

Maurice and Pierre ran by with little Charlotte down by the edge of the stream which forms here a miniature Montmorenci. A Minneha! a laughing water, dashing and tumbling, leaping and gurgling over rocks and ledges worn smooth by her feet till she loses herself in a tangle of undergrowth, fallen trees, and bracken. Fairy ferns, delicate tendrils of purple vetch, blue harebells, daisies, and buttercups follow her progress all the way till shut out from the sun by giant spruce and cedar.

Here, in order to complete Nature's great economic scheme and to supply "life" to the scene, are myriads of perfect entomological specimens—mosquitoes and ants, flies of infinite degrees of minuteness and tenacity of purpose, beetles of prismatic colouring, rivalling the famed scarabei of Egypt, gossamer-winged midges and creeping things innumerable—most of which we poor mortals in our ignorance would willingly dispense with!

To-day the mosquitoes seem more than ever tormenting, and Francesca has been writhing about trying to protect her slim silk-stockinged ankles. Finally she gave in, and said in her whimsical way :

"Here comes one with a lean and hungry look! I am going to give him the time of his life—a regular Delmonico banquet!" and she