

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"Dear Mr. Phillips :

"At last I am going to comply with your request to give you a detailed description of Snyderkit Farm (I never could get away from Co's name for it) and its many inmates.

"Recently I accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days there. It may sound trite to say I arrived there safely, but had you seen me in the act of arriving, you would recognize the importance of the information.

"When I stepped from the train at Haleboro, the little village nearest the farm, there were drawn up in waiting a big, yellow bus and a rickety top buggy attached to a mild-eyed animal, a sort of cartoon of a horse which hadn't entirely dispensed with his winter clothes, for his brown hide was visible in spots. I had a fleeting, blurred vision of the Boarder behind the dashboard. I said the top buggy was drawn up. I was in error. It was dashing round in circles. I ran alongside and became a tangent to the concentrics, endeavoring to throw in my bag. I muffed it in the first round, but made good in the fifth. I then returned to the train for my suitcase which was packed with various things for Mrs. Jenkins and the children. It was in the act of being dumped and was the sole piece of luggage for this stop.

"I claimed it then and there, in spite of the