

THE BRUSHWOOD BOY

"And you never cared or looked anywhere? Why, all the round world must have loved you from the very minute they saw you, Boy."

"They kept it to themselves if they did. No; I never cared."

"And we shall be late for dinner—horribly late. Oh, how can I look at you in the light before your mother—and mine!"

"We 'll play you 're Miss Lacy till the proper time comes. What 's the shortest limit for people to get engaged? S'pose we have got to go through all the fuss of an engagement, have n't we?"

"Oh, I don't want to talk about that. It 's so commonplace. I 've thought of something that you don't know. I 'm sure of it. What 's my name?"

"Miri—no, it is n't, by Jove! Wait half a second, and it 'll come back to me. You are n't—you can't? Why, *those* old tales—before I went to school! I 've never thought of 'em from that day to this. Are you the original, only Annieanlouise?"

"It was what you always called me ever since the beginning. Oh! We 've turned into the avenue, and we must be an hour late."

"What does it matter? The chain goes as far back as those days? It must, of course—of course it must. I 've got to ride round with this pestilent old bird—found him!"

"Ha! ha!" said the duck, laughing—"do you remember *that*?"

"Yes, I do—flower-pots on my feet, and all. We 've been together all this while; and I 've got to say good-