
AMARILLY IN LOVE

CHAPTER I

“**H**ALEBORO!”

The strident call of the brakeman roused James Courville from semi-slumber to a sense of his surroundings. He stepped from the train into the very heart of the taut little town which was devoid of straggling outskirts, the fields and woods creeping close to civilization. The business portion was confined to one straight broad street. The passers-by exchanged cheery, intimate greetings, and there was that general prevailing atmosphere of kindly interest that makes even a new-comer feel that he is not an alien.

A dog made friendly advances; a little lad halloaed in hospitable tone; a benignant old man, responding to the smiling salutation of a group of young girls, included him in the courtly sweep of his broad-brimmed hat; a