

bottles protruded, wired and tied, and covered with gold or silver tissue. Then the picnic would actually run to champagne! What unbridled luxury! The golden-haired Pennsylvanian must, indeed, as Thistleton had declared, be rich as Pactolus!

A stern sense of duty induced Paul to look around the group for that interesting personage. Unaccustomed to society as he was, and in the awkward position of being introduced from the back of a restive donkey, he was at first aware merely of a fiery heat in his own red face and a confused blurr of four perfectly unabashed and smiling ladies. Four names fell simultaneously on his unheeding ear, of the sound of which he caught absolutely nothing but the vague sense that one was Madame Somebody, and that two of the rest were Miss Whatsername and her momma. A clear sharp voice first roused him to something like definite consciousness. 'Mr. Gascoyne's my guest, Nea,' it said, in a full and rich American accent, which Paul had hardly ever before heard, 'and Mr. Thistleton's yours. Mr. Gascoyne, you've just got to come and ride up right alongside of me. And I'll trouble you to look after the basket with the wine in it.'

So this was the golden-haired Pennsylvanian! Paul glanced at her shyly, as who meets his fate, and answered with what courage he could summon up, 'I'll do my best to take care of it, but I hope I'm not responsible for breakages.'

The lady in the deer-stalker hat beyond—not the Pennsylvanian—turned to him with a quietly reassuring smile. 'What a glorious day we've got for our picnic!' she said, flooding him with the light of two dark hazel eyes; 'and what splendid fun it'll be going all that way up on donkeys, won't it?'

For those hazel eyes and that sunny smile Paul would have forsworn himself before any court of justice in all England with infinite pleasure. As a matter of fact, he disliked donkey-riding—he, who could clear a fence with any man in Oxford—but he answered sinfully (and I hope the recording angel omitted to notice the transgression), 'Nothing could be more delightful; and with such lovely views, too! The look-out from the summit must be something too charming for anything.' After which unwonted