

"No, sir, never, if you persist in remembering all the idle words I ever said, and wickedly repeating them to me."

"But would you, Leigh?" he persisted.

"I am really disappointed in you already. I never dreamed you would develop into a tease like Tom. Do you know, I've read that success ruins some natures?"

"But would you?"

She hesitated; then, "I will go to the very end of the world with you one day if you should wish," she said in low earnest tones. "Why do you make me tell you? You know so well."

"Forgive me Leigh; it is so sweet to hear you say it, how could I help asking? But, dear, if ever I ask you to live in a log cabin, it shall be only for a couple of months in the summer. And the cabin shall be as pretty as you please, and it must be at Edgecomb somewhere. How would our island do, just where the old fort is?"

"And it must be called 'The Gem,'" said Leigh, amused. Then, realizing that this was indeed giving to remote and shadowy things a "local habitation and a name," she sprung up with a sweet shyness in her face.

"Shall we not find Bessie now?"

Suddenly she stepped back to Philip. The moon shone gloriously on the water, and threw its white radiance over the girl as she said impulsively,—

"Please sit down, just where you were. There is something I must do. Close your eyes," she commanded. Philip obeyed. Half tenderly, half laughingly, she murmured, "This is reparation."