

solicitude could wish. He was incessant in his attentions, but Mamie made no sign. Spring came and with it an invitation to Jack and Mamie, from Daisydell, asking them to attend a sugaring off in the maple woods of Will Merryweather. What young folks, of average taste and inclination, could resist such temptation? They accepted, for Jack admired Harry, and Mamie had learned the worth of Lizzie. They had a pleasant outing, "a real good time," and returned with new admiration for rural life. Summer came, and Lizzie was invited to visit Thrivewell. When she returned to her home, Mamie accompanied her. And when Jack went there to escort his sister home remained for a coming Picnic, an outdoor repetition of the Christmas assemblage—joined a camping party in the Daisydell bush, shot wild pigeons, which filled the woods, summer and fall, fifty years ago and returned to Thrivewell, generally invigorated by his outing, although strangely troubled with a slight heart affection, which absence from Daisydell didn't lessen. Mamie, too, had become attached to farm life as she saw it at Daisydell—had acquired a love for Natural History, knew the difference between a Leicester sheep and a short horn cow, was up in the management of poultry, took an interest in the operations of the dairy, and became a perfect blue-stocking from her steady study of botany, especially that part of it relating to the language of flowers. Strange to say, all this didn't tend to imbue her with admiration for her city suitor. She and Jack thought more of Daisydell than of Thrivewell, and found in it a prolific subject for daily conversation. Jack told Mamie how much he had appreciated the companionship of Harry who was a sensible fellow, full of com-

mon sense and manly ideas, guided by right principles and of correct habits, and who hadn't even thought of courtship or marriage; and Mamie responded by extolling the virtues and affection and beauty of Lizzie, - which latter it was totally unnecessary to do,—and spoke enthusiastically of her large fund of general information and professed admiration of a single life. Now it is difficult to talk about somebody, at every possible opportunity, without acquiring either serious distaste or growing liking for the person discussed. In this case there was no reason for dislike, so that increasing admiration necessarily developed. The progress of the feeling was probably not so slow as it seemed and was certainly continuous. Meanwhile Mrs. Lightheart pursued her two matrimonial plans with unremitting vigor, and was fairly well seconded by the objects of her choice. Nothing came of Mamma's manoeuvring but repeated disappointment, and when at last she ventured to show her hand more plainly, she was astonished to find Jack and Mamie disinclined to listen to her. Why, they didn't and probably couldn't explain. Mr. Lightheart talked seriously to his son without avail, and pleaded affectionately with his daughter without success. Mamie became nervous as a result of her mother's persistent hints, and asked permission to revisit Daisydell by way of change. Her parents unwittingly consented, and Jack preferred to drive down the spanking bays which were used for her conveyance. The usual warm welcome from the Merryweathers made Daisydell, somehow or other, doubly attractive. What more natural than an evening drive after their arrival, with Lizzie and Harry as their companions? And it was equally natural and proper that Jack should drive, with Lizzie