

passed on to the wide open house-door, in front of which an old wolf-hound lay stretched, too sleepy to do more than wag his tail in response to his mistress' greeting as she passed him.

Just within the open doorway, an elderly woman sat knitting, dressed in a sort of tartan home-spun, a blue checked apron, a snowy kerchief neatly folded over her shoulders, and a wide-frilled cap as snowy as the kerchief. The keen dark eyes surveyed the young lady through their spectacles, with a half deferential, half protective expression.

"You'll be tired, Miss Lillas dear, ridin' about all the afternoon. Just gang awa' noo, and rest yersel' till the tea's ready."

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired, Nannie," replied the clear, fresh young voice, "and I'm going before tea to see poor old Aunt Judy; I know she'll be looking for me every day, now she knows I've come home, and I want to take her the things I brought her from York. I'll be back in good time for tea."

The girl's light figure speedily disappeared round the sharp angle of the steep staircase. Her plain, white-curtained chamber looked towards the back of the house, across the orchard and two or three fields, to the blue lake beyond. If it contained little of modern luxury, it had fresh air, snowy linen, sweet fragrance wafted in at open windows festooned by the waving tendrils of the