

AMARILLY IN LOVE

him. "I'll see you again soon. Thank you for bringing me out."

He walked up a little zig-zag path. There was no geometrical preciseness about the grounds. Delightful, meandering ways led in every direction to picturesque spots. Here, a rolling rise of greensward; there, a wagging, willowish brook, its surface lightly ruffled by a frisky little sprite of a breeze; beyond, a group of second growth trees, young and slender, but so close together that they formed a thicket through which wandered endless, winding paths; then, a little lily pond, and last and loveliest of all were the marshes stretching to the riotous river, their bogs a pale green with the virgin freshness of the year.

"It's just as Eeverly pictured it," he thought, as he stooped and looked about him through the amplitude of mauve space. "I'll take his word for the gloom of the old desolate house, and go back to town."

He had walked about half a mile down the road when he was overtaken by a little girl, who was driving a piebald horse attached to a rickety buggy.

"Goin' fur?"