

while she mechanically did up her work, and of course she dreamed of it that night. No shots were heard, and the guards, coming in for breakfast, reported all quiet.

As they were preparing to go away, Clara said: "What if those men should come here? What should I do? I should dreadfully hate to let them go."

"Send for somebody, and hold 'em up till somebody gets here," promptly replied Mr. Grant.

"How do they look? Does anybody know?" asked Clara.

"Yes, as near as I can make out, one is short, an' about middle-aged, an' rather dark; an' the other is taller an' some younger, an' light—rather good lookin'," said Mr. Benton.

"Both dressed in dark coats, overall pants and soft felt hats," added Mr. Grant.

Soon afterward, the men left, and Clara went about her work, while the men folks went to the fields. After dinner, Clara was again left alone, and when her dinner work was finished, she smoothed her hair, exchanged her gingham apron for a dainty white affair, all ruffles and ribbon bows, and sat down on the piazza with her mending basket. As was natural, her thoughts were busy with the horrible death of young Fred Farnsworth, whom she had often seen. She wondered if his family were all east, and imagined the terrible news brought to loving mother and sisters. She held a sock over her mending ball and gazed, with a far-away look in her big, brown eyes, across the river. Suddenly her reverie was broken. She sat up, alert and watchful. What was that in the bushes across the river? Ah! It was as she thought. There were two figures—two men—she could see them plainly now. Both wore dark coats and soft felt hats. One was short and dark; the other taller, younger, and fair. They crept

cautiously, stealthily along, under the low, bending willows. They stopped and conferred together, and seemed to decide upon some mode of action, for they then stood erect, walked briskly, and started across the bridge.

"Ah!" thought Clara, "they have satisfied themselves there is no man at the house, and they are coming over. How I wish I could get them. Ah!"

A daring plan darted into Clara's clever little head, and she clapped her hands softly, as she sat quietly and saw the men approach. Some girls would have been nervous and frightened at the idea of meeting desperate characters. Not so with our heroine. She argued that they were desperately hungry, and had ventured out to get food, and would not dare to do anything out of the way, for fear of being tracked easier. The men came steadily on, and soon reached the little gate opening into the house yard. Clara lifted her eyes from her work, as if she had just observed them, and considered them in an ordinary light. The older man carried a curiously-shaped tin box and a sort of small garden trowel, and the other had a sack slung carelessly over his shoulder, and carried a stout walking stick. They paused at the steps, and both removed their hats politely, as Clara rose. The act seemed, somehow, incongruous with the rough characters Clara had naturally ascribed to the murderer and his accomplice, and she wondered which man really did the deed, as she glanced from one face to the other.

"Good afternoon, Miss," said the older man. "We are a little late, but would it be possible for us to get dinner here? We have tramped a good distance since we ate."

"Very likely," said Clara to herself; but aloud she said: "I think so. We are not accustomed to send people away hungry. Come up, and sit on the piazz-