

"Well then, if I am to conduct a make-believe examination," she said, entering in her quiet way into the fun of the thing, "will you please inform me where Newcombe's Factory is?"

"Ah!" was his reply, "that is too easy; that is one of our central points or pivots, the one to the right."

"Well then, where is the Parish Church?"

"I am afraid my examiner is prejudiced in my favour. The question is again too easy to answer; the Parish Church is our fundamental nucleus to the left," and Mr. Allan patted the hand of his pupil as if playfully chiding her.

"But the examination is not done yet," and she laughed her sweet little laugh again.

"Where is the Artizan's Hall?"

"To the north-east of our third nucleus, two or three degrees within, and twenty rods nearer this way."

"And the Saracene Hotel?"

"Twenty degrees or so without from our first nucleus, and at the same distance from our point of vision."

"And the school-house?"

"A rod or two to the right."

"And Blink Bonnie?"

"As far again to the left."

The fair examiner now paused for a moment, and her sweet modest smile again concentrated around the winsome curves of her lips. Then, putting her finger to her brow, as if thinking for some question with which she might puzzle her companion, she asked, as the tinkle of the silver bell came into her voice again.

"Where is Jennie's Castle?"

"Jennie's Castle!" exclaimed the schoolmaster with surprise. "Did you say Jennie's or Jessie's Castle?" and there was a seriousness in his eyes that had been absent from them all day.

"I did not know that Jessie had a castle" she answered not knowing that his question had in it anything serious. "Blink Bonnie is castle enough for her."

"Then Jennie's Castle must be some new place in Kartdale" said Mr. Allan, as he at once dismissed the seriousness from his face.

"It is no new place to me, however"; and the tinkle of the sleigh-bell became more pronounced than ever. "The examin-