

if great hobblederoys of two and twenty could know what the word meant. No, my precious boy, this is our last day in the city, and you are to take me to Greenwood and Prospect Park. That will occupy the day. We will get back to a six-o'clock dinner, and then we are going to see 'Rip Van Winkle,' and by to-morrow morning's earliest express we will shake the wicked dust of Gotham off our wandering feet and go back to Baymouth—fair Baymouth, peaceful Baymouth—sadder and wiser beings for all this foreign gadding."

"But you said——"

"Never mind what I said. Pay attention to what I am saying now."

"You said I would meet my 'little ladies'——"

"Mr. Dexter, I am on my way to my apartment to put on my bonnet for our excursion. You are to stand at this door and wait for me until I come down, and on penalty of the eternal loss of my friendship you are not so much as to name any ladies, little or large, in my hearing for the rest of the day."

Upon which Miss Hariott "sweeps" out of the room, and Frank sighs and resigns himself to his destiny. Presently she reappears; they hail an omnibus, and go rattling off to one of the ferries, to begin this last day's sight-seeing.

It is a long, warm, sunny day. Frank forgets his troubles and enjoys it, looks at all the handsome vaults, and monuments, and mausoleums with the complacent feelings that he is on the right side of them. Late in the mellow afternoon they return, and the programme is gone through, dinner, Booth's, and the last day in New York is at an end. Next morning sees them in the train, and next evening sees them safely back in Baymouth.

"Dear, dirty New England town!" murmurs Miss Hariott, as she lies back in the cab and watches with contented eyes the fitting familiar landscape. "Dear, disagreeable North Baymouth, I salute you! Frank, I would insist upon your coming home and stopping with me during your stay, only I know it would bore you to death, and that you would ever so much rather go to Mrs. Longworth's."

"Well, you see, says Frank, "Larry's there and the rest of the fellows, and I

always stop there, and it would put you out horribly to have a great fellow like me knocking about your little doll's house. Thanks all the same, Miss Hariott. It's awfully jolly to be with you—shouldn't wish for better company all my life—but it would put you out, you know."

"And put you out a great deal more," laughs Miss Hariott; "I understand, Master Frank. Give my regards to Mr. Longworth. Tell him to come and see me as soon as he can, and for you—show your gratitude for all the care I have taken of you since we met in the Hesperia by dropping in every day."

They shake hands and part. Miss Hariott's home is a cottage, many streets removed from either Mrs. Longworth's or the Stone House—a tiny, two-story cottage, with honeysuckle and Virginia creeper, and all sorts of climbing things in front, and grapevines, and thrifty peach and plum trees in the rear.

A doll's house, as Frank has said, with a big bay window bulging out of one end, filled with roses, and fuchsias and rich geraniums. A house "too small to live in, and too big to hang to your watch chain," as Longworth quotes, but amply large for Miss Hariott and her one handmaiden; large enough, too, for Longworth himself to be luxuriously lazy in many a time and oft.

The one servant, a tall, thin, beautifully neat and intelligent woman, opens the door to her mistress, at sight of whom her whole yellow face lights and glows.

"Well, Candace," Miss Hariott says, holding out her hand, "home again, you see. Ah! we don't need the old song to tell us there is no place like it. How good it seems to see the dear little house and your familiar face. And how are you, and how are the birds, and the flowers, and every thing, and everybody?"

"Everything and everybody are well," Candace answers, smiling jubilantly all over her face, "and thank heaven that misses is back safe and sound. And Mass Larry's, missie, he's been here everyday a'most to look after the garden and see that it was fixed as you liked. And there's a big booky in the parlour now, missis, that he sent au