

something to eat, in double quick time. No, leave the dogs alone; take these snowshoes and tell Martineau to fix them all square and tight. Holloa there, Rosalie, are they all dead here?" called Tom as she ran away to obey his orders.

"Hey, Meester Tom, supper plenty; bring him in one jerk."

"You donkey! where is Aunt and Mr. Douglass?"

"Oh he's sick,—he's gone," cried the excited maid.

"Who? not Mr. Douglass?"

"No, no, Mees Douglass."

"Where is Mr. Douglass, then?"

"Oh, him, he go for de log, de shanty I tink."

"All right, then, stir up your lazy bones. Coffee, too, strong and hot."

"Oui, oui, cofee; here you Boxter, here you Nips, come for the kitchen purty quick."

"Leave the dogs alone, Rosalie. Dog welcome is better than none; never mind her, Boxer my boy, she is only a woman. Take it comfortable and walk into the dining-room. Nip, Nip! you scoundrel, come here. Now lie down and be quiet, I'm going up-stairs to see the dear old lady." Obedient to his command the dogs went quietly to the fireside, and Tom ran lightly up-stairs to Miss Douglass's room; but she was sleeping, so he bent down and kissed her tenderly, smoothed gently for a moment one of the white shapely hands, and then crept away down to the dogs, who whined, and snarled, and licked him to their hearts' content.

He whistled in a low tone, sat down at the table and while drumming with his fingers, took a survey of everything. It was a kind of pleasant sensation to be home certainly; everything looked so jolly and nice. His own pictures, which he had hung to suit his own fancy, were characteristic of Tom. Over the fire-place on either side of a fine oil painting, hung sketches of a dog and a horse. Not far off was his early

favorite, a buffalo chasing a man who rode on a wild charger, underneath which was inscribed the words, "Turn about is fair play." Still drumming away, and now and then humming,

"For we are jolly good fellows,"

he continued his survey, and spied through a slight opening in the folding door across the hall a dim light on the piano, the lid of which, wonderful to relate, was open, and over the covering a few sheets of music were carelessly strewn.

"Boxer, hold me up! What is it? Surely Aunt has not taken to jigs in her old days, and Philip has never played since—since—oh, Boxer boy!" Tom's face grew sad, and he stroked his dog's head. "But who is it, old boy, that opened that affair?" The "old boy" snuffed and wagged his tail.

"Oh, you rascal, you approve of Aunt jigging then! Here Nip, my young son," with a paternal pat, "trot and tell Rosalie that I will hang her up with a clothes rope to a gooseberry bush if she don't hurry up that grub. I'm starving, my boy,—trot;" and so Nip trotted.

Rosalie frisked in with a tray containing cold turkey, jelly, brown-bread and steaming coffee. Tom fell to and ate like a savage, pitching the bones, as he stripped them, to the dogs under the table, who fought and growled without disturbing their young master in the least.

"How you come, Meester Tom?" asked Rosalie, as she poured the coffee.

"On, my feet," grunted Tom, seizing a leg of turkey.

"Walk, Meester Tom?"

"Yes, walked. Did you think I could fly? The train stuck in the snow twenty miles out. There, that reminds me—I have not a decent collar for to-morrow. Here, wash this, like a giraffe, will you?" Tom coolly unbuttoned his collar, and threw it across the table.