

On the fifth day he set out for the farm, impatient to see for himself if Miss Laurie was right. But first he went to Bonny Woods and gathered a quantity of wild flowers and arranged them artistically in a bouquet.

"Yes, Miss Judith was at home," Susan told him, in answer to his inquiry, and he was shown at once into the sitting-room.

Mrs. Laurie was dozing in her arm chair; her cap awry and her mouth open, while a gentle, happy snore gave evidence every now and then of the peacefulness of her slumbers.

Judith lay on the sofa reading; her book fell to the floor and she half raised herself on Standfield's entrance. He was conscious of a feeling of elation when he saw the color flash into the girl's pale face, and her eyes fall beneath the gaze of his.

"You have been ill I fear? Your foot has troubled you?" he said, questioningly, while he still held her hand in his.

"Yes, the sprain was rather more serious than I thought at first, I have not been able to walk at all since—since the day you were here last. Dr. Jones says I may walk a little in about a week from this."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am," he said, seating himself in a chair near the sofa.

"You must have thought me very remiss in not calling to inquire for you; had I known that your foot was worse I should have come in spite of business."

"I thought you must have been busy," she answered simply.

"I was in Bonny Woods to-day and remembering your wish for some wild flowers I gathered these for you; they look a little wilted now, but water will revive them."

"Oh Mr. Standfield! thank you, it was very, very good of you to bring them; there is water in the jug on the table; will you pour some into the glass, please?"

"I thank you," as he brought her the glass full of water, into which she put the drooping flowers.

"How pretty these young ferns are!" she said touching them. "Now please put them on the table by the window, so that I can look at them."

"Don't you find it very dull lying in the house all day in this lovely weather?"

"Yes," she answered, turning wearily on her pillow.

"This has been the longest week I have ever spent, I think."

"Why couldn't you have a lounge carried out on the grass in the garden, you could lie there all day in this weather?"

She shook her head.

"This sofa is much too heavy to be carried in and out every day; it would be lovely though," she added with a longing sigh.

"I will tell you what I shall do, if you will kindly consent to my plan. I have an extension chair, it is cane and light enough to be carried any distance; will you do me the favor of accepting the loan of it till your foot is better? With some pillows and a rug it could be made as comfortable as this sofa and you could lie out in the open air all day."

"Oh! thank you; you are so kind, but I—"

"And you are so unkind; why do you hesitate? If you knew what pleasure it would give me to lend it to you, you would not refuse, Miss Judith."

"I do not refuse, I will accept the loan of the chair; and thank you very much, Mr. Standfield."

"Nay, it is rather I who should say I thank you. Then I will send the chair down to-morrow morning."

"Thank you."

"I have some news to tell you, Mr. Standfield," she said after a short pause, during which the silence was broken only by the solemn sounds which proceeded from the arm-chair occupant.

"Indeed! pleasant news I hope?"

"Yes; Reggie is coming to spend his vacation here, in Eastville at least; his friend Mr. Littleworth is coming with him; and they have taken lodgings with old Mrs. Barber, in Eastville. Mr. Littleworth got someone to secure rooms for them."

"It will be a great pleasure to you to see your brother; but who is Mr. Littleworth? A young friend of Reggie's?"

"Reggie's friend, yes; but I think he must be a good deal older than Reggie. He is an English Gentleman whom my brother met at Mr. Lennox's house. It seems he is just travelling about for his own pleasure. Reggie says he has just returned from a trip to the Northwest, and as he is tired of knocking about he was only too glad to come with Reggie to Eastville where he could be quiet and have a rest. I only hope they will not find it too dull."

"You and Miss Laurie must take them in hand and organize picnics and all sorts of pleasant things for their amusement. I do not think they will find it dull," said Standfield with a vague uneasiness that surprised even himself; perhaps the English gentleman might discover a charm to keep him at Bonny Dale, notwithstanding that dirth of excitement which Judith lamented.

"Oh! don't you really? I am sure I hope they won't. It would be so disappointing if Reggie went away in a day or two when I expected him to stay for two weeks. But what can they do to pass the time? they would not care for too much of Augusta's society and mine, even if Augusta could spare the time."

"Which I am sure she could not," was his smiling reply.

"There is good trout-fishing in the river about a mile beyond Bonny Woods; and they could indulge in boating of a mild sort if they chose; and they could go for long drives if your uncle, I mean Mr. Laurie, would lend them a horse and buggy; and then, as I said before, there will be delightful picnics in Bonny Woods, and pleasant walks in the cool of the evening. Upon the whole I think they might manage to get through the two weeks without being overpowered with ennui, do not you?"

"You have made me more hopeful," she answered brightly and then, with the shyness that sometimes seized upon her in Standfield's presence, and which had amused him a little before, she said, but without looking at him:

"And you will come often and help us to amuse Reggie and his friend, will you not?"

"If you want me, yes," he replied in a soft, low voice, and with a slight emphasis on the *you*. Was he glad or sorry to see the flush that crimsoned her pure brow and the faint tremble of the lips and eye-lids—signs that proved almost beyond doubt the truth of Augusta's words? He was glad; surely yes; or why did his heart beat with a sensation he had thought never to feel again?

(To be Continued.)

A fellow working in a Maine factory where young women are employed, contrived a practical joke for the entertainment of himself and his admirers. He killed an adder and left it among some boxes that were to be assorted by the young women. Miss Stevens uncovered the reptile with her hands. The shock made her insane, and the physicians say that she will probably die, and in any event will be a maniac for life.