

polish on both. And Miss Augusta noticed all this, and of course her little heart was in a flutter.

She felt a premonition that her destiny was near. I haven't the slightest doubt that it was. It is certain, at least, that Mr. Socrates Pimple was near; for the next minute he rang the bell. I think he must have been very nervous, for I am sure the bell fairly trembled with his touch.

Miss Augusta opened the door, and Mr. Pimple said "good evening," and then followed the charming Augusta into the parlour.

He remarked that the weather was rather warm; and Miss Augusta agreed with him, taking his hat and handing him a chair.

"And how is your daughter?" asked Miss Augusta.

"Emily is quite well, I thank you," he answered.

"I do pity the poor dear girl," Augusta said.

"Yes; I propose to send her to school."

"To a boarding-school, Mr. Pimple?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it would be a good plan. Does she wish to go?"

"Yes, she is quite anxious."

"And you will make preparations immediately. If she only had a mother now. Oh, Mr. Pimple, you can never understand a mother's influence in a family."

"Why I don't know," Mr. Pimple remarked. "I had a mother once."

"Yes, certainly. But it is different with girls from boys: they naturally look more to their father."

"Well, ahem! I"—Mr. Pimple was getting tired of the subject. "I came here, Miss Smith, to—make a proposal—ahem, ah—"

"Ah, indeed!"

Miss Augusta's eyes glistened. Her bosom heaved like unto the rolling ocean. Her breath came short and quick. She felt that the time had come.

"Why, you know, Mr. Pimple, that I—that is—well, ah, this has taken me quite by surprise.

"Yes," Mr. Pimple remarked, "I supposed it would. Though I've thought of

it for some time."

"Indeed! Why such an idea never entered my head, I'm sure, Mr. Pimple; although I always had a very good opinion of you, I'm sure."

And Miss Augusta blushed and looked simple.

Mr. Pimple began to look wild. He thought that there must be some misunderstanding. He didn't know how or why. He said as much.

"You don't understand me, I fear, Miss Smith."

She blushed again, while her beautiful eyes twinkled knowingly, and one little fairylike foot beat time to the throbbing of her tender heart, as she answered:

"Why, y-e-e-s, I think I do, Mr. Pimple. You wished to make a proposal of—"

"Certainly, I wished to propose, but I feared that—"

"You feared," said Miss Augusta, smiling lovingly upon her visitor. "How bashful he is!" aside.

"Why, yes; for I did not know how you might take it!"

"Could you not guess?" Miss Augusta asked, laying her hand tenderly upon his coat sleeve, and looking up into his face so affectionately.

There is no telling what might have followed if Miss Augusta's maid had not put her head in at the door just at that minute:

"Oh, Miss Smith! the cows is in the garden eatin' up all the cabbages!"

That started the pair immediately. Mr. Pimple went out to help Miss Augusta and the maid to get the cows back into the pasture. It took them some time, but they succeeded at last, and then returned to the house.

It is handy to have a man about the house, especially a farm house, and Miss Augusta had to confess it to herself.

Returning to the parlour, Mr. Pimple seated himself upon the sofa, and Miss Augusta took a seat beside him.

"What was it you were saying when we were interrupted?" asked that lady, looking up into Mr. Pimple's face so innocently.

"Why, Miss Smith," Mr. Pimple began, "you know your farm adjoins mine