

and bent her way with slow steps towards Mrs. McKeltie's, whom she found, wearied and overheated, attending to the wants of the animals.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. McKeltie," exclaimed Nellie, in an excited manner; "Can I help you? Whar's Robie the nicht?"

"Puir Robie haes been lockit up these twa days. The Judge's nae minded to let him gang, and he gets naught but breed and water to sustain him. I'm fearing it'll cost him mony a bawbee afore he's letten out," cried Mrs. McKeltie, arresting her labors, and placing one hand on her hip, while with the other she fanned herself with her large garden hat.

"Robie's lockit up," and Nelly repeated the fatal words in tones of despair. She turned pale as death, and so faint, she had to lean for support against a cart that was near.

"Robie's lockit up!" she said, "an ye hae to do a' his wark: more shame to him to forget his ain mither, let alane ithers."

"It's only what happensither folks at times an he's nae to be blamed mair than anither, whan he's owertaen in his turn: he wadna hae been lockit up, gin there had nae been guid cause for't," said Mrs. McKeltie.

Indignation and astonishment restored to Nellie her strength; the blood rushed to her face, and then left it pallid as before. Panting heavily, she stood with eyes glaring on Mrs. McKeltie, and it was some moments ere she spoke.

"Robie McKeltie's a black dooble-faced villain, an it's nae wonderment, gin he's uphauden in his inequities by his ain mither." At length she almost screamed, "he may be lockit up for ever, for aught I'll mind; I'll ne'er speak wi' the villain mair, an' ye may tell him sae fra me;" and, having uttered these words, she burst into tears, and, sobbing loudly, ran down the road towards the orchard, where, though lost to the astounded Mrs. McKeltie's sight, her sobs and cries were distinctly heard by that good woman.

Agonized by this, as she thought, heartless confirmation of her worst fears, blinded

by her tears, Nellie staggered on, scarce able to discern her path; and, on rounding an old gnarled apple-tree, she stumbled over a stump that was concealed in the long grass, and would have fallen, but that she was caught by a pair of strong arms, and pressed to a warm breast, and Robie's manly voice anxiously and tenderly asked:

"What ails my lambie? What ails my lambie?"

The surprise caused a reaction: all strength left her, and when Robie placed her on her feet, he still had to support her. She feebly tried to repulse him; but, failing in that and unable to speak, she looked up at him, and at the sight of his fine honest and handsome face, and of his eyes so full of love bent upon her, for the first time since she met George Harris did the light of hope enter her heart. It renewed her strength, and the color returned slightly to her cheek.

"Can granny be right, Robie; and is' true ye're nae a black, dooble-faced villain," she feebly asked, looking eagerly at him.

"Granny's richt; I'm o' her belief," he replied, rather amused. "I'm thinking I'm nae a black, dooble-faced villain."

"Then wharfore did the police lock you up, and gie yae naething but breed and water to eat?" she inquired still more earnestly.

"You see, Bonnie Nellie," he answered, the jury could na agree, and sae we were lockit up. The case was ane o' importance, it being a matter o' life and death to the puir crittur."

The young lay down their cares as readily as they take them up. Light and happiness flashed once more into Nellie's pretty face: she wept tears of joy and thankfulness. For the first since she had kept company with Robie, did she fling herself into his arms, and, kissing him passionately, exclaimed in broken tones, "Oh Robie how could I mistrust you?" Oh Robie! forgie me! I'll never, never heed their lees mair. Oh forgie me, Robie!" and so she continued, much to Robie's satis-