

to spring upon you, and the young gentleman being brave as a lion and rushing forward, and saving your life." Mrs. Ellison was not a woman to let her translation lack color, even though the original wanted it.

"Make him tell it again."

When the man had done so, "Yes," sighed Kitty, "it all happened that day of the Montgomery expedition; but I never knew, before, of what he had done for me. Fanny," she cried, with a great sob, "maybe I'm the one who has been cruel? But what happened yesterday makes his having saved my life seem such a very little matter."

"Nothing at all!" answered Fanny, "less than nothing!" But her heart failed her.

The little cooper had bowed himself away, and was climbing the hill, Mr. Arbuton's coat-skirts striking his heels as he walked.

"What letters are those?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, old letters to Mr. Arbuton, which he found in the pocket. I suppose he thought I would give them to him."

"But how are you going to do it?"

"I ought to send them to him," answered Kitty. Then, after a silence that lasted till they reached the boat, she handed the letters to Fanny. "Dick may send them," she said.

THE END.