

north and south on which were many handsome residences, Squire Condit reached over and caught the bridle of his daughter's horse, preparatory to leading him away to the tavern stable.

"Farewell, Hitty!" he said, nodding. "Giddap, General!"

"Wait!" Mehitable, who had leaped to the ground, sprang after him as he started away. She slipped upon the icy road, was up and ran after her father wildly as he jogged unheedingly away, to the great amusement of various interested faces in neighboring windows. "Father, wait ye!"

Squire Condit, turning in his saddle and perceiving the figure of his daughter running after him, brought his horse to an abrupt halt.

"How now, Hitty?" he asked, much amused, also.

"My bag—the saddlebag!" gasped Mehitable. "My 'housewife' be in it! How could I sew upon the uniforms an ye take my sewing things to the Eagle Tavern, Father!" She looked up at him reproachfully as she unslung the bag. "Now ye may go!" She gave him laughing permission at last and held up the bag triumphantly.

Mistress Hedden greeted her smilingly, having seen the incident from her window. "I thought it must be you, Hitty! Town girls do not run so well!" Then, as Mehitable blushed, she added laughingly: "That was a compliment, my child."

She led the way past her parlor into the warm kitchen at the end of the hall. "Ye are just in time, for Mistress McWhorter, our pastor's wife, and my daughter are but now cutting out the uniforms!"

Mehitable followed her rather shyly; but the kindly manners of both Mistress Hedden and her daughter soon put her at ease, and in a little while her fingers were flying as swiftly as any.

As they sewed, the ladies laughed and chatted. Mistress McWhorter was holding forth mischievously when Mehitable seated herself and took up a blue coat.

"I suppose," said the minister's wife, with a teasing glance at Mistress Hedden's daughter, who was betrothed to the lady's half brother, Captain Cumming, "I suppose ye be sorry, my dear, the uniform ye ha' there be not for John Cumming—'twould make it so much more interesting, forsooth—eh?"

"Fie, mistress, no fair to tease!" cried the young girl, blushing and tossing her head. "Tell us, Hitty"—she tried to divert the others' attention from her own crimson cheeks—"tell us whom ye would be cutting out *your* uniform for an ye could choose!"

Mehitable thought for a moment, then looked up blandly. "John!" she answered demurely.

"No fair!" Laughing, the other girl shook her head. "Brothers are not to be included. Besides,