

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"I'd you buy it without seeing it!" gasped the practical son of the soil.

"Yes; I had the fancy to live in the country, and a friend of mine discovered The Corners and bought it for me."

"There it is — on your right."

Courville turned quickly.

Set well back in the midst of an emerald park of wide-spreading elms, stood an abandoned farmhouse whose outfields had long lain fallow. It was known as The House at the Corners because, according to the prevailing system of survey, there should have been a road where the house was situated, and a road would have meant a corner.

He gave a little cry punctuated with an exclamation point of pleasure.

"How beautiful!"

Jerry's appraising glance was disparaging. He saw only a dilapidated farmhouse inclosed by a wilderness of everything that grows, from rhododendrons to dandelions.

"Have to do a lot to the soil. But how are you going to get back to town? I don't return this way."

"I won't mind the walk," Courville assured