

clear, and the proprietor, who was a bachelor, with the boarders, had gone out for a quiet stroll, or a game of golf along the links, leaving the house to the care of the housekeeper and Hetty.

"Well, Hetty, at that novel yet?" said Ned, as he entered the bar, and caught her surreptitiously reading an old, worn novel.

"I'm just near the end now; I'll finish it before I sleep to-night," replied Hetty with a sudden blush. Ned Arbuckle had always been a marked favourite with her, but the day's adventure with the dog had deepened the impression he had made on her not very sensitive heart, and the barmaid was now as thoroughly in love with Ned Arbuckle as she was ever likely to be with any man.

"I just ran in to say good-bye to you, Hetty. I'll be up and away before you are awake to-morrow morning."

Hetty closed the ragged book quietly, but she had suddenly turned pale.

"Oh! so soon?"

"Yes, my girlie; but I don't want you to quite forget this pleasant summer, so I brought you a little *souvenir*—that means a keepsake, you know"—and Ned, who had not failed to note how pale the peachy cheeks had grown, began to fumble in all his pockets at once for the little box with the ring in it. He was getting somewhat hot, and wishing it were well over.

"Here she am!" he exclaimed, gaily, using bad grammar to cover any sign of confusion. "Hold your finger, Hetty—there, when you're an old married woman, with a flock of piccaninnies about you, look at that ring, and heave a sigh for yours truly."

"It's a beautiful ring, and I'll wear it for your sake,