

"Let them go," I cried, as Graeme paused to take in the view, and down the sloping dusty road we flew on the dead run.

"Reminds one a little of Abe's curves," said Graeme, as we drew up at the gate. But I answered him not, for I was introducing to each other the two best women in the world. As I was about to rush into the house, Graeme seized me by the collar, saying:

"Hold on, Connor! you forget your place; you're next."

"Why, certainly," I cried, thankfully enough; "what an ass I am!"

"Quite true," said Graeme, solemnly.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"At this present moment?" he asked, in a shocked voice. "Why, Connor, you surprise me."

"Oh, I see!"

"Yes," he went on, gravely; "you may trust my mother to be discreetly attending to her domestic duties; she is a great woman, my mother."

I had no doubt of it, for at that moment she came out to us with little Marjorie in her arms.

"You have shown Mrs. Mavor to her room, mother, I hope," said Graeme; but she only smiled and said:

"Run away with your horses, you silly boy," at which he solemnly shook his head. "Ah, mother, you are deep—who would have thought it of you?"

That evening the manse overflowed with joy, and the days that followed were like dreams set to sweet music.

But for sheer wild delight, nothing in my memory can quite come up to the demonstration organized by Graeme, with assistance from Nixon, Shaw, Sandy, Abe, Geordie and Baptiste, in honor of the arrival in camp of Mr. and Mrs. Craig. And, in my opinion, it added something to the occasion that, after all the cheers for Mr. and Mrs.