

ed Sybil, triumphantly, "You were caught!" "Ah! yes, caught once and am still held in a stricken net," I replied tenderly.

"Now, Hodge, don't! You know I can't bear that sort of palaver."

"There," said I, "see that old hemlock tree at the foot of the rapids? There used to be a wharf there, and sloops came up, a distance of two miles, for cargoes of lumber that they conveyed to Whitehall, thence to various points. This was a busy place in those days. There are the remains of the old saw mill near the dam below the grist mill, do you see? And this road was the stage route from New York and Boston to Montreal. It crossed the covered bridge a little farther up stream, almost in sight from here."



(At the village of Pike River.)

"Don't tell me anything more—I shall have a historic fit, O, dear!" exclaimed Sybil, pretending to fan herself. I whistled "Lanagan's Ball," to soothe her nerves—it used to put the baby to sleep.