

from sweet reveries by a bevy of gay companions who cried: "Awake Nellie!" "Oh, you idle girl!" "Listen to this fresh plan of Dr. Jerry's," while Jerry explained the scheme.

"It seems, Nellie, in a gipsy camp on the river bank a mile below, one dusky enchantress lays claim to the necromancer's powers, and to test her skill let us all hear our fortunes, be they for weal or woe," concluded he with an exaggerated sigh, while the girls clapped hands in approval.

That afternoon Nellie's grand-uncle William trudged, staff in hand, across the McDougal lawn, sinking heavily into a restful armchair he remarked to Mrs. McDougal: "Heigh O! I met those young folks off for a tramp. I honestly believe they would set out for the Andes if any fun promised to be found at the journey's end," and he chuckled as he stroked the yellow house dog.

That evening as the old man started home in the moonlight he interrupted a parting at the gate. Jerry, ever ridiculously long in saying good-night, seemed loath to depart.

"So you doubt the good fortune read you by the gipsy prophetess, Nellie?" he enquired, thinking meanwhile how bright and charming Nellie appeared in her summer draperies with the moon-

Nellie, in green suit and coquettish hat, her brown eyes alight with vivacity, set out with her companion of these long, happy summer days, for a last enjoyable ride and would only prance absurdly while Nellie cried: "See, Jerry, Starlight tries to dance the two-step."

A daring mood was Jerry's, and firmly gathering the reins said: "Now for it Starlight."

Surely horse and driver were possessed. The day was ideal, the roads like pavement and Jerry a perfectly competent horseman. Down the quiet street they sped, into the open country where drowsy cattle stared in amazement, past little scholars, sauntering in carefree fashion homeward, who hearing the mad clatter of horse's feet ran in a fright.

Conversation was an impossibility but Nellie gasped breathlessly: "I am rather afraid of going into one of those great ditches, Jerry."

"No occasion whatever for alarm, Nellie," replied he assuringly. "I was there once myself and found it no place to take a lady," and he laughed lightly.

Resting at the town of Addison, with refreshments for all, the return ride was commenced as sedate as the going had been mad and only when the moon peeped through a rift were the afternoon's broken engagements remembered



Riding Party in front of Chateau Lane Course, Lake Louise, Alta.

light shimmering through the leafy branches. "Now, I, on the other hand, have implicit faith as she assures me 'only by tact and strategy' can I hope to win a fortune and the girl I love," continued Jerry in his persuasive voice, "and indeed, I shall leave no stone unturned to further that end"—just then the tap of Granduncle's cane betrayed his near presence and a hasty adieu was taken.

"Well-a-day," murmured the old man, trudging down the street. "Nellie is a bonnie lassie, whatever becomes of Priscilla's gold. Dr. Jerry is laying his plans or I'm mistaken."

"Tell us your fortune, Nellie," called Uncle John the following morning as Nellie arranged flowers for the table.

"Oh, such an absurd fairy tale, Uncle John," she laughed. "The gipsy woman claimed in a convincing voice that 'a blessing, wealth and a handsome husband' will be mine 'early in the new year.' This is some better than father's theory, who always claims I will wed on three days' acquaintance in my impulsive style. Poor father, my lack of dignity is a sorry cross to him, while he is the personification of that virtue," and Nellie's old time hearty laugh rang out clearly.

The last day of Nellie's Norton visit arrived, as on the following morning's earliest train she would return to her stately home in Boston.

Dr. Jerry so earnestly pleaded for a last drive together behind her favorite Starlight and promising to return in time for tennis at Eva Weldon's at 4.30, and tea with his mother and Mildred at 6.30 soon won Nellie's consent.

Starlight, his glossy coat ashine, proudly arched his handsome neck as

with compunctions while under the moonlight's charm, Jerry expressed the feelings which filled his heart to overflowing and though the parting at the gate was more prolonged even than usual, this time no granduncle tapped down the path in interruption. Even Jocko, the house dog refrained from giving his customary salute.

With Nellie gone, a hush fell upon the farm house and the hitherto irrepressible Jerry became dejected. His brain, however, was alert and plans soon laid, as seizing a pen in his room an hour later he wrote his friend Tom Herbert accepting his invitation to spend a fortnight with him about Thanksgiving time at Tom's home in Bainford.

One blustering fall day at Nellie's city home the inmates were surprised by a fleeting call from Miss Priscilla Staunton, Nellie's maiden aunt from Bainford, and who only under urgent business could be induced to run up to the city. With a precision no Autumnal wind could quite destroy, and waiving all hospitable greetings, the austere lady laid aside her two inseparable companions, a silk umbrella and huge shopping bag and turning to Nellie addressed her in curt, imperious tones: "Helen, child," invariably she gave Nellie her full name, "I wish you to spend Thanksgiving with me in Bainford. Bring all your prettiest dresses and spend a week. Some young people are visiting the Herbert's and, of course, I wish to help entertain them." Two red spots burned on the faded cheeks showing that this was an important event to the lonely lady, and Nellie, thanking her kindly, accepted as Miss Priscilla rushed to catch her car.



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