

faint smile showed on her lips. She heard her father calling: —

“Jule! Jule! O Jule!”

“Here I am, father!” she cried. “What is it?”

“Well, the Lord he’p my soul! I’ve been huntin’ for you high an’ low. Did you hear that shootin’? I ’lowed may be you’d been took prisoner an’ carried bodaciously off. Did n’t I hear you talkin’ to somebody?”

Squire Fambrough pulled off his hat and scratched his head. His face, set in a fringe of gray beard, was kindly and full of humor, but it contained not a few of the hard lines of experience.

“No, father,” said Julia, in reply to the squire’s question. “I was only talking to myself.”

“Jest makin’ a speech, eh? Well, I don’t blame you, honey. I’m a great mind to jump out here in the clearin’ an’ yell out my sentiments so that both sides can hear ’em.”

“Why, what is the matter, father?”

“I’m mad, honey! I’m jest nachally stirred up, — dog my cats ef I ain’t! Along at fust I did hope there would n’t be no