

TWO OF A TRADE

"Please don't hide it. It's splendid. By Jove! that might do for a scene from my forthcoming novel."

"That is what I was attempting, and if there is any success in the work you must attribute it to the inspiration of hearing the story."

She gave him a look, and he threw himself down by her camp-stool.

"Beatrice," he said, abruptly, "will you marry me?"

"Yes," replied the girl, with equal directness.

There is nothing like knowing your own mind when a decision is suddenly required of you.

Meantime, Madaline had slackened her pace when she saw there was no danger of pursuit, and so came somewhat slowly on the lawn, where she found the squire sitting in a wicker chair, his attitude one of evident despondency. The girl greeted him with rather enforced cheerfulness, then dropped into a chair with a sigh.

"Enervating day, don't you think?" she said.

"Very," replied the squire, gloomily.

"I should imagine it would be much more bracing in a country like Switzerland," continued our innocent young woman. The squire looked up suddenly.

"Curious, your mentioning Switzerland. I was just thinking of going there. I've seen absolutely nothing, you know, and a stay-at-home gets rather stale, I fancy."

"How jolly to go to Switzerland! You are a lucky man, Mr. Cobleigh."

"Oh, I am," replied the squire, with no great elation in his tone.

"I wish you could persuade my father to go with you."

"Well, I did talk with him about it, and he'd half a mind to."