

mented with porcupine-quills and bead-work. The vision leaped the fence like her father, bounded from her pony as he had done, and rushed into the Wild Man's arms, exclaiming, "Be she here, an' well, dear fader?"

"Ay, all right," he replied; but he had no time to say more, for at that moment March Marston darted at the vision, seized one of her hands, put his arm round her waist, and swung her, rather than led her, into his mother's presence.

"Here's Mary, mother!" cried March, with a very howl of delight.

The widow had already guessed it. She rose and extended her arms. Mary gazed for one moment eagerly at her and then rushed into them. Turning sharp round, March threw his arms round Bounce's neck and embraced him for want of a better subject; then hurling him aside he gave another shout, and began to dance a violent horn-pipe on the floor, to the still farther horrifaction of the kitten (which was now a feline maniac), and the general scatteration of the mingled mass of crockery and cream. Seeing this, Bounce uttered an hysterical cheer. Hawkswing, being excited beyond even savage endurance, drew his scalping-knife, yelled the war-cry, and burst into the war-dance of the Seneca Indians. In short, the widow's cottage became the theatre of a scene that would have done credit to the violent wards of a lunatic asylum—a scene,