

to the other, exclaiming, "The Lord be gude to us!" Her presence, however, seemed for the time to be ignored.

When she heard the gentle movements made by Mrs. Dubois among the dishes, her dream seemed suddenly to fade out of view. Seating herself again at the table, she diligently pursued the task of finishing her supper, yet ever and anon examining the prostrate form upon the floor.

"Peradventure he's a mon fra' the States. His claites look pretty nice. As a gen'al thing them people fra' the States hae plenty o' plack in their pockets. What do you think, sir?"

"He is undoubtedly a gentleman from New England," said Mr. Norton.