

deep snow. They were both of them tolerably well clothed, for while Minnie had been busy dressing little Harry, Ella, with her sister's occasional assistance, had slipped on a fair supply of warm garments, and they did not consequently suffer much in this night-walk, cold though the beaver-meadow was.

"It's a horse, and something behind it!" joyfully exclaimed Denham, after looking for a moment in the direction in which his sister had pointed. He gave another loud shout, and, to his no small joy, it was answered by a voice so peculiar, that there was no mistaking it even at that distance.

"It's Ichabod Clapshaw, Denham," said little Ella. "I think he'll be good to us, queer though he is."

In a few minutes the horse and sleigh were alongside of the two children. Ichabod gave a whistle of surprise at beholding the two young Holfords in the middle of the beaver-meadow at this time of night, and for a minute or so seemed too much astonished to make any further remark. Then he said, drily enough, and with his own peculiar Yankee drawl, "Guess it's pretty considerable late, Denham, for you and Ella to be out. What's the reason you're not to hum?"

In a few words Denham gave him a hasty account of what had befallen them, while Ichabod employed himself in lifting little Ella into the sleigh, and settling an undressed deer-robe comfortably about her.

"Humph!" grunted the American, when Denham had finished; "and so they've fixed it that way, have