

"What!" he exclaimed, "Do you feel it coming to?"

"Feel what coming, grandpa?" she asked, raising a dazzlingly beautiful face to him.

"More snow," he answered slowly, "a few more inches, and the city for the old man and his grand-daughter."

Stella's lovely face fell, and threatening tears almost betrayed her disappointment. Her sweet lips trembled. She had picked the brown herb-pot from its bed of hot ashes on the hearth, and was pouring the fragrant liquid into her grandfather's cup, there being no tea or coffee used at that time.

"What's the matter, Stella?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh! nothing," she replied. "Only I—I thought perhaps Cousin Zyra and children might be coming to visit us today, or tomorrow."

"Catch Cousin Zyra travelling in this kind of weather," the old man said, meditatively.

"I'm afraid your prophecy is going to mis-carry this time, my dear."

It was not the first time that the child had prophesied coming events in her childish way.

"If it isn't them, I do believe we are going to have some other nice company," she went on, "and I was going to ask you to do something for me."

"I will do anything in my power, to make you happy, Stella," he returned with feeling.