

and in the not far distant future she saw a comfortable, though perhaps a lowly, home for them all. As Harry sat beside her couch, holding her thin hand in his own, she felt very thankful and happy. Harry's full clear blue eyes rested lovingly on her white face, and as he stooped to kiss her again and again his heart rose in gratitude to God who had at length given him his desire.

There was much to be said and done in that one day—that day afterwards regarded as the happiest he had ever spent.

It passed all too quickly. There were calls to be made upon the neighbors who were so tenderly kind to his mother and sister, and arrangements to be made for their comfort through the coming inclement season. Mrs. Clifford and Susie were both enthusiastic in their praises of the Squire and Mrs. Greely. They considered the Squire almost without faults, while his wife had only one, which at times was a little troublesome to her neighbors. She seldom lost an opportunity of hearing or retailing gossip, though by no means a malicious slanderer. It was to her Teddy had been indebted for his bit of "news" that had so annoyed Harry.

Notwithstanding this one failing, Mrs. Greely was a very kind, motherly sort of woman, and lavished much affection on Susie and Jack Hunter, a nephew of the Squire's whom they had adopted. She had no living children; but two little mounds half overgrown with rose bushes, that might have been seen near the foot of Squire Greely's orchard, and over which she sometimes dropped a tear, told that her maternal feelings had been drawn out years before Jack and Susie had taken the place they now occupied in her warm heart.

Harry enjoyed his chat with the Squire and Mrs. Greely, but found it a more difficult matter to call at Doctor Wheeler's, where he knew he would be pretty sure to meet Seth. They had never been friends, and had been less

friendly of late than in their boyhood.

Seth was large and strongly made, with coarse, ugly features, light brown hair, and gray eyes. His manners were rough and bearish, his voice deep and heavy. He was what might be termed a silent man for the most part, though he heard the news, even to the minutest item, as greedily as Mrs. Greely herself. But he repeated only such as it suited his purposes to keep in circulation. He managed his uncle's farm, and had been an inmate of the Doctor's house for some years, having lost his parents when quite young.

Formerly when Harry Clifford had chanced to meet him, Seth's overbearing manner had been very galling to the high-spirited, penniless English boy; and now, to say the least, Harry felt extremely annoyed that he should try to supplant him in Alice Barford's affections. Harry thought he made a discovery during his short stay at Doctor Wheeler's, which he took pains to communicate to Alice directly on his return to the cottage. It was that the Doctor's only daughter, a gentle, simple-hearted girl of about seventeen, was deeply in love with her great awkward, bearish cousin, and we scarcely need say the thought gave him much pleasure.

Harry's business would take him to Plattsburg on the western shore of Lake Champlain, and from thence a short distance in a south-westerly direction. It had been intrusted to him by Mr. Hyde, the only active partner in the firm, who had the utmost confidence in his business integrity and ability. He was driven to the Province line in Mr. Greely's wagon, the Squire's man-of-all-work, Ephraim Hall, being his driver. He left with the joyful expectation of seeing his friends on his return, and bade them good-bye without a passing thought of the troubles which lay before him. His driver, who was commonly known as Neef, or old Neef, was a great favorite with the young folks, and the time passed pleasantly to Harry