

Duty a Good Mistress

that makes you almost start. You wonder if all your life since has been a dream. Look, there are Watty and Ralph gossiping on the old bridge. Watty has still got his letter-bag, and Ralph his paper.'

They walked up to them, and much disturbed their equanimity.

'Sakes alive!' ejaculated Ralph, 'tis Miss Heather and her man! Well, to be sure, what a sight!'

'Yes, here we are,' said Heather, in her old bright tone, and with the little imperious toss of her head; 'and what do you think of us?'

'Do you remember me?' asked Captain Vaughan, with his cheery smile. 'The wayside lodger who came down to fish one summer?'

'Ay, ay,' said Watty, shaking his head knowingly, 'us knowed ye was after a bigger fish nor ye could drag out o' this 'ere bit o' river! An I sez to Ralph here, when you was a-gone, that ye had the looks of a adventurer after matrimony!'

How they laughed! And then Watty seized his bag, more eager to spread the news of Heather's appearance than to stay and see her himself.

'Time is flyin'. 'Tis only folks like Ralph here that can afford to dawdle with leisurable people holiday makin'. Good arternoon to ye, sir. Good arternoon, Miss Heather.'

He lounged off, his bag swinging from side