

bright, sweet blossoms to her cheeks and lips, caressingly, and filling her nostrils with their delicate odor.

Just then from away down the road, she saw a figure coming toward them. That was nothing, her father assured her; men came that way often. But as each quick step brought the object of her close scrutiny more distinctly to her view, she said, pressing the flowers over her fast beating heart, while she pointed the other white hand in that direction.

"Father, see him; see that man!"

"I can't see plainly. What's to pay? My eyes are not so good as yourn. Who's a comin'?"

"Father, it is Allan!" and the blossoms fell at her feet, while her eyes dilated with eagerness.

"Allan! the Lord be praised! I've just been a hankerin' arter this moment to see Allan, an' make it up with him 'fore I die. I'll go to Hanner," and away he hobbled to tell his wife the news. She, good soul, was rushing to the door, with open arms, to welcome Allan, but her old husband called her back, saying:

"No yer don't, Hanner! Don't meddle with 'em. There's been too much o' that. I'm mos' bustin' to see him fust, but it's her company, leastwise if she wasn't here, he wouldn't be. I guess he's come for her this time, no mistake!"

Then "Hanner" in a state of excitement, absolutely dangerous, bustled about the kitchen to work off her feelings over a cook stove, while Eben found his time fully occupied in restraining Una from flying down the walk to see cousin Allan.

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Laura had stood waiting in the edge of the garden, as Allan came swiftly toward her. Happiness radiated from her eyes, and the fading rays of sunlight touching her golden hair with its brilliant shafts, made her