

cutting, and every look was freezing. You didn't tell him we had met before."

"No; he's peculiar and asks so many questions, you know, and——"

"He couldn't have said anything to a fellow's helping a girl to pick up her things, could he? Besides, dearest, there was nothing in it—we were perfect strangers."

"Oh, yes, I know—but—but, you know—there was—there was something in it—I—I—I liked you from the first—"

"You did! My darling! my darling! I must have liked you from the first. Anyway I am going to like you to the last—as sure as a gun I am," and he gave her a tighter pressure. "Excuse me, I mean as sure as the moon is shining, 'by yonder moon, I swear I love thee.' Now, isn't that quite in the Romeo and Juliet style?"

He was as happy and gay as a lark.

"Now let me see," he went on, "we have known each other just about two months, quite long enough, in two weeks more I want you to be Mrs. F——. There's no use dilly-dallying. I've loved you all my life. Don't look at me so doubtingly, for my sweet girl, I only began to live the day I saw you. Before that I was a grub—grubby. Now I am a love-winged butterfly."

Then with his characteristic quaintness of expres-