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This Year's Attendance

shows representatives from nearly 130 cities, towns, and villages in Canada and the United States; fully two-thirds of them being from points nearer to other business schools than to Chatham.

What the Storm Brought

"Don't pretend you love me," I said crossly, to Sir Rowland White, as he followed me most persistently round the vicarage fruit-garden. "You only come here when your own grand friends and relations are in town. Last week you were too much taken up with your cousin, Lady Angela—"

"Daisy, darling!" he interrupted, "do be kind and reasonable. You know I am obliged to attend to my guests. Besides which, you were invited to come one evening, and you sent an excuse."

"Sent an excuse!" I cried, angrily. "You are entirely wrong in that supposition. Why, papa was ill in bed, and how could I leave him?"

"My dear little girl, I really believe you could have done if you had not been so determined not to come near when Angela Forbes was with us. Your father was not seriously ill."

"And you think a little country mouse, like I am, has sufficient courage to meet a lot of fashionable London people, without her father's presence to support her?" I asked, rather feebly, for he was very near the truth. Papa had not been ailing much,

and if it had not been for my obstinate pride, I should have gone, especially as Sir Rowland's mother offered to send a carriage for me. But for one thing, I did not want to wear my little country-made gown; for I knew how poor and insignificant it would look beside Angela Forbes', for one. It did not matter so much when Sir Rowland and his mother were alone; or when any of our country neighbors were there.

"You will look as pretty as any of them, Pet," Dad said, when I refused to go. "What does it matter about fine feathers? I know one who will be disappointed if you stay away."

But I was determined, and so Dad said nothing more. Only when Sir Rowland kept away for above a week, I think he thought I was being punished for my pride.

We were not formally engaged; but it was my fault. Sir Rowland kept declaring his love for me every few months; however, I could not make up my mind to part with my liberty—although I knew he was the dearest old dear in the world. But then I was only eighteen; and I was quite used to having him devoted to me; so that if

his neglect of the last week seemed all the greater.

He did not answer my question, and we walked twice round the garden in silence. "Well!" I cried at last, standing still, "do you intend speaking again, Sir Rowland, or shall we go into the house and find papa? Dick Foster is coming this evening to take me to Fairlie Glen to hear the nightingales sing."

"Dick Foster!" he exclaimed. "You know I do not like you going out with that boy, Daisy."

"He is not a boy," I returned; "he is twenty-three, and will soon be a partner in his father's practice. Why need you object if my father approves?"

"Your dear old dad has not heard a quarter I have about him, or he would not allow you to be seen out with him. Don't go, Daisy, darling; I will take you any evening next week."

"Why not this?"

"Oh! because of those confound—I beg your pardon, little girl; but you know I cannot get away whilst my mother's friends are at the Hall. The only reason I have escaped to-night is because they are all off to the other side of the county to a dance, and I sent an excuse."

"Then if you wish to take me to Fairlie Glen, you must make another excuse to-morrow," I said in a determined manner. "I will not go with Dick this evening; but if you don't come for me before eight

to-morrow I will promise him again."

Sir Rowland looked very hard at me for a few minutes, and then said—

"And if I break all engagements for your sake, Daisy—it must be on the understanding that you come back from the Glen my promised wife."

I hesitated a few minutes. I parted with my liberty, I felt sure, if I said "Yes," for I did not think Sir Rowland would fail to keep the appointment.

"Yes," I murmured a length, "and if you don't come—"

"There is no doubt on that score," he interrupted. "Now, Daisy, I must go, so say 'Good-bye' prettily to me."

With that he went, and I watched the tall figure cross the fields; and hoped Dick would forget to come, for I did not want the trouble of making an excuse to him. However, he did not forget; and it was a very sulky, bad-tempered young man I had to deal with; but after a good deal of arguing, he left, declaring I was the hardest-hearted girl it was ever his bad fortune to meet. I was really beginning to think it must be true.

Time dragged dreadfully next day. My usual occupations did not satisfy me. Feeding the birds and waiting on papa seemed very slow work. If my dear old dad noticed I was restless, he did not say anything; but was kinder and more patient than ever. Evening drew on, and I began to feel just a little excited. I dressed my flaxen mop—

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