

note with a defiant look, as she tore it in pieces before him, and bade the coachman drive on. She gave vent to exclamations of anger at him, calling him a robber, but refused to inform the authorities of his acts.

Werbletree became satisfied at last that the miller had gone from the vicinity, and no doubt returned to Shulton, and he was determined to follow him.

And so we went to Shulton.

More than a year had passed since I had taken that journey before, and a crowd of thoughts of intervening incidents filled my mind as the stage coach at the end of our trip conveyed us along the self-same road into the picturesque little village.

We crossed to Delby's tavern, as I had done that well-remembered April evening. I followed Werbletree in the same passive state of mind that I had felt and exhibited throughout my adventures with him. As a son would depend on a father I felt a dependence on him which would have led me after him anywhere.

He seemed to lay his plans in a mysterious manner now, and I saw him at times confer with employees of the mill. But all the time he worked more and more into my friendship, as we took walks about the vicinity on several occasions, mostly after night, without anything worthy of note transpiring. I had told him, of course, all I had learned from Nellie Elson concerning Sweeman's attempts to interview her mother. He betrayed no sign of surprise at his having pursued her to their city home. In fact he never betrayed surprise at anything.

One night—a night that will ever stand out as a never-to-be-erased imprint on my memory—we sat together upon a hill overlooking the miller's house. This was a favorite watching place of his; but I confess I had become tired of the monotony of sitting there night after night without a single incident transpiring. On the night in question I had more to excite me than I bargained for.

The moon had been cloud-covered for a time, and as it peeped out to shine above the cloud's edge half-hidden we could see a man carrying what I judged to be a dark-lantern in his hand, coming from the mill. We watched him until he entered the house, and then at a motion from my friend we both arose and walked closer to the house. We were standing on the side on which Arthur Drammel's chamber was and the window blind, I believe, by Werbletree's management, was hung slightly slanting so that we could see into the room without difficulty.

I had become all excitement in an instant; but my friend remained cool.

Seeing my agitation he tried to encourage me. "Keep your eyes open," he said, directing my eyes to the new-comers' movements, who we could see now in Arthur's chamber; and this speech brought vividly before me what he had said when I met him at Hazelgrove. The words had haunted me ever since, and I felt them now with double force.

"You better come to Shulton with me; I may need you for a witness."

(To be continued.)

[Written for the Family Circle.]

Dawn.

A SONNET, BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The bright sun never saw a scene so fair
Since on the hills of Eden shone his light,
The weary breezes in their long-drawn flight
Ne'er drew a breath from founts of purer air.
One sight of this would make a churl aware
Of things, that being holy, will delight
The heart of man, while last the day and night,
And life for pleasure has a thought or care.
A mist is resting on a singing stream,
The eastern clouds like curtains are uproll'd
The morning star scuds down a fitful gleam,
Then fades away and all the night is gone,
And heralded by oriflammes of gold,
Bright o'er the sapphire heavens breaks the dawn.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BARBARA WINTHORNE.

A Story for the Young.

BY EDITH PATERSON.

"Saturday! No school thank goodness!" cried Barbara Winthorne springing out of bed one bright September morning.

"Oh what a glorious—*jewel* of a day?" she ejaculated, standing at the open window that look'd out upon stretching fields and rich woodlands. She herself, though she did not know it, was like a bright sunbeam in her white night dress, with her wavy brown hair tumbling down her back in wild confusion, her cheeks all aglow with the healthy sleep-flush and her eyes like twin stars. No beauty was Barbara; only a well grown, healthy girl; but such a generous, warm hearted girl, one could not help loving her, and most people forgot all about her freckled face, and large mouth, and would have stared in amaze if anyone had hinted that she was plain.

"I'll go for Mattie Carew after breakfast, and we will go for a regular tramp with the dogs; 'Over the mountains and far away,'" cried she with a joyous laugh. Hastily dressing, she ran down stairs. Late as usual! Prayer over and breakfast begun. She went in feeling guilty; punctuality—I am grieved to say—not being one of Barbara's virtues.

Kissing her father and mother, with a bright "good morning Ned" to her brother, she took her place at the table.

"Barbara dear you must rise earlier in the mornings," said Mrs. Winthorne gently. She was a pale, fragile woman and always spoke in a soft, plaintive voice.

"Yes mother—at least I will try."

"And if at first you don't succeed, try, try again;" quoth Ned mischievously.

"Now Neddy don't try to be smart" answered his sister good-humoredly.

"But seriously I consider that a most excellent precept; all the great achievements of the world hinge upon that 'try, try again.'"

"Ned!" cried Barbara laughingly.

"Pray restrain Ned," said his father smiling; "may I enquire if you have ever taken that most excellent precept to heart and acted upon it?"

"Certainly sir; I am known as one of the most persevering chaps in our form at college; or I shouldn't have presumed, to lecture Bab," answered Ned with unabashed effrontery.

Every one laughed at this prompt reply, for Ned, being an only son was rather spoiled when at home. He was a fine lad of sixteen, three years Barbara's senior, and was a student of Upper Canada College.

"I should imagine you were not remarkable for modesty at any rate" said his father dryly.

"No sir, *cheek*, as our American friends express it, is the best passport in the world; modesty is out of date."

"Indeed I trust it is not," interposed Mrs. Winthorne deprecatingly.

"Not for women, mother," he cried quickly, "I hope it will never go out of date for women."

"I hope not," answered she plaintively.

"Well my boy," said Mr. Winthorne, as he arose from the table after a little more conversation on the subject. "you seem to have acquired a considerable knowledge of the world for a lad of your age."

"This is an enterprising generation, sir," replied Ned pompously, and with a laugh they all arose from the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthorne were that morning going a short journey by rail and expected to return by six in the evening. So Barbara did not start for her walk till they were gone; she took baby Louie into the garden and played with her till nurse came to take baby for her walk. When she had bidden her parents good bye, she put on her hat and went for Mattie and the two girls went for a long, delightful ramble over the hills, through woods and meadows; both so happy and light-hearted. Alas! it was long ere Barbara was as happy as on that bright September morning.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached home. After eating lunch she went in search of Louie and carrying her to the drawing room, played with her till baby got tired and fell asleep with her little dark head pillowed on Barbara's breast. After nurse had carried her up stairs, Barbara