
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

"I can see the beautiful coloring of the veins from here, through my glass. Have the cliffs never been climbed?"

"Not often. I would advise you not to attempt it, sir," said the old man, seriously.

"I thank you, Mr. Gotro," returned Winslow, "I do not think I shall be tempted to climb. I am more interested in studying the formation than in securing specimens, if I can find any that are fairly good below."

"Our visitors carry away about everything that is worth taking," said Pierre, with a smile.

"I can well believe it," laughed Winslow, as he stepped to the shore and walked towards the island.

A cool breeze was now coming up out of the west, and the pleasant sound of the rippling water on the beach, and the sunshine flooded the broad space between the cliffs and the island, lighting up the red sandstone walls and the colored faces of the wooded hills, falling upon the right and left into the soft blue haze of the distance.

The laughter of the young woman, or the sound of the boat being set to rights, were borne to the ears of Winslow as he took his way upward. The blood coursed freely in his veins, and as he looked about him he found his eyes pleased, and in his breast a contentment and luxurious calm seemed to find place. He felt the joyousness of his fresh and strong manhood, and he turned to the nature about him the reflection of the bright light of his warm eyes and glowing face.