

and laid upon the table three letters, all written on birch bark, one for her mother, one for her father, and one for herself.

Mr. Lester selected his letter from amongst the others, placed it in his pocket and walked into his editorial sanctum, leaving Grace to wonder at her father's unusual exhibition of excitement and lack of gallantry towards her.

"Good-bye, papa; I'm going home to read the letters to mamma," Grace cried through the partly closed doorway.

But there was no response. Grace stowed the letters in her reticule, slipped out quietly and walked up the main street to the postoffice. Her pretty face at the wicket brought the susceptible clerk away from the telegraph instrument, although he was then sending an urgent message. With a careful look around him, the youth drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to the fair young girl, for whom he felt a sentimental affection, and for whom he would rifle the mail bags, not to speak of her father's mail box.

Grace's expressive eyes dilated with pleasure as she received the letter. Bestowing a sunny smile upon the clerk, and nodding her thanks, she turned away quickly and sped homewards.

"Wonder who her correspondent is," the clerk soliloquized; "I fancy her father don't like him or she would not coax me into holding her letters for her. I'm not breaking rules; but I wish she would not blind me