

"Land sakes! but you're just the very person I was wanting to see. There's a gov'ment letter come to Miss Moore yesterday, and I thought you'd maybe know where to send it."

"Yes," said Andrew, feeling that the sign had come at last. "Give it me, and I'll see she gets it."

He took it, and with scarce a word went away, leaving Mrs. Morris considerably upset by his abruptness.

He only waited to get within the shadow of his woods before he tore it open. One reading of her pleading letter to her manager sufficed. Judith was his again. He knew where to find her. New York!—that was not so very far off. He knew when the trains started, and rapidly made his plans. She was such a child! and she liked his old velveteen coat and the big, battered felt hat; he would wear them; she would be pleased; and as he came within sight of the crab-apple-trees a happy thought came to him. He took his knife and cut a huge bundle of flowers, taking off the branches where the flowers were only in bud.

Then he went home.

His aunt heard his hurried explanation, and bound a great roll of wet moss about the ends of the branches.