

"That's some of Graham's bred-to-lay Barred Rocks," explained Miriam. "They keep climbing down from the perch all night to lay more eggs. The man who owns them has to have an assistant to trapnest them at night, and he has asked for a siding from the railroad into his place to help him get the eggs away. But what were you going to say to me, MacBeth," she said, squeezing his arm, and blushing furiously, so that under the blue light of the moon her beautiful face appeared almost purple.

"I have long cherished for you," replied the young man, his voice seeming a little shaky, "a—a—a— member of seeds of *cobea scandens*. Take them. The plant is an excellent climber, suitable for the background for your perennial Border. And whenever you are resting in its shade and I am far away surveying for sub-irrigation remember that—that—" here he stopped, trembling.

"Yes, John!"

"That no orchard should be left in sod!"

The shock was too much for Miriam. She fainted into his arms. And at this moment who should appear on the scene, but—

(TO BE CONTINUED)

