

"Ninety-five."

Bill looked again at Miss Darrel. She was actually leaning over the seat, her back at the proceedings, calmly talking with a neighbor.

"Keep your end up, Bill."

"You're never done, surely, Bill?"

Various shouts of encouragement arose from the spectators.

"Going at a dollar ninety-five—going—"

Miss Darrel's attention was still absorbed by the conversation. Bill, unversed in female wiles, hesitated—hesitated—hesitated and was lost.

Of course it was Miss Darrel's basket. Bill saw the preacher open it, read the name on the little slip of paper inside and go and sit down by her. He gave a long sigh of disappointment and resignation and turned away.

A few minutes later he secured a pink heart. It was simple in appearance, with a blotch of red for its only decoration, and it was transfixed with a white arrow.

Had Bill been watching Lizzie's face when that box fell to him, he might have seen her face give a little start of pleasure. As it was, it was with some indifference that Bill opened up his purchase, yet when he read the name "Lizzie Munro," his own heart gave a beat of satisfaction.

Neither Lizzie nor Bill had much to say as they ate supper together. Lizzie looked rather pale and tired, but she was happy. Bill felt happy, too. After all, his sense of disappointment was not so very deep, and Lizzie's pie was good. She herself ate only a mouthful. Suddenly she said:

"Please take me home, Will, I'm not very well."

"Why, Lizzie, can I get you anything? Will you drink some tea?"

"No, Will, thank you. I should just like to go home."

"All right. I'll get Nell out in a minute."

During the drive home Lizzie was silent. It seemed to be an effort for her to speak, but she was happy. Bill, too, had little to say, but he also felt wonderfully content.

They soon reached Tom Graham's, where Lizzie was still staying, and Bill helped her out.

"Hope you'll be all right to-morrow. Say, Lizzie, can I get keepin' that heart of yours. It'll decorate my sideboard finely."

"Yes, Will," Lizzie replied, in a voice that was queer and husky. Mrs. Graham came out (she had remained at home) and Lizzie went quickly into the house.

That night Bill was long in going to sleep. His mind seemed to be occupied thinking something out, and when at last slumber came to him one vision remained before his eyes. It was his horse Nell. Standing beside her with both hands on the bridle was Lizzie, and at his feet lay a heart of pink, pierced by a white arrow.

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"Uncle! Uncle!"