

CHAPTER IV

THOSE of you who have been kind enough to read so far will be wondering (a little impatiently perhaps) when the "story" is going to begin and the "plot" develop. Dear friends!—I must call you so, since you have been so tolerant—like the old, old story of the little girl watching her friend rapidly devouring an apple: "Please, Mary Ann, can I have the core?" To which the reply was made as the last morsel disappeared—"Cynthia May! there ain't going to be no core."

So with this little sketch—"there ain't going to be no core"—no "story"—no "plot" that will commend itself to your interest. Therefore those who are expecting a cleverly worked out plot and thrilling *dénouement* had best drop this scrap of *Étoffe du Pays* and seek the embroidered tapestries of a Stevenson or a Hewlett. I would so gladly give you what you crave, but while the glamour of romance hangs heavily in these bosky woods and rocky glens, and there are many little courtships, side glances and coquettish ways to be noted, they are so