

him that Minnie looked, to say the least of it, uncomfortable, and stifling his curiosity, which was by this time greater than ever, as best he could, suddenly relapsed into silence.

Soon afterwards Seymour left the room, and Minnie resolved to seize this opportunity of telling Archie the real facts of the case.

"It was so kind of you," she commenced rather confusedly, "to help me as you did just now. I could not tell you about it while Seymour was here, for you know very well how he laughs at religion, and says it is all done for show, and that there is no heart in it at all. I don't mean that I should have told you if Seymour had not been here, for I wouldn't have mentioned it if he had not—"

"Never mind about that," interrupted Archie, impatiently, "proceed with the story—or," he hastily interrupted himself, "not if it bothers you to talk about it. I don't mind much, you know."

Minnie smiled, knowing well how much he did mind, and assured him that it would not bother her at all to tell him, as she knew he would listen patiently, and not ridicule anything she might say.

She then proceeded to tell him in as few words as possible, what had taken place at Hollowmell on Saturday night, and how it came about that Mabel happened to be there at such a late hour.

"Why," exclaimed Archie, when he had listened with an interest, which surprised himself as entirely as it surprised Minnie; for though of an unusually curious disposition, he