step, and no purse could be found, high nor low. So, submissive to fate, we started back, having given up every hope of recovering the purse, which contained, to the best of Clara's recollection, about twenty dollars. We had not gone further than the first mile post, when I proposed that she should make a thorough search of her pocket. This I had frequently requested on the road, but, on her assuring me that it was useless to do so, I did not press my desire, when, to convince me that it was not in her possession, she did so, and to her speechless astonishment produced the purse. At first she could not believe her eyes, and not until the contents were counted did she fully realize the fact. A hearty laugh ensued upon this joyful discovery, and the horse, as if imbibing the infection of our glee, struck out with renewed efforts in search of his companions."

"Just what I thought," said Katy, when Willie had finished his story. "She did the same thing last year when

on her way to school, suddenly discovering that she had lost her pencil-case, ran back in a great state of mind, and it was only when tired looking for it, that she sat down, and, feeling rather uncomfortable, felt in her pocket to see what she was sitting on, which turned out to be the lost case."

"Well, if we are going to the sugaries, we won't make much head-way at this rate," said Willie. "It is now half-past ten, and we have two miles yet to go; we had no idea whatever of catching up to you, thinking you would have been at the sugaries long ago."

We then flung ourselves back into our carioles, and in less than ten minutes had reached our new acquaintances, who had driven on while we were talking to Willie and Clara, and were now close to the sugaries.

"Oh, what a miserable looking place," cried Minnie, as we drove down the winding road leading to the lake, which was entirely frozen over, and at the lower end, where the snow had been removed, could be seen about half a dozen boys indulging in the exhilarating exercise of skating. A few houses lay scattered here and there along the banks, and, drawing up at a plain but neat-looking dwelling, we found ourselves at the end of our journey. Having seen that our horses were properly stabled and fed, we set off for the *cabanes*, which were within about ten minutes' walk.

"Oh, what a charming place this must be in summer," remarked Katy. "Those hills in the distance how majestically they stand out in bold relief."

"I quite agree with you," said Frank; "it must be exceedingly picturesque, and how delightful to sail on the lake, and haul up the fine trout with which it abounds."

Willie, running up to me, asked who these strangers were in front talking to Arthur and Emma. I told him they were Mr. Bickell and his son, who had overtaken us on the road and had been asked