

in just here. On each side of that line, sometimes imaginary, sometimes the clear, broad, twisting band of the St. John, the old Acadian families remain, one half "American," one half provincial, both halves wholly French; though willingly enough making room among themselves for an outsider such as Dr. Kendal.

He meanwhile had reached the gap where his unwitting guide had vanished; pushed his way along the path on which the alders trespassed; and emerged on a wide open space which might once have been garden, but where now scrub spruce and firs were straggling, and sumac thrust its coarse red pompons in the stead of flowers. In the midst, a rambling cottage, larger than the wont, but gray and leaning to decay, and with that niggardly line of smoke wavering above.

It was the one sign of occupancy about the place; so Kendal followed it, flinging his bridle over a half-sunken gate-post—gate there was none—and crossing the furze-grown, wood-littered yard to the door.

His knock was unanswered. But the line of windows with that gaunt and hollow-eyed look which the want of curtains always gives, offered him no encouragement to try farther on. The chimney-smoke was at least something promising; so, after a moment's hesitation, he lifted the latch.