

MILDRED THROWS DOWN THE GLOVE

instituting comparisons ; but they were assuredly being instituted for him. After supper was over Mrs. Timpkin asked if anyone played, and Nance went to the piano, and they kept her there until a distant crackling brought Mrs. Webley up in her chair, alert.

"What's that ?" she asked.

"It's all right, it is only our neighbours going off. That's Marsden starting his boat."

"Then it's late," said Webley. "We shall have to look out for snags going home. That's the one trouble in this wilderness lake boating. Is there a moon to-night ? You never know when some creek has chucked out a fallen tree and set it adrift in the lake. Yes, we must go."

"The moon will be up in another hour," said Sam.

"How do you know so well ?" inquired Webley.

"Have you started a local meteorological station ?"

Sam laughed, and—"I own up," he replied, "that I'm so struck on the place that I can't sleep some nights for sheer enjoyment of it. I can hardly believe it's true. Last night I got up again to look out. Bright ! It was wonderful. It was so bright that you could see the apples all picked out on the trees, right down the rows. I had to go out and stroll down to the point."

"You'll be meeting a bear or a wild-cat if you do that sort of thing in the middle of the night !" Franklin interjected, smiling at the young man's enthusiasm.

Miss Walters rose, and walking to the door passed