

side, racing for the grubbing-fields of the soft v
below, their blue and yellow bodies marking twin st
against the hazy light. Blue and yellow, truly the
wonderful colors of all the colorful world, thought
The scene faded and in its place grew up a face
blue, laughing eyes and red, smiling lips, above v
gleamed a halo of spun gold. Then the woodland pi
swam back before him and the squirrel, which wit
characteristic patience of its kind had waited to watel
boy who often threw it a nut-kernel, called after
chidingly as he dipped down into the valley.

Billy was still thinking of the only girl when he to
the farther ridge and descended into the valley v
stood the haunted grove. He wondered what she v
say when he told her the great news he had to tell her
thought he knew. She would put her hand on his
and say: "Billy, I'm glad." Well, he was on his w
hear her say it. As he entered a clump of cedars he
her. She wore a cloak of crimson; her hat had slipp
her shoulders and her hair glowed softly through
shadowy half lights. She stood beside old man Scrop
grave, a great bunch of golden-rod in her arms.

Billy called and she turned to him with a smile.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, Billy," she said. "I
can help me decorate uncle's grave."

She dropped the yellow blossoms on the mound and
went out into the sunshine together and gathered
When they had finished the task they went across t
weedy plot in which stood the tumble-down hut. T
seated side by side beneath a gnarled wild-apple tree,
told her all he had to tell her, and heard her say, ju
he knew she would say, "Billy, I'm glad."

Then between them fell silence, filled with unders