

*meant* to be telling anything only they brought their album to me to get a cover made for it and they just happened to tell me about your sister and how pretty she is—and—and—I knew you hadn't a sister, you know, Bill."

"Ah; I guessed as much! I oughtn't to have told them that she was my sister at all—and whenever I tell a lie, I always wish I hadn't afterwards—but what could I do? The Captain lets them come about the stables freely, and I'd left the thing lying about and they wanted to know all about it, and who it was, and—and I just said it was my sister by way of stopping their mouths. All the same it didn't, for the Capt'n come in and little Miss, she up and showed it to him; and the Capt'n he says, 'Well—here's your—sister, Terry.' *He* knew right enough that I'd neither a sister nor any other relation in the world."

"But if she's fond of you, Bill," cried Lassie, who was positively afraid to let herself drift on to this sea of happiness. She stood hesitating like one who hesitates to draw up a blind which hides the morning glory of the sun from her half awakened eyes—"If she's fond of you," she repeated.

"Fond of me," cried Terry scornfully. "Pooh! She cares no more for me than for a dozen other fellows hereabouts; and if she did, what of that? I've walked out with her, and I may have given her a kiss now and