
John and I

high fence right in front of us, and thorn bushes on the other side. There was a little bench in the angle of the wall and the fence, and we sat down on it.

"Minnie," John said, "there's something I meant to say——"

"Oh, John," I cried, and I flung my arms round his neck. It all came with such a flood of surprise.

"All I meant, Minn,—" John went on, but I checked him.

"Oh, don't John, don't say anything more," I said. "It's just too perfect." Then I rose and seized him by the wrist. "Come," I said, "come to mother," and I rushed him along the path.

As soon as mother saw us come in hand in hand in this way, she guessed everything. She threw both her arms round John's neck and fairly pinned him against the wall. John tried to speak but mother wouldn't let him. "I saw it all along, John," she said. "Don't speak. Don't say a word. I guessed your love for Minn from the very start. I don't know what