

known latitude; bleak and bare the road stretched through tortuous, broken hills, its borders enlivened by pale-purple road-daisies or yellow burdock blossoms; close by a little streamlet trickled softly past, with dull, monotonous sound; the silence around had become oppressive, even the locusts had ceased their chirping; but soon a faint reverberation told of distant thunder.

Harold grew very uneasy as a flash of lightning played through the heavily massed clouds.

"Where are the horses!" cried Winnifred, rising bewilderedly to her feet as memory returned. "Mrs. Burnside will be terrified if they reach home without us."

"Do sit down, Miss Roy. Thank God we are safe so far, but you must recover a little before we try the heights," and Harold gently compelled the excited girl to remain quiet.

"Ah! I thought Prince and Ruby would alarm some one!"

"Hello there! Are you all alive?" shouted a shrill voice, and a powerfully built, bareheaded woman appeared on the brow of the hill, waving her hands energetically to some one in the distance.

"Come on Pete, I see them; they're all right."

"Your horses kind of gave me and my man a scare," she said, reaching them with a few hasty strides. "You see we thought 'twas the doctor, so Peter he says, 'You go straight on; I'll look after the carriage,' and sure enough he's got it."

To Harold's great relief, for he was growing faint with almost intolerable agony, they saw a man leading the trembling animals along the road above.

"Are you hurt, Mr. L'Estrange?" said Winnifred, noticing his arm hang helplessly beside him. "Oh! I am afraid you are," and with all the womanly tenderness of her nature thoroughly stirred, as the woman exclaimed: "I should think so, why his arm's broke," she forgot her nervous terrors and strove earnestly to render all the assistance she could to their timely friend, who, with rough kindness, soon slipped off Harold's coat sleeve and dexterously arranged the wounded member, so as to make the pain much more endurable.

"Now we'll get up the hill first and you'd best come to our house. Pete'll go for a doctor. Here," turning to Winnifred, "You ain't fit to walk; I'll help you up."

Harold, declining his new friend's invitation to have his arm set at their house, was, nevertheless, glad to accept her husband's kind offer to drive them back by a shorter route to Glen Allen.

"I reckon you'd best go home, Jennie," said the big, grey-bearded man to his wife. "We won't get that barley in to-day; there's a tremendous storm coming up," and scarcely giving Winnifred or Harold

time to thank her most heartily for her kindness, and bid her farewell, he drove rapidly away.

They fortunately arrived at Glen Allen before the rain came (which fell in torrents, keeping Pete a willing prisoner in the doctor's comfortable kitchen; and Harold's arm was promptly attended to—a compound fracture, requiring all Dr. Burnside's skill to put right and his wife's most loving care to assuage the pain and fever that ensued. Dr. Burnside's anxiety concerning his patient became positive alarm, when the fever, instead of subsiding in a day or two, raged more and more fiercely, exhausting the strength and imperilling the life so dear to himself and Mrs. Burnside. And when the crisis was at last passed and the strong man lay weak as a child, but out of danger, there was great rejoicing in the hearts of the many friends Harold had won while in Canada.

Mr. Leitz postponed his return to Germany indefinitely, devoting himself to his friend, reading, talking, or, as Harold grew stronger, singing with a wonderfully sweet melodious voice snatches of old college songs and dreamy German airs.

"Winnifred has a delightful voice for those beautiful songs; it is so clear, flexible and sweet," said Mrs. Burnside one evening that Mrs. Holt and Winnifred, having driven over to enquire for Harold, had remained for an hour or two, and Mr. Leitz had persuaded the reluctant Winnifred to sing with him. "I am only now discovering her accomplishments: she plays, too, with remarkable taste."

"Yes;" replied Mrs. Holt, "we were most fortunate in getting Miss Roy for the children. Even Will thinks no one can equal Miss Roy, except yourself," she added with a smile as she rose to take leave.

Mrs. Burnside was not in any sense of the word a match-maker, but from the time her brother came she had desired, and unselfishly, that Winnifred should be his wife, knowing that, although much older than Winnifred, Harold possessed every qualification necessary for the perfect happiness of the girl for whom she herself entertained such true affection, and having learned during his hours of delirium what life held dearest to him.

And Winnifred—a few passionate words, uttered in an unguarded moment; a glance from Harold's dark eyes, eloquent of feeling, stirred to the very depths of a loyal heart, by a thought of the danger she had incurred on the day of the accident—had revealed what she had been utterly unconscious of—Harold's great love for her.

Winnifred had, perhaps, like all girls, sometimes dreamed of an impossible hero, who should one day appear on the scene of her ideal life; in whom she would find realized every noble and kingly, as well as manly, attribute. A knight, indeed, of the golden age of the past—perchance of a future age—but for