

"Grace, my darling, are you feeling well?"

"To be honest, dear, I am not very well. I feel so tired and unambitious. You think I miss my friends in Paris and Berlin, but no, I am glad to be home."

"I am getting old, Grace, and sometimes I wish you had decided to marry. I would not have you give your hand without your heart, but it seems strange that you have never fallen in love. Southern girls usually have many love affairs before they are your age."

"You dear old goose, have I not, too, had dozens of love affairs? Do you suppose that all the proposals I have had were not preceded by love-making, and many of them I did love till I thought of spending a life time with them, and then—well, father, it was not 'la grande passion,' that is all."

"Where do you want to go for the summer?"

"Why, I was talking to Nellie Wren yesterday, and she has advised me to go to Canada. She spent a month last summer in a place called Muskoka."

"Capital, my dear, capital! I was in Quebec some years ago. It was very quaint and charming there. Muskoka is farther west, I believe."

It was soon decided, for each day Grace's cough seemed worse and her father's anxiety increased. She hunted through magazines for articles on Canada which was in her mind a synonym for Indian romance, though she could hardly tell why it was that she owned a copy of "The White Wampum," and "The Song My Paddle Sings" had so fascinated her that she had memorized it.

"Will you take ole mammy or Cynthia with you, my dear?" her father had asked.

"I will take neither, father, darling, I only need a maid to do up my frocks when they are tight and buttoned in the back, but this year I am going to live in walking skirts and shirt waists. I have had enough of gowns and jewels. We will live the simple life this summer."

"Very well, dear, whatever you feel like doing. Your old father wants to see you strong again." Even then Grace started coughing. It was a long journey. A few days' rest at the Falls and then across the lake to Toronto.

General Livingstone had letters to several prominent Toronto people, but Grace begged him not to bother hunting them up, as she preferred getting out into the wild woods where Indians