

followed the young couple at a short distance, had good reason to resent such an exhibition. But they didn't, as far as I know; in fact, they were deeply absorbed in recounting the events of the evening, and scraps of conversation floated back to Olivia and me.

"When I heard the shouting," recounted Aunt Anne's melodious, carrying voice, "I was sure there was something wrong with Joe, and I was going to the kitchen to find out, but Olivia listened and she declared he was reciting 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' to Jenny, and that it would be a pity to——"

"When Joe began to holler," screeched back Jenny, from far in advance, "I didn't believe there was no fire, but he seen it; and the more I tried to shut him off, the louder he hollered!"

Dear, loyal, little Jenny,—the soul of discretion! Joseph's secret was safe: never would the vulgar public know that in his first and last appearance as a performer he had been hooted off the stage.

It is not a long walk from the back orchard field of The Hermitage to The Briars, and we lingered, Olivia and I. What mattered it if we