

She saw two wild rabbits, filled with curiosity at finding the cabin door open. They hopped in warily, and went bounding all about the room, sniffing with their sensitive, cleft nostrils; waving their ears back and forth at every faint whisper; and from time to time sitting up to ponder their discovery. One of them bounded over Barbara's little foot, turned to examine it, and nibbled tentatively at the heel of her shoe till she had to make the muscles tense to keep him from pulling it off. Then, standing up together for a moment, they seemed to take counsel and conclude that they had business elsewhere. As they hopped lazily away from the door, Barbara got up and followed to look after them. The wonderful day was drawing to its close; and long, straight beams of rosy gold, enmeshed with the haze, were streaming through the trees to her very feet. She laughed a little happy laugh under her breath. Those bright paths leading to the sun seemed a fair omen.

THE END.