

and laughter of the men. Our two friends sat apart together on the fallen trunk of a tamarac. Laclede had seemingly the talk wholly to himself, and as it was all about the late *rencontre*, it will be no indiscretion to creep up and listen to him. This will save the writer the trouble of describing, in his own language, the two heroines of our story.

"Miss Mabel is a blonde, isn't she?" queried Rollo.

"Of the purest type. Blue eyes, golden hair rolling in waves like taffy, lips like Cupid's bow, neck like an alabaster column, arms—well my dear fellow, I'm stuck there, and only wish we had Ouida with us to depict her more fully. Anyhow, she is Goethe's Marguerite over again."

"Oh, I hope not," said Rollo, with a groan.

"In style and appearance, I mean."

"Well, that will do for Miss Mabel. Now, what about Miss Louise?"

"Pshaw! I am sure to make a mess of her."

"She is a brunette, to begin with, isn't she? I saw that much from her roguish black eyes, a moment since. Besides, we must have a contrast, you know."

"Aye, Rollo, and such a brunette!"

"Dark hair, of course?"

"Black as the raven's wing."

"Dark complexion?"

"Nonsense, man. Cream-white, flecked with the bloom of peaches."

"Yum, yum," muttered Rollo, amused at his friend's enthusiasm. "Plump? All these French girls are."

"Plump as a partridge."

"Sharp?"