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there will be only too happy. We can divide the work equally—he shall row, you shall sing, and I will smoke my evening cigar, as you irreverently term it. Having been very busy all day, any severer labor would be too much for me."

"Such a long speech! with nothing in it, either," replied Ethel. "I will call you Uncle Jabez hereafter for taking me up so. What a sweet name it is! No one can choose pretty names like the Americans. As you say, you must be very much fatigued. You have followed mamma and I about all day, asking questions and giving advice, making the acquaintance of all the turkeys and chickens, calculating the pounds avoirdupoise of every individual pig, and criticizing every fruit tree, plant and flower that did not suit your exact taste."

"That is all right, Miss Ethel," was answered laughingly. "There is no use replying to you, as you will always manage to have the last word. So go and get your hat on and we will walk down to the lake."

"Yes! do, Miss Mordaunt, it will be so pleasant," said Mr. Vance. "I shall be happy, too, to accept the rather onerous share thrown upon my shoulders by Mr. Horton's very equal division of labor and do the rowing."

CHAPTER IV.

"MOONLIGHT FOR THREE."

But just as they were about to start for their moonlight excursion, the good-natured face of Barney Conley, the general factotum about the house, appeared on the verandah.

"Here's a letter for ye, Miss Ethel, and one for ye, too, Mr. Vance, and a couple of them for you, sorr! and fais! if the contents are as warrum as the carrying of thim up from the village