

robber, and naturally, too, after what Leo had seen."

"We wanted to do something for you, Mr. Johnson, because you were so good, and didn't turn us away when we came by mistake," said Lily.

"I think it was a very lucky mistake for me," he answered, putting his arm round Lily as she perched herself on his knee. "Why, many grown-up people would have screamed and made a fuss, instead of acting as quietly and sensibly as you did," he went on to say, "Well, it was plucky; but I can't help laughing when I think of the gardener not getting out."

"Served him right, too," remarked Leo.

"What did you talk to him about, Lily?" asked Roy, mischievously. "I heard your voice, but I had no idea you were talking to a robber."

"He wanted me to open the door, and I wouldn't," she answered shortly.

"Don't tease them, Roy!" The two little ones sat very still while the others talked.

During a pause, Lily said, "You would have trusted us, wouldn't you?"

"Trusted you! of course I do."

"About the apples, I mean."

"Yes; and when you go, you shall take a hamper-full home with you. You deserve it for guarding them so well."

"Won't the others be pleased! Oh, thank you! And won't Dawes grumble!"

The next day more snow fell, and the children were obliged to amuse themselves indoors; the next was bright and fine, the storm was over, and everywhere lay the snow deep, and glistening and beautiful.

Mr. Johnson announced that he was going up to London for the day. The line was clear at last. Gangs of workmen had been employed to clear away the snow, that in some places had drifted to the depth of many feet. Slowly and with great difficulty traffic had been renewed, and with the first train came letters to Mr. Johnson and Roy.

The latter was still confined to his bed, Dr. Scott would not hear of his attempting to move, and the boy himself felt too weak and ill even to wish to do so.

When the children heard Mr. Johnson say he was going to London, Lily asked—

"Are we to go with you?" There was a tone of regret in her voice. It seemed a pity, she thought, to go back after such a short visit.

"No; I am only going for the day. It is not for you to travel yet, and Roy must not leave his bed, the doctor says.

"We will walk with you to the station," said Leo.

Mr. Johnson hesitated, but on Lily begging that they might be allowed to go he relented. He could never say "No" to Lily when she coaxed and looked at him imploringly.

So they walked with him down the lane that they had toiled along in the cold and darkness such a short while before. The half-mile

did not appear long this bright frosty morning. After seeing Mr. Johnson off, they had a little friendly chat with the officials who had been so kind to them on their arrival, and then, they started for home, as they already called Mr. Johnson's house.

"I wonder if he will see mother?"

"Of course he will. I wonder if he will ask her to let us stay on longer?"

"I don't expect she will. Shall say we were invited first to the other one, so we shall have to go."

"Well, I hope the real Mr. Johnson is as nice as this one."

"I say, Lily, don't let us go home at once; let us explore. So instead of turning down the lane that led to the house, they continued straight on.

Farther on they came to a house that stood a little way off the road, surrounded by trees, now all white and glistening with snow, "like the trees in fairy land," said Lily. In front of the house ran a verandah, and from the verandah hung long icicles, glistening and sparkling with beauty. All the windows in the house had the shutters up, and in the garden stood a large board on which was written in white, "To be let."

"There's no one living there; let us go in. I must have one of those icicles, added Leo, in a decided tone.

They pushed open the gate, and went up the path. Lily exclaimed with delight at the beauty of the icicles when the sun shone upon them.

"They are of every color of the rainbow. Look, Leo, aren't they lovely?"

I must have one, he answered. It was no pleasure to him to admire them at a distance. He wanted to have one in his hand, and he wanted to taste one as well.

They'll be dreadfully cold, said Lily. Just wait till you get one.

It seemed as if they would have to wait for some time. They hung too high for them to reach.

(To be Continued.)

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