

uttered concerning her apparently miscarried prophecy.

"Time for lunch, eh," the old man spoke. He was lighting the lantern to go to the barn as was his wont, to see that all was safe for the night.

Stella filled the herb-pot in readiness for their customary good-night lunch.

A gentle rap at the front door startled them. They exchanged hurried glances, their hearts beating in unison. Stella glided quickly across the floor, took the lighted candle, and a few moments later had opened the front door.

Three snow be-spattered forms were standing on the broad stone step, a sweet-faced young woman, holding a little boy by the hand, and a tall middle-aged man. Also standing near by was a white-faced rug-covered pony, whose large trusting brown eyes gazed longingly at the open door.

"Oh! come in, come in," Stella cried eagerly, "you must be frozen. Never mind the pony, Mister, my grandfather will care for him.

"Thank you, child," the stranger replied, and taking a small sack off the pony's back, he entered the house.

In the meantime, Stella's grandpa, whose sharp ear had caught the word pony, was hastily preparing a pail of oatmeal and water near the hearth, as the strangers, followed by Stella, entered the kitchen. His stocking-cap pushed back from his forehead, revealed his twinkling blue eyes and round rosy face. The