

osity, Mary had declared her happiness was to be with him, no matter where. The subject had not been renewed, but Mary had now quite decided that Limeton *could never* be her home. She had, indeed, balanced whether Mrs. Cowell could ever be her mother-in-law, but as she thought of Tom, she felt that infliction could be borne—away from Limeton.

Tom was to come the following Saturday, and spend a few days at home before she went back to Mapleton, and she awaited his coming with eagerness. She wanted to let him know that she could never make her home in Limeton, before he could make any plans with his mother.

When Saturday came, she told Louise she thought of going to the dépôt to meet Tom; and Louise, with more delicacy than Mary had given her credit for, said:

'Oh! that is just the thing. I have so many things to see to that I would rather not go, and yet we could not let him arrive without some of us going.'

She also managed to keep Mrs. Cowell at home, feeling sure that Tom would enjoy Mary's company alone better than with them.

Mary almost forgot all about Mrs. Cowell in the pleasure of meeting Tom, but after he had asked her a dozen questions, about herself, he said:

'And how do you like Limeton, Mary?'

'Oh, perfectly detestable! I cannot think how anybody can live there.'

'Ah! I see you have still those Mapleton ideas, Mary. Now, I hate Mapleton, and am always glad to get out of it, the people are such snobs. You are the only pleasant person I ever met there. Limeton people are substantial, true-hearted, and—and, in short, Mary, I am much disappointed that you don't like the finest city in the State.'

'Finest city in the State, indeed?' says Mary, stung by his disparagement of her native city. 'It is a most un-