

AMARILLY IN LOVE

wee child tottering behind its mother held out wavering, inviting arms. Courville felt a sudden thrill as though borne into a tangible, human existence.

When he came to the hostelry of Haleboro, the landlord stood in the doorway with welcoming smile. Courville asked to be directed to a livery stable.

"Round on next street," was the reply, "but the rigs are all out to a funeral."

"Can I find some one with a private conveyance to take me where I want to go?"

"Depends upon which way you are going."

"Which sounds like the Cheshire Cat," reflected Courville, flashing a sudden, fleet smile that most agreeably lighted a plain and somewhat sombre countenance.

"Is there a road," he asked with the look of one who seems to be prying his memory, "called 'The Plains'?"

"That's the road south. The best thing for you to do is to go out with Jerry Pryne. He is the carrier of R.F.D. Number Six."

"Does Uncle Sam allow the carriers to take passengers?"

"Not as a general thing, but Jerry furnishes his own rig, so he can be independent. He