

day, perhaps some Saturday afternoon," said Adair, without taking time to think what a very unconventional proposal she was making, "I'll show you my treasure-house. I have a dear little room of my own up in the tower; you ought to see the view from it. I can see the Eildons in their full beauty, so I am never allowed to forget Sir Walter. I have a whole first edition of his books; papa gave me it on my last birthday. I am so proud of it. And I have a letter, too, which he wrote with his own hand to Mrs. Riddell of Redheugh. You know she was my mother's aunt, and on intimate terms at Abbotsford."

Robert Fletcher, leaning on his elbow on the library steps, looked into her face, his own eyes burning with eager interest, as if almost fearing to lose a single word.

"I am sometimes sorry I did not live in those days," said Adair. "Just think to have known Sir Walter as my aunt knew him, to see him in his own home, to listen to his voice in intimate talk. Oh, I do think life was worth living then."

"But I hope you do not say that it is not worth living now?" said Fletcher, quietly. "I have no patience with that cry."

"Oh, no," said Adair, quickly. "I think life is very much worth living; indeed, I should be an ungrateful and wicked girl were I to say anything else. But here comes father. We have just been discussing the question whether life is worth living or not."

Bremner smiled as he came into the room and bade the young man a pleasant good-evening.

"It is a matter of temperament, or perhaps digestion," he said, lightly. "You see, Miss Bremner doesn't look the worse for her fright. I have seen the fellow who attacked her. He is one of those pests of

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