

see his father alive. Of course he would start immediately—that very day. He loved his stern father very truly, and was full of grief and self-reproach at having remained away from him so long, knowing that he was in ill health.

Judith was busy about the house somewhere, but came to him immediately on being told by Susannah that he awaited her in the parlor.

"I have come to say good-bye to you, Judy. My father is very ill; I must return home at once," he said, still holding her hand in his firm clasp and watching her face with painful eagerness for the least sign of regret. But regret there was none! The clear blue eyes looked steadfastly into his; the fair face was cruelly calm.

"I am sorry to hear of your father's illness, Jack; I hope you will find him better on your arrival."

"I shall be fortunate if I find him living; poor father, I should not have left him so long!"

Jack dropped her hands and turned away with a deep sigh that was partly regret for his father, partly pain at Judith's coolness in this hour of parting.

"Indeed, Jack, I hope the Squire is not so ill as you think, and—and believe me I am very, very sorry for you," she said more earnestly, laying her hand on his arm.

"I wish, child, that you were a little bit sorry to part from me," he said with extreme bitterness, putting his hand over hers, and looking into her eyes, with passionate pain in his own.

"I am sorry; I shall miss you often, I am sure I will," she answered gently; but she never changed color nor looked away from him; she might have been speaking to her brother.

"Oh my love! I wish that I could take you with me."

"That is impossible"—calmly.

"Of course it is," he responded irritably—"I suppose you will want two or three months to get all the finery you will want to wear. You have not made any preparations at all yet; have you?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet you knew that I was wanted in England before winter."

"Yes; but I told you I would not go with you this time."

"Judith, will you marry me next summer, if—all is well?"

"Would it not be better to leave that to be decided later on?"

"No! I must have your promise before I leave you. Judith, surely I have been patient; will you not grant me this much—give me this comfort to take away with me?"

After a short silence she turned to him and gravely gave him the promise he desired.

"I will be your wife next summer, if all is well."

"Thanks for that sweet promise my darling; and you will write to me every week, will you not?"

"But I should not know what to write about every week. I cannot imagine anyone being able to write an interesting letter to the same person every week, especially when one lives in such a quiet little place as Eastville; each letter would be but a repetition of the preceding one."

"I would not care if all your letters were precisely alike, so long as I heard from you every week that you were well and happy," protested Mr. Littleworth, earnestly.

"Oh! would you not," she asked, with something like pity in her soft tones, for this infatuated young man.

"I know several fellows who get long letters twice or three times a week from the girls they are going to marry," continued Jack, persuasively.

"Indeed! and do they—the fellows answer all of them?" inquired Miss Judy, innocently.

"Every one of them," answered Jack, unblushingly.

"That is in England, is it not?"

"Yes, in England; but what of that? Lovers are the same all the world over. Are they not?"

"I think we must be a little different in Canada—as far as let a man be concerned," she answered demurely.

"No!—I you unkind girl, you want to get out of writing to me every week," replied Jack, with a laugh, in which was a tone of bitterness that did not escape Judith.

"If you cared for me ever so little, Judy, you could easily find plenty to say to me in your letters."

(To be Continued.)

A Girl's Adventure.

YOU must have some rare experiences to tell us, Mrs Boswell," said persuasive Lieutenant Russel, while he waited for the mail stage. "You have been at this frontier post ever since Captain Boswell was stationed here?"

"Yes; we have been here eight years," she replied, with the rare smile that glorified her face. "I have passed through many trying ordeals here, but I really think that I had an adventure in the East, before I married the Captain, equal to anything that I have experienced."

"Well, will you relate it, and oblige us?" urged Russel.

"Thank you," said our little hostess, "I don't mind."

Three of us were sitting in an inner apartment of the small frontier hostelry. The bar-room was packed with miners, and we had chosen to have our suppers served by ourselves, as we had appointed to go on to Custer City in company.

"It was in 18—," she began; "I had just made the acquaintance of Captain Boswell, and he, having some business matters to arrange with father, had called at our place several times. Finally, there came a rare day in autumn, and he and father were closeted the greater part of the day, overhauling papers, memoranda, deeds and receipts. My father at the time was doing a great deal of business as an attorney.

"At tea-time father said to me: 'Bess, you won't mind an evening alone, so long as Thomas is about, will you?'

"I said no, for although there were many robberies being committed in the neighboring cities, private families in the suburbs felt no fear. Our house was a mile from the city proper, and half a mile from neighbors either way.

"We find," he continued, "that the Captain has got to hunt up some more papers concerning the estate before he can give Barron a satisfactory title. We shall go to Judge Whitcomb's office, and our arch may be so successful that eleven o'clock will find us home again. Still, we may be detained longer. Shan't I call and tell your Cousin Milly to come down and spend the night with you?"

"No—yes," I contradictorily answered. "Do as you please; I am not timid in the least, with Thomas about."

"But Captain Boswell is going to leave five thousand dollars here until he returns."

"Does anyone know about the money?"

"Only ourselves."

"Then I am not afraid. Besides, you are likely to be back before graveyards yawn and thieves do walk abroad."

"Thomas brought the horse round, and while father spoke to him I touched the Captain's sleeve:

"Where is your money left?"

"In your father's desk in the library.' Then he looked with a tender, inquiring glance into my face (how the little woman's cheek flushed at the memory) and said: 'Little girl, if you are in the least afraid we will not go to-night, although it is absolutely necessary.'

"I told him, honestly, that I was not afraid. I never had that strata of timidity in my make-up peculiar to woman-kind; and so they rode away.

"I sang about my work as I put things in shape around the room, and viewed the brilliant sunset, without a fear or care.

"Thomas, our new man-of-all-work, was very busy pottering about the grounds, tying up grapevines and mulching