

CHRISTMAS "FURTHER ON"

home," said the taller man of the two. "We owe no grudge to Farmer Willough's lass." "Are you sure he has the money?" asked the other. "Yes," answered the first speaker, with an oath, "he came right from the notary's getting his payment, and went for the girl with the cutter straight down."

The men passed out of sight, and Silas, without hesitation, entered the house where fun and innocent frolic was the chief thought of the young folks assembled. His brain was on fire, but he shivered with his long exposure to the frosty air, and accepted a seat by the fire, and a cup of tea brought him by the friendly hands of the young daughter of the house. And then the clock struck twelve. It was Christmas morning, and happy was that youth who chanced, or manœvered, to have his best loved lassie under the bits of mistletoe that were entwined with evergreen boughs in the central part of the room.

But Silas saw only the handsome Hugh bending over Ruth, and from his corner meditated how he could be revenged. He knew the money the young man carried was trust money that it would take him years to replace; besides, it would be easy to whisper it about that he lost it when coming from a Christmas party, and so destroy all confidence in him for the future. But then it was a mean part he had decided on, to let these men rob a good neighbor, and afterward steal his good name. But