

my dear," breaking his face upward of the sky, as he e, "let me think of

er to the boy, and help him. His in- saw him oftener, he old interest, but in the lad's face—a nck him as familiar ant him constantly. of the impressio it e never found him- duction of the mys-

him on one of the stopped before the why your face trou-

mester?" ough, "I think I have tried to re- ton, and I have no

"neekly. "I niver o' see; I'm one o' e to pass by."

ing next morning Creek—a business- and his daughter, a ight eyes and an in- became rosier and Mr. Edward Lang- spot shed with un- ed hand. "Caithie!" greetings had been delight this is to such happiness as

ee the mines," ac- demure, "and I—I Creek; your letters

suppose?" her pa- ing on amiably. "A tigate such matters ough to satisfy me for the return

Langley to Caithie; ece. If the sun

for dinner that day, house Bess turned give him a sharp, e again?" she

not but a bit tired

door-step with hea- eyes' wandering to those pine-crowned

summit towered above him. He had not even yet outlived the awe of its majesty, but he had learned to love it and draw comfort from its beauty and strength.

"Does tha' want thy dinner?" asked Bess. "No, thank yo'," he said; "I couldna eat."

The dish-washing was deserted incontinently, and Bess came to the door, towel in hand, her expression at once softened and shaded with discontent. "Summat's hurt yo'," she said. "What is it? Summat's hurt yo' sore."

The labour-roughened hands moved with their old nervous habit, and the answer came in an odd, jerky, half-connected way: "I dunnot know why it should ha' done. I mun be mad, or summat. I niver had no hope nor nothin': theer niver wur no reason why I should ha' had. Ay, I mun be wrong somehow, or it wouldna stick to me i' this road. I conna get rid on it, an' I conna feel as if I want to. What's up wi' me? What's takken howd on me?" his voice breaking and the words ending in a sharp hysterical gasp like a sob.

Bess wrung her towel with a desperate strength which spoke of no small degree of tempestuous feeling. Her brow knit itself and her lips were compressed. "What's happened?" she demanded after a pause. "I conna mak' thee out."

The look that fell upon her companion's face had something of shame in it. His eyes left the mountain side and drooped upon his clasped hands. "Theer wur a lass coom to look at th' place to-day," he said—"a lady lass, wi' her feyther—an' him. She wur aw rosy red an' fair white, an' it seemt as if she wur that happy as her laughin' made th' birds moek back at her. He took her up th' mountain, an' we heard 'em both even high up among th' laurels. Th' sound o' their joy a-floatin' down from the height, so nigh th' blue sky, made me sick an' weak-loike. They wur na so gay when they comn back, but her eyes wur shinin', an' so wur his, an' I heerd him say to her as 'Foak didna know how nigh heaven th' top o' th' mountain wur.'"

Bess wrung her towel again, and regarded the mountain with manifest impatience and trouble. "Happen it'll coom reet some day," she said.

"Reet!" repeated the lad, as if mechanically. "I hadna towd mysen' as owt wur exactly wrong; on'y I conna see things clear. I niver could, an' th' more I ax mysen' questions th' worse it gets. Wheer—wheer could I lay th' blame?"

"Th' blame!" said Bess. "Coom tha' an' get a bite to eat;" and she shook out the towel with a snap and turned away. "Coom

tha," she repeated; "I mun get my work done."

That night, as Seth lay upon his pallet in the shanty, the sound of Langley's horse's hoofs reached him with an accompaniment of a clear young masculine voice singing a verse of some sentimental modern carol—a tender song ephemeral and sweet. As the sounds neared the cabin the lad sprang up restlessly, and so was standing at the open door when the singer passed. "Good-neet, mester," he said.

The singer slackened his pace and turned his bright face toward him in the moonlight, waving his hand. "Good-night," he said, "and pleasant dreams! Mine will be pleasant ones, I know. This has been a happy day for me, Raynor. Good-night."

When the two met again the brighter face had sadly changed; its beauty was marred with pain, and the shadow of death lay upon it.

Entering Janner's shanty the following morning, Seth found the family sitting around the breakfast-table in ominous silence. The meal stood untouched, and even Bess looked pale and anxious. All three glanced toward him questioningly as he approached, and when he sat down Janner spoke:—"Hasna tha' heerd th' news?" he asked.

"Nay," Seth answered, "I ha' heerd nowt."

Bess interposed hurriedly: "Dunnot yo' fear him, feyther," she said. "Happen it isna so bad, after aw. Four or five foak wur takken down ill last neet, Seth, an' th' young mester wur among 'em; an' theer's them as says it's cholera."

It seemed as if he had not caught the full meaning of her words; he only stared at her in a startled, bewildered fashion. "Cholera!" he repeated dully.

"Theer's them as knows it's cholera," said Janner, with gloomy significance. "An' if it's cholera, it's death;" and he let his hand fall heavily upon the table.

"Ay," put in Mrs. Janner in a fretful wail, "fur they say as it's worse i' these parts than it is i' England—th' heat mak's it worse—an' here we are i' th' midst o' th' summer-toime, an' theer's no knowin' wheer it'll end. I wish tha'd takken my advice, Janner, an' stayed i' Lancashire. Ay, I wish we wur safe at home. Better less wage an' more safety. Yo'd niver ha' coom if yo'd listened to me."

"Howd thy tongue, mother," said Bess, but the words were not ungently spoken, notwithstanding their bluntness. "Dunnot let us mak' it worse than it need be. Seth, lad, eat thy breakfast."

But there was little breakfast eaten. The fact was that at the first spreading of the