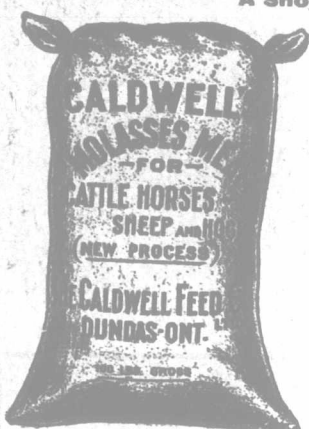


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more than most people do. They're original, to say the least of it."

At last Keppock was reached. They made a few inquiries at a farmhouse along the way, and were advised to drive down a certain road leading directly to the beach. So it was not long until the two were seated on a rock, shoes off and bare feet buried in the warm, shining sand.

"Pinch me, Margaret—quick, to see if I'm dreaming. Isn't it great to be alive on a day like this. I know now what Van Dyke felt when he wrote:

'What luck?

Good enough for me!

I'm alive, you see,

Sun shining,

No repining,'

etc., etc. I guess he must have written that on an August day at Keppock Beach."

Just then, from somewhere, appeared—a brown-faced, brown-legged, bare-headed, bare-foot boy, with a pitcher of strawberries in his hand. The girls at once pounced upon him with, "Oh, do you want to sell them—how lovely!" The boy was evidently from a very poor home, for he was a neglected-looking specimen.

"I guess it's time to open my wedding presents," laughed Muriel, as she made her way to the telescope valise and

began to tug at the straps of the same. Then, to her friend's surprise, she took from it a gaily-painted rubber ball and a bag of bright candy of the Christmas-tree style. These she gave, with the money for the strawberries, to the boy. And the boy opened his big, solemn brown eyes in wonder and joy and admiration. "Golly! are these for me?" he gasped.

"Sure! For you very own self," gaily responded the "bride." Then the boy, waiting only to give one look at the donor—but such a look—took to his heels, along the shore and up through the fields like a hunted deer.

"Well, you are the queerest! Is that the kind of wedding presents they all are?" commented the amused "bridegroom."

"Yes, and they're lots more fun than the other kind. And I hope to do this kind of thing all along our 'tour.' That valise is full of balls and books and dolls and candy, and a few other things for the children that we are sure to meet on our way. Did you see the note tied to the bag of candy? Well, there's one on each, asking whoever gets it to write to me all about his-self or herself, and how they liked the gift. I expect there'll be some of the letters waiting for me when I get back home. I tell you, this is going to be one of the dandiest wedding trips you ever heard of—and not a man to bother us."

Just then from somewhere came voices. The girls looked around, and saw, coming down the wooden steps on the bank—only a little distance away, a number of young people, evidently a picnic party from Charlottetown.

"There's not likely to be anyone there we know," said Muriel, and added, "so we won't mind them, for I know there's a place over here where one can hire dear little row-boats—I'm just aching for a row. Come and let's see if we can find a boat."

So off they went, and had to pass the picnic party—some seated on rocks, and some lying on the sand, but all laughing and talking gaily.

Muriel and Margaret had only gone a little distance when they heard somebody calling: "Miss Ansley! Miss Ansley!" And Miss Ansley turned her head and saw following them two gentlemen from the picnic party. In a moment she recognized—one of her own sawdust men.

There was no help for it—they had to wait. Introductions followed, Margaret to the sawdust man, and the sawdust man's friend to the two ladies.

A few explanations were given, and, somehow—Muriel says to this day she doesn't quite know how—in a very short time two little white row-boats were gliding out towards the harbor. In one was Margaret and the sawdust man's friend; in the other was Muriel and the sawdust man. They seemed in no hurry to return, and after a while the sawdust man began rowing hard. While they were still within speaking distance of the pair in the other boat, he called out: "We are going to row to Charlottetown! Go back to Keppock and stay with the others till we come."

And a little after four o'clock in the afternoon they came back. And this is what Muriel said to Margaret.

"Say, Margaret—like a dear, would you mind very much if—I finished the wedding trip with someone else? I guess, after all, it will be more fun if it's 'really.' And say—Margaret, I'm—I'm—married to—the sawdust man."

#### The Woods.

Where the heron gives its plaintive cry at night,

And the loon its crazy laughter by the day;

Where the towering pines adorn the dusky height,

And dewy brackens, shimmering, greet the light—

There was I fain to stay.

Oh! snows that pile upon the balmy past,

The brackens, brown and shrivelled, long have lain

Beneath your shroud, yet still defy the blast,

The shattering seasons change, and so outlast

To make spring green again.

—Sophie Earl, in Recreation for January,

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