

"You're expecting a visitor to-morrow, aren't you?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I answered, suddenly remembering. "Yes, we're going to have one of the men attending the Presbytery; I think it's to be an elder—and I'm afraid it's him for the attic," I concluded. It was half-past two and I was too tired to bother about grammar.

"I wasn't thinking about the Presbytery," returned Mr. Skcum, and he smiled in the moonlight. "Somebody else is coming, isn't he?"

Whereat I hope I blushed; it was the time for that mystic operation. For I knew he referred to Charlie, dear old Charlie, who made his pious pilgrimage once a month—and I was the shrine.

"Yes, he's coming," I said, toying with the knocker as I spoke.

"You don't seem as jubilant about it as you ought to be," ventured Mr. Frank.

"You don't know how I feel," said I; "maybe I'm jubilant inside."

"Then you shouldn't sigh," pursued my escort.

"I didn't know I sighed—but, even if I did, perhaps sighs are like dreams, and go by contraries," I returned, making the best stand I could. "A maiden's heart is an unknown sea," I affirmed, quoting from some distant poem.