

AMARILLY IN LOVE

She dove down into a basket and brought forth a lunch box.

“How did you know I was hungry?”

“Ain’t you always hungry? I am. Here’s some crullers and sandwiches and apples. Now, I’ll keep on about us.”

“Maybe,” expostulated Courville, “your mother wouldn’t like you to repeat your family affairs.”

“Yes, she would. She always says, ‘Tell all you know about yourself first, afore folks has time to make up things about you.’ Well, as I said, luck had struck us and we was gettin’ along fine when we all come down with scarlit fever and Mr. St. John and Miss King was away for the summer. When we got well, we found we’d all lost our jobs, except the Boarder. The day they took the quarrytine off, Amarilly took back Mr. St. John’s surplus what he preaches in, and his housekeeper said fer to keep it. Then she took home Miss King’s lace waist and her housekeeper said to keep that. Lucky they did, cause the surplus kept us from starving and Lily Rose got married in the lace waist.

“We didn’t know what to do till Amarilly