

"This means half an hour wasted on the road, Isobel," he muttered, pulling out his watch.

"Si, I don't mind if we never get there," returned the lady, producing a tiny silver cup and holding it under the mouth of the spring. "A half-hour in such a place, on the edge of such a grove, and on such a day! Cheer up! They won't be missing us at Rushholm."

"Rushholm! I have a picture of you getting to Rushholm!" observed Pat, blissfully oblivious to the fact that the remarks were not addressed to her.

The man preserved a gloomy silence; the lady idly dabbled her fingers in the stream.

"Do you know what that rig out there puts me in mind of?" asked Pat, ignoring the circumstance that the couple had partly turned their backs on her. "It puts me in mind of old Brassy——"

The gentleman started involuntarily.

"Old Brassy—that's Brasmore, the foreman over at the Wickins fur factory yonder." She gave her thumb a backward jerk. "He's built on the contrary plan—like lots of things. When you want him to do a thing, you've got to let on the exact opposite; and I was just thinking if you'd turn that machine square round, it would back you out to Rushholm and think it was spitin' you."

The man said "Humph!" by way of setting a period to the conversation, but the lady turned and