

a mistake to suppose that gossip and scandal are confined to the human race. Those who have lived lonely lives in the bush or on the prairie, and have had exceptional opportunities for observing, can testify to the fact that certain kinds of birds are the most persistent chatterboxes in the world. Then the girl heard a hurried pattering behind her, and Michelle, the great hound, came scampering up. It fawned upon her, and gambolled with awkward movements round her. "Poor Michelle," she said, patting the dog on the head; "*he* liked you. You never used to growl at him or be jealous of him, did you?"

Suddenly the dog lifted its head, turned round, sniffed the air, looked along the road inquiringly, and then ran a few paces forward and stopped. Dogs have a wonderfully sympathetic sense.

Then the girl's heart seemed to stand still; then to start beating so violently that she placed one hand upon her breast. Her limbs trembled under her. She stared apprehensively at the approaching figure. There was a something that obscured her vision, for the blood at first had rushed to her heart, leaving her deadly pale, then had rushed to her head, making everything, as it were, swim before her eyes, and her heart to throb almost painfully. Had the end of the world come—or the beginning? And now she saw the figure was that of a tall, dark individual with the stride of a cavalryman, who carries his toes slightly