

her a cent's worth, I know that well enough. It would be just like her to make me take it back," thought he.

"Oh, sir," said Draxy, "my father has never had a pretty home like this in all his life."

Ten days from the day that Draxy arrived in Clairveud she drove over with the Elder to meet her father and mother at the station. She had arranged that the Elder should carry her father back in the waggon; she and her mother would go in the stage. She counted much on the long, pleasant drive through the woods as an opening to the acquaintance between her father and the Elder. She had been too busy to write any but the briefest letters home, and had said very little about him. To her last note she had added a postscript,—

"I am sure you will like Mr. Kinney, father. He is very kind and very good. But he is not old, as we thought."

To the Elder she said, as they drove over, "I think you will love my father, sir, and I know you will do him good. But he will not say much at first; you will have to talk," and Draxy smiled. The Elder and she understood each other very well.

"I don't think there's much danger o' my not lovin' him," replied the Elder; "by all you tell he must be uncommon lovable." Draxy turned on him such a beaming smile that he could not help adding, "an' I should think his bein' your father was enough."

Draxy looked seriously in his face, and said, "Oh, Mr. Kinney, I'm not anything by the side of father."

The Elder's eyes twinkled.

It was a silent though joyful group which gathered around the Elder's tea-table that night.

Reuben and Jane were tired, bewildered, but their eyes rested on Draxy with perpetual smiles. Draxy also smiled more than she spoke. The Elder felt himself half out of place and wished to go away, but Draxy looked grieved at his proposal to do so, and he stayed. But nobody could eat, and old Nancy, who had spent her utmost resources on the supper, was cruelly disappointed. She bustled in and out on various pretences, but at last could keep silence no longer. "Seems to me ye've dreadful slim appetites for folks that's been travellin' a'il day. Perhaps ye don't like yer victuals," she said, glancing sharply at Reuben.

"Oh yes, Madam, yes," said poor Reuben, nervously, "everything is very nice; much nicer than I am used to."

Draxy laughed aloud. "My father never eats when he is tired Nancy. You'll see how he'll eat to-morrow."

After Nancy had left the room, Reuben wiped his forehead, and Draxy laughed again in spite of herself. Old Nancy had been so kind and willing in helping her, she had grown fond of her, and had quite forgotten her father's dread. When Reuben bade Draxy good-night, he said under his breath, "I like your Elder very much, daughter; but I don't know how I'm ever goin' to stand livin' with that Injun."