

been assiduously engaged with Luke Morris in playing an impromptu game of baseball, stopped to hear the reply, and so did the Lewis girls, Marie and Florence, who were busy deciphering a puzzle which Jack Holland had put on paper for them. Jack was, at least in his own opinion, a very conspicuous figure in the little circle of boys and girls who were accustomed to meet almost daily in this pleasant field, with its clump of shade trees, which they had christened Mayfair. Jack was a slim, tall, eager-eyed youth, who like his chum Dick Dalton rejoiced in an immaculate collar of noticeable height, and had begun to speak of Marjorie and others of the little group as "kids."

"Hello!" said Jack after a pause, following the exclamation with a long whistle.

"Why shouldn't I go to Hornby?" asked Marjorie coolly, though she fully enjoyed the sensation she had created.

"Why?" answered Jack, sharply. There was something of a feud between him and the girl, who had not sufficient respect for the young collegian's good clothes and grown-up ways. "Why? Because nobody's set foot there for years and your folks have been dead cuts with the Pembertons ever since."

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