

cried the girl, throwing back her head and curling her short upper lip, in a way that brought a smile to her companion's lips.

"And then how silly and romantic to leave that request about her body being taken in a barge to the court where Lancelot was."

"Certainly such a proceeding would be something out of the common in these prosaic, nineteenth century days," answered Stanfield, laughing.

Then opening the book he read the story in his deep, musical voice, and she listened dreamily and was perfectly happy.

At last an exclamation from Judith caused him to look up. "Dorothy's letter! Trap is tearing it, I believe."

He jumped up to go after it; but Trap was evidently bent on a bit of innocent fun, and with the letter between his teeth scampered off around the orchard, followed by Stanfield while Judith, regretting that her injured ankle prevented her joining in the chase, sat and laughed merrily at his efforts in dodging the culprit. What a chase he led him! Wicked Trap! standing with his ears pricked up and his short tail wagging furiously until his pursuer was close upon him, then with a quick bound, off he scampered to the remotest corner of the orchard.

Both Stanfield and Judith enjoyed the fun quite as much as Trap, who at length permitted himself to be caught, and laughing and panting, the young man threw himself on the grass beside Judith.

"Thank you Mr. Stanfield, but how warm you look."

"So I am rather."

"What a provoking monkey he is!" laughing "and see he has torn it too; oh you naughty dog! I am not pleased with you." At which Trap removed himself to a distance, rather crest-fallen.

"That is too bad; was it an important letter?"

"It was one of Dolly's; I wanted to keep it till I had answered it."

She did not perceive the sudden contraction of Stanfield's brows and the dull red blush that spread over his face; and continued—

"Dorothy writes such nice letters; so cheerful and chatty; almost like hearing her talk—I wish you knew Dolly."

"I—I do know your sister; at least, I did eight or nine years ago" he said, hesitating and looking slightly surprised.

"Did you indeed; how strange she never mentioned it to me; eight or nine years ago! I was quite a little thing then."

"Yes; I heard a great deal about little Judy then."

"Did you?"—smiling and blushing.

"Would you mind telling me what you thought of Dorothy, Mr. Stanfield?"

"I thought her perfect" was the slowly spoken reply.

"Thank you," she answered gratefully.

"Why do you thank me?"

"Because you praised Dorothy; it makes me feel so—so proud, when people admire her; she is such a darling."

Stanfield frowned and gnawed the ends of his moustache half angrily.

What on earth made her talk about Dorothy; he did not want to hear about her, or her perfections. And yet why should he mind? what a fool he was to be annoyed!

"Supposing you read to me now?" he said smiling and lying lazily back on the grass.

She took up the book without a shade of embarrassment or coquetry, and slowly turned over the leaves in doubt what to select. Her choice fell upon the story of Enoch Arden.

Stanfield listened with pleasure and some surprise for she really was a beautiful reader, thanks to Dorothy's careful tuition and the natural power and refinement of her voice.

"Thank you" he said heartily, when she had finished.

"And permit me to congratulate you on the possession of a rare accomplishment."

"An accomplishment! I never thought of it in that way; I am glad you like my reading."

"You read beautifully, and I am going to beg for the pleasure of listening to you very often, will you grant it?"

"Oh yes! if you will supply the books; there are not any at the farm except novels and—yes, I believe and a volume of Shakespeare."

"You need only to mention any book you would like and I shall be most happy to lend it to you; I have got quite a library up at the Bank."

"Why! do you take your books with you wherever you go?"

"Not all of them; but when I know that I shall be quartered at any place for a few months, I always take a large box of books with me. I must ask Mrs. Laurie to bring you and Miss Augusta to pay a visit to my bachelor quarters some day."

Judith smiled and shook her head.

"I do not think Mrs. Laurie ever goes as far as the village now."

"Does she not? Poor old body!"—"Between her husband and daughter she has none too easy a time of it, I suppose," was his unspoken thought.

"When is Miss Laurie to be married?"

"In September, I think," answered Judith starting and looking curiously at him.

"And how do you like Mr Clarence Thorpe, Miss Judy?"

"I dislike him very much"—decidedly.

"So do I, to speak truth; I dislike him exceedingly."

"Do you," murmured Judy, coloring and looking away.

Again there came that half-formed thought which had entered her mind the very first time she had seen Stanfield and Augusta together. Had they ever been lovers? and was that one reason why he "disliked Thorpe exceedingly" the thought was not a pleasant one to Judy somehow.

The truth of the matter was; though Judith never suspected it; Augusta had in time past betrayed a decided penchant for the stalwart young banker, which that gentleman in no wise reciprocated, nor had he wilfully encouraged any such feeling on her part—though his manner was naturally a little tender toward women—but he had endeavored, delicately though firmly to make her understand that such a weakness on her part must be conquered, as any recognition of it from him was out of the question; but she either did not understand or did not choose to do so; for her infatuation for him became so apparent, that others saw and commented on it, and Donald Stanfield grew almost to hate the girl who had so little pride as to make herself ridiculous about a man who did not care a jot for her, in the way she wished though he would gladly have been her friend, as plenty of other young fellows were, for Augusta was then popular with the opposite sex; but she wanted him as a lover, and he swore that her lover he certainly never would be. Finally he was ordered away to undertake the management of another branch of the Bank and he thankfully availed himself of this way out of the difficulty. A year or so later he was sent back to Eastville: he went reluctantly, but hoping that time had cured Miss Augusta's unfortunate attachment, in this he was disappointed—the young lady was very faithful; but she had learned somewhat the art of concealing her feelings, and for this small mercy he was thankful. It was during this summer that Dorothy Brown was a visitor at Bonny Dale farm. And for three happy months these two, Stanfield and Dorothy wandered together through an enchanted land, where all things were beautiful and passing fair and in each other's presence lay a happiness too great for words—too sweet to last; for the summer ended, the enchanted land faded away and they awoke—to find that they had been dreaming! Alas! the sweetness of dreaming, the bitterness of awaking, the deafness of living with the cold memory of that dream like a clog upon the heart! Ah me! if we could only die ere the awaking comes! But no, we must arise and go forth though our hearts sink and our flesh shudders at the drear prospect before us. Be brave my heart! Be strong! Though life holds not much of joy for you, at least you can make that life noble and worthy and beloved by others. No matter how great your loss there is yet much to live for. Ay! more than you can ever grasp or comprehend in one short lifetime. Upon the occasion of this, his third sojourn at Eastville, Stanfield had taken it for granted that Miss Laurie's attachment to him had given place to a sensible regard for the man she was about to marry—although not liking Thorpe himself. He even permitted his old friendly liking for her to return, in a somewhat lessened degree. But now that more than a month had elapsed since his return to Eastville, how vastly mistaken did he find himself, and how low in his regard did Augusta Laurie sink when he discov-