

me, Aime, after these long, terrible months. But there," flinging her head back, and flashing her clear eyes full on him, "you *must* believe me that I am going straight to the jail, to surrender myself, the robber, in your place."

He does not answer at once. The two pairs of eyes hold each other fast one breathless moment.

When he does speak, it is to say, quite quietly :

"In my place? But, Arsene, my place is here."

He lifts one small brown hand, and sweeps it across his lips.

"My place is here—with you, Arsene."

She looked at him wildly; then tried to draw herself away.

"You have escaped!" she said, hurriedly, glancing round in a tremor. "But you must not stay here, you must not be seen here in Pasbebiac. You must keep out of the way, you know, until I've gotten to the jail to take your place—*my* place: to tell them the whole, wicked, shameful truth of that winter day."

But he holds her fast still; he sweeps the small brown hand again across his lips.

"I thought you were not ashamed of it, *ma mie*? I thought you scoffed at the idea of the *stolen* flour?"

"Ah, yes! when they owed it to us, and you toiling all the while for them! It is not that that is wicked; it is not that that is shameful. But that I should have suffered *you* to bear the blame; *you* to be dragged away—handcuffed, perhaps—"

"No, no," he says to her, soothingly. "The handcuffs were not necessary. I was ready to go quietly, for the sake of—the old people, did you think, Arsene?"

She cannot misunderstand that pause now, nor the look in his eyes.

But she only groans impatiently.

"What does it matter—what does anything matter, but

that you should keep out of the way *here*, till I have confessed *there*? Let me go, Aime; let me go!"

"Before you know that I am a free man, Arsene?"

She stares at him, bewildered, her color coming and going.

"A free man. The Queen's Jubilee—"

"Yes, yes!"—breathlessly.

"The Queen's Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of her reign just past—'God save the Queen!'" taking off his hat.

"The Queen's Jubilee opened wide the prison-doors to us, and such as us."

"Such as—let me go, Aime, let me go! You can never forgive me for leaving you to suffer there, innocent."

"Not when I bade you take care of my old people, Arsene? And you have taken care of them; Messire Morin told me so."

"Messire Morin? Then he did carry my message for me after all! But why did they not then let you go free—"

"Because Morin gave your message to me, not to the prison authorities. And I bade him be silent on it. He was not unwilling, Arsene," he says, looking at her narrowly.

"Not unwilling; for he loves you."

The girl shrugs her shoulders indifferently.

"Arsene, Messire Morin told me he had come back to Paspebiac to tell you so, for the second time. Arsene, he is a *gentilhomme*: I am only a sailor—" letting her hand go.

She looked up at him indignantly.

"Aime—"

"No. Better than that, Mignonne, better than that! Arsene, say '*mon ben-Aime*!'"

A wild rush of color illumines her whole face. She droops it a little; but she puts both hands in his, and she says, quite steadily, in the lingering Acadian patois :

"*Mon ben-Aime. Je sus bèn-benaïse.*"

MENDING STOCKINGS.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

A pair of baby's stockings!
They are small and black and plain,
But I find sweet satisfaction
In looking them over again.

I mended these same stockings—
It must be two years ago—
And then they were laid in the drawer;
There was no one to wear them, you know.

For our own beautiful baby
Had gone to a fairer clime;
She had entered the golden city
Where we hope to meet her some time.

And though in the mending basket
There still were stockings small,
There were none for a tiny baby
With daintiest feet of all.

Yet again from the open heaven
A wonderful gift has come,
And the sound of a baby's cooing
Is heard again in our home.

And tiny feet are moving
Along the nursery floor,
And dainty baby stockings
Are needed now once more.

It is strange that I find a pleasure
In taking them in my hand?
They speak of our newest treasure,
And of one in the Fatherland.