

rattling his bones to "Wait for the Waggon." Then he began his teasing, and was snubbed in return. At last, when he grew tired, he said:

"Guess who was riding with Grace Harris to-day, and guess Baxter's last?"

"Is Grace Harris here? She is my friend Maudie Kettle's cousin."

"She is at Greyley. Guy is finding consolation in her giggle, and the prospect of considerable tin; so says Baxter. He used to say that all the wealth of a mine would not reconcile him to her vulgarity. I'm sorry for Guy. The fact is, he is too lazy, and that is what is wrong. His father is rich, but cannot leave him a fortune, and it would make Guy uncomfortable to work hard. It's a bad thing to marry for money."

"See that you don't do it then. Miss Baxter says she is pretty sure it's Maude Fletcher, and she is the nicest, though Miss Baxter wants you to have her cousin Eva."

"Oh, Baxter is too cute. I love to plague her about Maude. I had her in a furious excitement just about the time Myrtle came home. Gerard Irving is coming next week, and then we will see who Maude prefers. I'm a friend to both. Anyway, Kitten, I know somebody much nicer than Eva Fletcher or Maude either."

"Yes. Who?" with a friendly interest. "Miss Vance?"

"No. Kitten Airlie. Ever heard of her?"

"Let us play a march," was the sharp answer.

"I'm in no mood for classical music," said Tom. "Kitten, supposing now my debts were all paid (they soon will be), and I were able to rent a wig-wam and buy enough meal and flour to keep two people alive, would you have me?"

"No," was the tart reply.

"Why?" asked Tom, no way daunted by this quencher to his hopes.

"Because I wouldn't, that's why." Kitten made for the door.

"Kitten," said Tom laughing.

"Well."

"Don't run away. I don't want you."

"Sour grapes," cried Kitten through the key hole, and then she fled to a favorite perch in the library behind the identical sofa where Tom had reposed and dreamed once on a time a dream which caused him to say:

"No, I'll never marry you nor any other woman, Myrtle Haltaine."

Kitten sat in the moonlight, and frowned darkly; she was vexed, and fumed a little, until the stars blossomed sweeter thoughts into her heart, and she began to hum softly.

"Tell me the old, old story."

When she finished, a voice from the sofa encored, and turning she saw Tom sitting cool and self possessed.

"What do you want?" asked Kitten, crossly.

"I want to make up friends. Shake hands, Kitten. Oh, don't jump out of the window. Aunt's most precious flowers are there. I was only in fun just now, Kitten. I like you splendidly, but as for being in love, I'm innocent. Dear me! I just was teasing you. Be sensible, do."

"Very well. You see, Tom, I do everlastingly hate lovering, and I wouldn't for the world have you be anything but what you are. Myrtle is going fast, I'll be left alone pretty soon, and"—

"Misery likes company," put in Tom, serenely.

"I want you to be sensible, Tom."

"Very well, ma'am, I'm meek as Moses. Between Miss Baxter's rubs, and your pecks I will soon be manageable."

"Mrs. Trevor said you knew something good about Miss Baxter."

"So I do."

"What."

"She saves me the trouble of reading the newspapers, and assists me in discovering the mental complaints of