

She wad nae listen, she would nae hear;
Till a wee bird sang in that lorde's ear:

“ ‘When spring-tide leaves are fair to see
Brave little wooers we birdies be.
Give me for love-luck bannocks three,
And I will pay a fairy fee.’

“ ‘Ye shall hae bannocks fair and free
For all the birds in the North Countree.’
Up and whistled the little bird friend,
‘Wise folks begin where ither folk end.’

“Gay laughed that lorde. Nae more said he,
But thrice he kissed that fair ladye,
He kissed till she was red to see;
And they ‘re awa’ to the North Countree.”

“And is that your notion of wooing, Mr. Ned?”

“Rose she says it’s a horrid song.”

“You just ask her,” said Dick. “Hang that pie!”

Carington, laughing, stepped into his canoe, and settled himself in easy comfort against the baggage piled up behind him. “See you soon, boys.”

Then he said, “Michelle, you may drop me at the point where Miss Lyndsay is. I shall walk up.”

“Well!” he said to himself. “The family seem unanimous. It would be rather funny if—if it was n’t something else.”

After this he gave himself up to his thoughts, and what fair cheer the June evening offered. The good mother-nature was all in sympathy, and, foreseeing in her prophetic heart the drama about to be, had set out the stage and its scenery with pleasant prevision.

For here was a stretch of rippled river, where the hidden stones set the waters a-dancing, and there they