

two-story house with a *hangard* in rear. I was in hopes that this was old Gauvin's, a farmer with whom I was very well acquainted. Jumping out, I rapped at the door, which was opened by the very old man himself.

"What do you want," he said.

"Don't you recognize me?"

"Indeed I dont."

I removed some of the snow and ice from my face, in order to assist his recognition.

"Oh, my friend, Mr. Harrison. How are you?"

"Pretty wet."

"Drive your horses to the back of the house and my son will take charge of them."

We then drove to the coach-house in rear, and, having stabled our animals, marched like a regiment of convicts into the hospitable farmer's house, who was very kind to us indeed, and wished to accommodate us with sleeping apartments for the night, his impression being that the storm would not be over till morning. We thanked him for his kindness, but told him that we must get home to-night, *nolens volens*.

I then asked him if he could give us some tea as it was now half past five, and we all felt very hungry and tired.

"The tea will be ready in fifteen minutes, gentlemen; sit down and rest yourselves."

Clara reminded us about dividing the sugar, as we agreed to do at tea time.

"All right, where are the bags?" I said. "By the by, we will have to return the one we borrowed."

"Here they are."

"How many pieces are there?"

"Ten when we left. I don't suppose any have been lost on the way," said Clara. She then counted ten pieces, which was a piece each, and handed each one his share.

"There's the tea-bell, I suppose," said Katy.

"Yes, let us go down stairs, Emma. I hope so, for I'm half dead."

We sat down to a bountiful meal, and soon our hunger was appeased. I asked Frank to look out and tell us what were the prospects of a change in the weather.

"Not much," he said, "although I fancy the storm has diminished a little."

"I guess we had better remain where we are for a little while yet," remarked Mr. Bickell. "It can't last very long at this rate, and to-night being moonlight, I wouldn't be surprised if the storm would clear away by nine o'clock."

"Well, we'll hope so anyway," said Minnie, who seemed to be contemplating some terrible fate.

Mr. Gauvin entered to tell us that if we wished to amuse ourselves during our stay, there was a fiddler in the house who had come from assisting at a wedding, and he would be most happy to tune up for a dance. The very mention of a dance seemed to strike new life into Emma, who, a few minutes ago, declared she was half dead, and, fatigued as we all were, we were quite ready to enjoy a little fun. Mr. Gauvin then led us into the adjoining room, which was large and well adapted to the purpose of dancing.

We amused ourselves till the old clock struck nine, when Mr. Gauvin entered to say that the storm was over, and the full moon shining out in all her splendor.

"Oh, I thought I wasn't far wrong," said Mr. Bickell. Let us wind up with 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' if our obliging musician has no objections."

"Very well, Mr. Bickell, I'll have the horses tackled in the meanwhile. Fall in for Sir Roger, ladies and gentlemen, and then for home."

"Sir Roger" was struck up, to which time-honored *finale* full justice was done. This brought our jollification to a close, and having rejoiced the heart of our indefatigable musician with a couple of shillings, and paid old Gauvin for his hospitality, we started for home. It was a glorious evening, and, although