| C RIVER of rhime. |  |
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rightness that supplied the otherwise Fandscaper Westerbrook had jus
Fand Farmer Westerbrook had jus
brought in an armul of snow-crusted
logs from the woodpile at the north nd of the honse, throwing them down
n the ample stone hearth with a oise like a small earthquake,
Sibyl Harrington started up. dea it was so hate. I must be going.
"Allow me to accompany you, Mis "You will let me see you home Captain Meredith and Max Crossley
oth spoke at once and rose simul taneously, but Sibyl shook her head
"I would prefer to walk alone," she
 Meredith,", said the village beanty, haer
ong eyelashes drooping and a delicate ong eyelashes drooping and a dencat
shade of rose suffusing her cheek.
"But, Sibyl, thought it was an un erstood matter between you and me three good weeks ago!" Max exclaime
with contracting brows. Max was silent. Captain Meredith's
smooth, softly intoned yoice filled up "I exact uo promises," he said gal
antly; "but if $I$ am not punctual to the hour and we soot conclusions.",
ton may draw her own cher Sibyl went out, her l'ght foot-
And the brittle snow. mat, pleasart yed New England damsel, with big
blue eyes turning to a limpid purple air short, hung in a golden friug over her broad, low forehead, and the
sweetest of rosy mouths, with three
sentinel dimples on cheeks and chin! Max Crossley had loved her ever since hey were children together, and Cap
tain Meredith, who had come down to
竍
 the interlacing network of the lashes
that overlung the purple-blue eyen "Upon my word, she's a regular
beanty," said the captaln, staring throngh the tiny window panes at the
retreating footsteps of Miss Harring Max Crossley looked quickly up at
iim, as if he would have partienlarly niked to knock him over the andiros
n among the logs; but perhaps he
hought better of it, for he refrained "A beauty", went on the captain,
"and it's a thousand pities she should be thrown away on any of the country
bampkins who vegetate among these
wildernesses. Job, you young villain are those boots of mine blacked yet?
Farmer Westerbrook's hired boy parpled hands at the merry, red blaze
looked glum. ".Well, what's the reason?" Cause I ain't 'ad time. "See that you find time, then, and
that quickly, too!" said the captain. went gayly up the stairs. 'Tob, do this,' and 'Job, do that, an
''ob, where's the warm water?
what tha ' 'Job what the 'ence do you mean by lettin
my fire go out? ns if $I$ was his bon
slave, and not a red cent has he ga me yet-no, nor so much as a pleasan
word! I wonder if he means to sta here always.
"You and are equally partial t
hin, Job," said Max Crossley, laugh Sibyl heard him talking with Nis row night,", said Job, shrewdly.
should jes' like to put Kicking Bill
in the shafts, I would, if it waren for Miss Silyi. He don't know notl
in about norses, that there militi And Job
"I say,

joim






