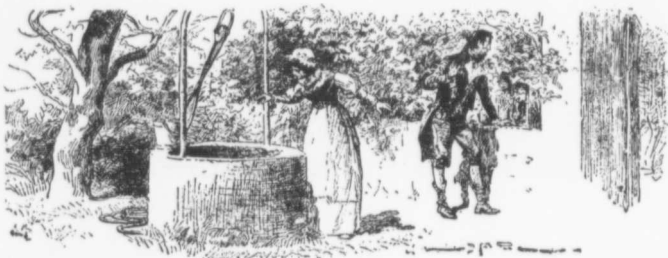


own pretty, foolish face in the clear water. Besides, as she looked down into the clear depths, she knew very well that she should soon hear some one approaching, some one who, like herself, had begun to frequent this place of late. She did not turn her head. Her attitude, she thought, was graceful, but the water reflected a smile, which broke over her face as she heard the expected step and the familiar voice, saying:

"Miss Lucy!"

She turned ever so slightly.

"Miss Lucy!"



*"She heard some one approaching, some one who, like herself, had begun to frequent this place of late."*

She turned a little more.

"Aren't you goin' to speak to me this evenin,' when you're a-lookin' prettier than ever, as I'm a sinner."

The smile deepened, but she tossed her head.

"Go along with you for a flatterin' rogue," she cried.

"You've not been a-soldierin' all this time without learnin' how to palaver us poor women."

"Flattering! Palaverin'!" repeated Jim Hollis. "My, Miss Lucy, I can't say a quarter of what I thinks as to your good looks and the like."