

"Well, then, why don't you rent the River Farm yourself," said John McIntyre, banteringly, "instead of running off West like this? You and that little Ontario girl would run things just fine down there, and show Mary and me how to do it right."

A warm flush mingled with the tan on the younger man's cheek. "Maybe we will, some day," he said, with a wistful note in his voice, "but I'll have to wait till that kid is on his own feet. That won't be long, either. I bet he'll plank down all the money I've lent him before he's through college. And then I'll come scootin' home, an' there'll be a lot o' things happen all at once, 'round about that date."

"I hope so, Martin; I hope so. It's a big thing you're doing for that boy. I hope he'll never forget it."

"Not him! Bless me, it was a bigger thing he did for me. When he gets to be an M.D. I'll go back to Ontario and get little Annie Laurie, and we'll run Symonds into the river, and set up housekeeping on his tombstone. Well, so-long, John. We're goin' to have a bully day for your honeymoonin' tomorrow. Tell Mary to put up a clothes-basket o' them lemon pies, 'cause I'll be holler 'way down past my boot-soles. Good-night, John."

He started off noisily, but turned to shout back