

## TWO OF A TRADE

"You know what I mean, Madaline. You know what's been in my mind for years and years. If you—thought of me at all—I'm sure your father would be pleased. Then there's the two estates adjoining——"

"Yes; wouldn't that be admirable? There would be miles of land under one proprietorship. Excellent."

The young man was vaguely pained by her scoffing tone, yet, not knowing how to amend it, kept silent.

"Much as I love my father," she went on, "I should never marry merely for the sake of pleasing him. Strange as it may seem, I intend to marry, if ever I do, entirely to please myself. Much less would I marry for the privilege of moving a boundary hedge a mile or so. Have you no better reason to urge than the two you have given, Mr. Cobleigh? I think you do yourself an injustice. Really, the way you talk, one would think you were proposing a mercenary union, but I know you so well that I do not for a moment believe such a thing."

"Madaline, I have loved you ever since you were that high," and he held his hand two feet or thereabouts above the turf.

That settled it. These contrary young people pleased themselves, and gave no thought to the feelings of their historian. If I had been writing the story unimpeded with facts, I'll warrant you that it would have turned out vastly different.