

After a little while she said, without apparent connection :

"It is very hot."

"What are they doing in the hayfield?" asked Ralph.

"Jock Forrest was leading, and they were cutting down the croft very steadily. I think it looks like sixty bushels to the acre," she continued, practically ; "so you shall have a carpet for the study this year, if all goes well."

"That will be famous!" cried Ralph, like a school-boy, waving his hand. It paused among Winsome's hair.

"I wish you would not tumble it all down," she said ; "I am too old for that now!"

The number of times good women calmly perjure themselves is almost unbelievable.

But the recording angel has, it is said, a deaf side, otherwise he would need an ink-eraser. Ralph knew very well what she really meant, and continued to throw the fine-spun glossy waves over her head, as a miser may toss his gold for the pleasure of the cool, crisp touch.

"Then," continued Winsome, without moving (for, though so unhappy and uncomfortable, she sat still—some women being born with a genius for martyrdom), "then I had a long talk with Meg."

"And the babe?" queried Ralph, letting her hair run through his fingers.

"*And* the babe," said Winsome ; "she had laid it to sleep under a stook, and when we went to see, it looked so sweet under the narrow arch of the corn ! Then it looked up with big wondering eyes. I