

came toiling along, and as they bore in sight generally resolved themselves into importunate tramps, or even individuals of the opposite sex—women! She had often, for the sake of indulging for a few brief minutes in fond expectant hope, tortured and disappointed herself sadly, and she had time and again resolved that she would do so no more. But, perhaps, she did not know the strength and persistent nature of that thing which had taken possession of her, for day after day her footsteps had mechanically sought that road, and her eyes had wandered wistfully along it.

And now the solitary figure of the traveller was lost to sight, and again it appeared on the crest of the rising ground. No sooner there than it shortened and disappeared again. A flock of dusty and noisy small birds indulged in a dust-bath within a few feet of her in the roadway. An old crow perched on a dead limb right above her (query—why do crows prefer dead limbs?), and who, by the way he carried his head on one side, looked as if he knew a thing or two, shut one eye in a critical fashion, and looked down upon her inquiringly. He was an inquisitive old crow: he had followed the girl right up the road to see or hear what was going on. It is sometimes just as well, perhaps, that crows can only talk in their own language, otherwise the amount of scandal that would be floating about the world would be something horrible to contemplate. It is