

fashioned structure, with dark walls and dingy windows. Its chimneys belched an evil smoke that befouled the serene blue of the air.

The girl disdained to consider the factory. She lowered her nose into the very roots of the springing grass and fancied she heard the clover sheaths bursting.

"It must be right! I don't feel a bit wicked for doing it! It's good for me! It's necessary for my course!" she murmured passionately, over and over again.

"Chug, chug, chug! B-r-r-r!"

Pat raised her head almost defiantly.

"But there is trouble—lots of it. Even the rich have it. Here's a young swell wanted to take his girl for a spin out to Rushholm to-day, and the old bus has gone contrary.—Lawsy! Isn't she a picture though? What a set of togs to wear out in the country mud!"

A young lady and gentleman were approaching the fountain, while the chauffeur on his back in the roadway took a bug's-eye view of the internal workings of the refractory machine.

"Machine actin' up?" Pat inquired, politely.

She had risen, and sat balancing herself on a round stone just inside the fence.

The man came to the fence, looked over to see who had spoken, and nodded.