

walls of sweet-scented hay had more than once been transformed by their glowing imaginations into a beautiful palace. It boasted of several articles of furniture, manufactured from old boxes and covered with red calico. There was always a bouquet of fresh flowers in a broken vase in the window. Branches of evergreen were stuck into the cracks; and the rough boards were nearly hidden with pictures, taken from the illustrated papers, and furnished with frames of moss and cones.

Into this snug nook Lucy soon found her way. She discovered James, with traces of tears on his face, which he tried at first to conceal; but when she came and put her arms around his neck, they burst forth afresh. "It isn't any use, Lucy," said he; "I've got to go away. I hate to leave you, but I can't stand it any longer. Oh dear! if mother hadn't died."

Lucy tried to console him, but she could not prevail upon him to return with her to the house. When she reported her want of success her mother made no reply, but loading a plate with the choicest bits from the table, she bade her take it to James.

CHAPTER III.

Betsey felt very much depressed that afternoon, and she wanted something to occupy her mind.

"Lucy," said she, "since you are not going to school, I guess we'll give the garret a cleaning up. I don't think it's been swept for a month. And there's that closet, where your grandmother used to keep her herbs; I believe she'd rise from her grave if she knew what a condition it was in." John, who was in an adjoining wood-shed, heard these remarks, and he groaned so loud that Lucy dropped her dish-cloth in alarm.

"Betsey," said he, coming into the room, "I wish you'd let the garret go to-day."

"Well, did I ever!" said Betsey. "If a woman can't tell when she wants her house cleaned, she might as well give up."

John began to grow desperate. Rushing up to the garret, he drew the bag of gold from the closet. "Now, Lizzie Morton," said he, "if you ever come for your gold, you'll find it down the well." So saying, he tossed it from the window, in the direction of the well.

Lucy, left by herself, was glad to escape to the barn. She found James in a very melancholy state of mind, packing his books, and making preparations to leave.

"Oh don't go, James," said she. "I shall die if you do, I know I shall."