

I said, for, although she inclined her head and said, "Oh, thank you," she didn't seem to turn my compliment off in her usual invulnerable style. Nothing happening in the course of conversation ever discomposed Alice Mayton for more than a hundred seconds, however, so she soon recovered her usual expression and self-command as her next remark fully indicated.

"I believe you arranged the floral decorations at the St. Zephaniah's Fair, last winter, Mr. Burton? 'Twas the most tasteful display of the season. I don't wish to give any hints, but at Mrs. Clarkson's, where we're boarding, there's not a flower in the whole garden. I break the Tenth Commandment dreadfully every time I pass Col. Lawrence's garden. Good-by, Mr. Burton."

"Ah, thank you; I shall be delighted. Good-by."

"Of course you'll call," said Miss Mayton, as her carriage started,—*"It's dreadfully stupid here—no men except on Sundays."*

I bowed assent. In the contemplation of all the shy possibilities which my short chat with Miss Mayton had suggested, I had quite forgotten my dusty clothing and the two living causes thereof. While in Miss Mayton's presence the imps had preserved perfect silence, but now their tongues were loosened.

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, "do you know how to make whistles?"

"Unken Hawwy," murmured Toddie, "does you love dat lady?"

"No, Toddie, of course not."

"Then you's a baddy man, an' de Lord won't let you go to heaven if you don't love peoples."