

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

"And thanks for the music," said Sam.

As he held forth a hand to help Nance to embark he suddenly remembered that Sunday on the path below the Chinese ranches, when he had helped Mildred down the steep part—and he had a rush of annoyance at himself for that infatuation. The two boats chugged off, breaking the ripples in the dark water; rapidly, such was the effect, the strip of lake between them and the beach widened; the lamps sent a dance of lights down into the deep, dark purple.

"Isn't it pretty?" came Nance's voice. "Look at the glow of the windows through the brush."

"Come back soon again," called Mrs. Timpkin.

"Sure. Thank you!" the others replied.

As the Timpkins and Sam walked back they looked round now and then at the two lights shining out on the lake, each accompanied by its reflection—changing flakes of gold forming and fading in the water.

As they watched, one went out round the point; then the next was eclipsed.

"Say, what lovely hair Miss Walters has!" exclaimed Mrs. Timpkin. "I don't know whether I like it best in sunlight or lamplight."

"What's the matter with Miss Webley?" asked Timpkin.

"Oh, she's a peach. But say, wasn't that Miss Henderson jealous of Miss Walters?"

"I didn't notice," said Timpkin.

"She didn't like her being tall. I saw it. She kept on measuring her, downright angered, when