

"Why, have you ever seen her?"

"No, but I can imagine. She will be tall and slim, with a high forehead, a long, sharp nose, and bony fingers. She will wear her hair in corkscrew curls, and won't have on any corset. Her voice will sound like a man's, and she will walk like a man."

"You must have seen her somewhere, you midget, or else you've seen her picture." And Madge laughed uncontrollably. By this time they had reached the post office, and walking up to the window, received the mail for their households.

TWO LETTERS.

"Here's a letter from Indianapolis!" exclaimed Madge.

"And I've got one, too!" echoed Jennie.

"Aren't they good to write so often?"

"Sure, Madge, but what would our mothers say if they knew it?"

"And what would Mr. Grandin say?" asked Madge, mockingly.

Jennie winced; for while she was not averse to carrying on a rather brisk correspondence with a comparative stranger, she did not like to think of any of her friends finding it out.

They hurried back to Madge's, and tripped merrily into the house.

"Here is a letter for you, mother dear," said Madge; and then the girls went up to Madge's room and shut the door. Both sat down immediately to pore over their letters.

The men who were carrying on this clandestine correspondence have already been referred to in this narrative. They were business men from the city of Indianapolis, so they had said, and the simple village folks were not disposed to question them. Ever since their return to that city, they had been writing to these foolish girls, under the oft-repeated injunction of secrecy. The letters they were now reading were full of terms of adulation, and references to the life of the city. They also bore the news that one or the other of them would soon be back to Sibley, to deliver