

outhouses. There was in this building an attempt, as in some of the better class pioneer residences, to arrive at, if not pretension, at least dignity and family seclusion. While the approach to the place entered the common yard at the rear, where the kitchen door became the public entrance, the real front of the house opened on to a small paled-in garden, which was carefully kept and stocked with old-fashioned herbs and quaint flowers, such as hollyhocks, larkspurs, southernwood, and other blooms now regarded as common, but at that time so pleasing to the refined instincts of the more delicate womanhood of the period.

In this garden, where the last year's growth was now shooting up from the roots in luxuriant green, was an old seat, made of a rude rustic work, over which a vine was now bursting from bud into leaf. Here, on this afternoon which had seen Captain Etherington leave the inn, Ambrose Bradford sat, book in hand, now poring over a page, then again lifting his eyes to take in the pleasing aspect of marsh-meadow and gleaming lake beyond. Near him, in the open doorway, sat Lydia Bradford, her darkly beautiful eyes and hair gleaming in the misty air, as she spun yarn on a small old-fashioned spinning-wheel, of that quaint kind our grandmothers and great grandmothers used, and which had been brought with many other relics of new and old world life from their former home in New England. Now and then she would pause in her work and in the hush of the magic hum of the whirling wheel would speak with her father, in low but earnest tones, and there was that in their manner of conversation which