

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"To Haleboro."

"Get in. I'm a goin' to the first store at the town limits. Can't go no further 'cause Doxology cuts up in town. Be keerful! Don't step in the butter'n things."

Courville stepped gingerly into the buggy, and found himself snugly wedged in by the molasses jug, kerosene can, butter and egg crocks.

"My name's Cory Jenkins," cordially announced the little girl, looking at him approvingly with button-bright eyes.

"And you are twelve years old," he said, after an instant's reflection.

"Why, how did you know!"

"I'm a good guesser."

"So be I. You're the Man at the Corners."

"Jerry Pryne told you."

"Oh — he told you, too!"

"Discovered!"

"I'm glad you've got here at last. You'd got to be a joke."

"A joke! I like that!"

"Well! you see 'twas so long ago you bought the Corners, and you didn't never show up nor nothing. The Boarder said you was like good luck — always being looked