

Cupid, has merrily roamed since the entry of mankind into the world, and, with untiring energy in the chase, and merciless in his sport, has emptied his quiver as often as the stars number in the heavens.

The reverie into which Grace had fallen was broken by a cold touch on her hand, and she looked down to see her brother's pet spaniel had discovered her hiding-place, and was supplicating for a caress by pushing his nose into her lap. Fondly she caressed the beautiful animal, and then ordered him to lie at her feet while she read her letter. It was brief:

IN CAMP, June 2, 1879.

MY DARLING,—An Indian has just brought our mail bag from Morleyville, and he has to return at once. You will then forgive my short reply to your loving letter, which I read while the contents of the bag were being distributed. You can imagine my surprise and delight at meeting your brother yesterday where we are now camped. He is in good health; and will, I hope accompany me to the summit. Already we are boon-companions, and I find him the most interesting mortal I have ever known. He does not know of the loving relationship which you and I have formed. Shall I tell him? The usual address. With fondest love,

ANGUS MACDONALD.

"Grace! Grace! where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" cried Grace, hastily concealing her lover's letter, and almost tripping over the spaniel in her swift flight from the arbor.