

direction of the house, calling his daughter, and she departed to see what he wanted.

"Now what shall we do? I think we have had quite enough poetry for one evening. Don't you think poetry is awfully tiresome, Mr. Littleworth?" inquired that holden, Lydia Graham.

"Tiresome! Why no, Miss Graham, I cannot agree with you," laughed Jack, lazily. "Now what could be finer or more inspiring than this?"

"If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
If all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if the great man took the great axe,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splash-splash there would be!"

"Now you are making fun of me," cried Lydia, gaily, and all joined in the laugh that followed.

"Come," cried Lydia, springing up, "the evening is nice and cool now, I vote we have a snow-ball battle."

"Will Miss Laurie let us pick the snow-balls?" said Jack.

"I will ask her;" and Miss Lydia ran fleetly to the house, returning soon with Miss Laurie's gracious permission to pluck as many balls as they desired.

The guelder roses grew in wild profusion at Bonny Dale, so these foolish young folks gathered each an armful of the snowy blossoms and prepared for battle.

Then arose merry peals of laughter as they pelted each other, dodging the fairy missiles and scrambling for the spoil like a lot of youngsters let loose from school. Undoubtedly it was a very undignified, not to say, absurd, amusement, but these young people enjoyed it immensely; besides, those Graham girls were capable of infusing fun into the very simplest of amusements. So thoroughly were they absorbed in this mimic fray, that no one noticed a gentleman enter the garden and stand a moment by the gate, watching the merry-makers in the orchard. No one, that is, except Augusta, who was busy with her everlasting sewing in the sitting room. She immediately rose and went out to where Mr. Standfield was standing. She was close to him before he saw her. His thoughts were perhaps disagreeable, for he frowned heavily as he watched those light-hearted young people in the orchard.

"They look happy; do they not?"

He started, and turned to find Miss Laurie standing beside him.

"Yes; shall we join them?"

"You see we have our handsome Englishman back again," she said, somewhat unnecessarily, as they sauntered toward the orchard.

"So I perceive."

Augusta was evidently in a communicative mood this evening, for she continued—looking upward as she spoke, at her companion's dark, stern face, with a peculiar smile:

"He will not return to England alone, I fancy."

To this Mr. Standfield made no reply.

"To speak plainly," she went on—"he wants to take Judith back with him. It will be a splendid match for her, in

every respect. So I suppose Bonny Dale will be left without a mistress after all. Poor mother has no head for managing."

If only Augusta's eyes could have pierced beneath that calm exterior and seen what a stab her words inflicted, how her own jealous heart would have raged!

"Do you mean that Miss Judith is engaged to Mr. Littleworth?" he asked, quietly.

"Well, not exactly so yet; but I fancy you may offer them your congratulations very soon. Mr. Littleworth has spoken to my father, he being Judy's guardian; rather an old-fashioned proceeding, I think. For my own part, I shall consider my cousin extremely foolish if she refuses such an offer—a penniless girl like her! And he is suited to her in age, and everything else. Do you not think so?"

In spite of himself he winced at that reference to his rival's youth.

"Certainly; if she cares for him," he answered, grimly.

"Oh, I have no fear on that score," Augusta answered, serenely; "you are such an old friend, Mr. Standfield, and you take an interest in Judith, I think, so I speak freely to you."

Now, if Miss Laurie had intended by the conversation just recorded to discourage Mr. Standfield, and perhaps lead him to throw away his chance of winning Judith Brown, she only proved that her interpretation of his character was incorrect; he was not a man to be dashed by a few difficulties. Immediately he learned that there, as yet, existed no engagement between Judy and Mr. Littleworth, he resolved to scatter all his doubts and scruples to the winds and learn from her own lips whether he might hope or not.

(To be Continued)

My Friend Fitzgerald.

I am a little fellow with insignificant shoulders and legs not worth considering. I have no talent, and no distinguished eccentricity. My manner, what there is of it, is timid and awkward. I know that mankind as a species does not regard me at all, and that only mercenary motives restrain my taylor from expressing his contempt for me. There is nothing more to say about myself, except that I have no imagination, which may serve to substantiate the facts I am about to narrate.

My friend Fitzgerald was my antipodes. He was tall and strong and winning. His name betrays his nationality, and his nationality furnishes the key-note to a happy, fun-loving nature.

For six years, at school and at college; we were close companions, and then four years we were separated. I, being by lucky accident rich, travelling for improvement and amusement; Fitzgerald working for his living. He chose to be an engineer—I say chose, for whatever he had set his mind to do he would do brilliantly.

When I had got round the world back to my point of departure I found Fitzgerald about setting out for Manitoba, where he was to conduct a government survey. He expected to be absent at least two years. Since coming home had meant little more than coming back to him, this plan of his filled me with disappointment. When he suggested that I should accompany the expedition I agreed joyfully. The day before that fixed for our departure he came to my room, looking nervous and excited. Feigning not to notice his