

America once more. Great changes had taken place in Hester's absence; she found it hard to recall places she had left, and her father rejoiced that it was so. To her great delight her father purchased a fine house in Boston and only spent a portion of his time at Hill farm. Miss Hepworth became an acknowledged belle, and more than one proud man sought her for his wife; still, she remained the light of her father's home, the wise house mistress and the gracious benefactor. Samuel Jacobs worked on in his profession with the same energy which distinguished him as a boy.

"Your young kinsman will soon be on the bench, Miss Hepworth," said an old lawyer one evening. "He works unceasingly. If you can influence him, do request him to work less and exercise more."

"He has always been accustomed to athletic sports," said Hester, "and he misses them."

"Better invite him to join you on horseback," said her father; "he has neglected it of late, and I myself have seen a certain weariness about the eyes I do not like. Speak to him as soon as may be."

Some days after they were seen galloping out of the city, for Hester's slightest wish was better law than Blackstone to this young man.

"Some time, Cousin Samuel," said Hester, "we must take the ride you took that day with Colson when you sought my father."

"With pleasure, if you will grant me one small request."

"What can it be?"

"No longer call me cousin,"