

---

---

*New Nonsense Novels*

---

quite quietly. But I thought it wiser to say nothing to John of what had happened.

There were others too. There was a young man with large brown eyes who came and said he had been sent to tune the piano. He came on three separate days and he bent his ear over the keys in such a mournful way that I knew he must have fallen in love with me. On the last day he offered to tune my harp for a dollar extra, but I refused and when I asked him instead to tune mother's mandolin he said he didn't know how. Of course I told John nothing of all this.

Then there was Mr. McQueen, who came to the house several times to play cribbage with John. He had been desperately in love with me years before, at least I remember his taking me home from a hockey match once and what a struggle it was for him not to come into the parlor and see mother for a few minutes when I asked him; and though he was married now and with three children, I felt sure when he came to play cribbage with John that it *meant* something. He was very discreet and honor-