

sick. There jist didn't seem anything worth while but the old swimmin' hole; an' so I cut it an' run, an' here I am."

"Do you think there'll be a real invasion of Canada, Dick?" I asked.

"The Lord only knows," he replied.

Three days have passed since then, and very gently my mother is nursing my girl back to strength there in the little "spare room," which has been given over to her, making her sleep early and late and feeding her on the best of the land, which, indeed, is easy enough to do, for every day someone comes with some tid-bit,—a speckled trout from the creek, or a partridge cooked to a turn on a spit, or a mug of jelly of the wild grape or cranberry.

This evening Barry sat for the space of two hours by the fireplace, with mother and father as proud to see her there as was I. Very soon, if there come a fine day, I must carry her to the Golden-Winged Woods.