

here, then, they were of the forest. A Diana in hunter's green was the girl; a little green felt hat with a partridge feather, green flannel blouse, short skirt, gaitered as to her shapely limbs, bright of cheek and eye, and the red ribbon in her glossy hair.

Applebo, for his part, smacked more of the Engadine than of the North Woods, being, as was usual with him, slightly overdressed. He had arrived at the camp but two hours before, driving a badly treated motor-car, of which the Finn was the inefficient mechanician. Nor did it appear to the occupants of the camp, watching them arrive, that there existed between the fabric and its crew that perfect sympathy to be found when they were aboard the *Daffodil*. The name of this voiturette was the "Cowslip," but as Wood, standing with his arm around Paula, whispered in her coral ear, a better name would have been the "Side-slip."

"Just what did papa say," enquired Hermione, "when you told him that you wanted to marry me?"

"He said: 'The . . . ' Well, you can imagine what he said . . . hand me the pepper; these trout are just *au point!*'"