

and mosses and all things woodsy, and its sweetness—"sweeter than honey in the honeycomb"—this was the dinner. The table was laid with a profusion of "genuine willow pattern"—then an article of use as well as beauty—that to-day would make a corner in willow pattern, and consume with envy the collector who can only buy, beg, or borrow a single jug or platter.

Jean, too, was in blue, as became her best—no modern dye that fades in white or yellow streaks, but a blue that is blue while two threads of the fabric hold together. It was as simple in its structure as one of Worth's choicest creations, and as crisp and fresh as though it had not been washed as many times as Jean was years old.

She was no whit awed by this wise young man who could tell how many hundred years old the rocks were. In fact, after dinner, she showed quite a disposition to let by-gones be by-gone and to show their guest the hospitalities of the flower-garden and farmyard. At the former, a bunch of grass pinks with feathery "old man" for foliage was tendered him as a boutiniere. I forgot to say the dog was left behind, so when Bess's calf was proudly displayed there were no disastrous consequences; wee chicks, just trying their wings in chase after yet smaller winged creatures; waddling, quacking ducklings, diving and catching bluebottles in their spoonlike bills; and, lastly, some yellow balls called goslings, a late brood, and Jean's very own.

Clear and merry her laugh rang out at her guest's exclamations. As before remarked, I am trying to tell the truth here, therefore am sorry to have to record that sometimes—all unsuspected by the subject of her mirth—she even laughed at him. Not that there was anything about him to excite risibility