the corner grocery, and got acquainted with the farmers for miles around.

As I said, a month went by in this happy, inconsequential way. Miss Kate Swinton hadn't proved at all dangerous, and we felt rather foolish when we thought of our society and our plot against her. Whether she knew of it or not we couldn't tell. Where any of us went we all went, so that the village people, who needed only the slightest hint to whisper, "There's a flirtation," had to give us up as a bad case—for gossip.

Then, imperceptibly, things changed. Chris undertook to teach Kate a little botany. The rest of us weren't interested in that. Then, somehow, I liked to hear Grace read "Tartar in," and the rest weren't interested in that. So when we spent a morning in the Glen we naturally separated into groups, so as not disturb each other. The weather was warm about that time, so we were in the Glen a good deal. Once as I saw Chris and Kate sitting on a stone wall and intently looking at some plants, there came a hazy idea into my head that Chris wasn't setting a good example to the rest of the society. But just then Grace offered to roll me a cigarette, and I forgot it.

The length of my vacation was indefinite, so I was not surprised when a telegram came from my house ordering me to look up some business in the West. But it was confoundedly hard. Grace thought so, too, when I told her of it. In fact, she felt so badly that it must have flustered me, for though it's not quite how it happened, yet Grace said "yes" to something I asked her, and . . . .

It happened that my trip lengthened out to over four months, and meantime but little mail reached me. My sister Alice wrote nothing about Harry except in a general way, and she won't say whether he ever proposed to her or not. He never calls when he is in the city, so something must have happened. There was no doubt about something having happened to Chris. He rushed in as soon as I returned and told me to congratulate him. I did, and at the same time joked him about the result of our "anti" society.

"O, but the joke was," said Chris, "that Kate guessed what we had done, thought it a mean trick, and determined to be revenged."

"Did she succeed?" I asked.

A Story of the Turf.

Here was visiting my father in our home last winter an old gentleman, Mr. Palethorp by name, who in his youth had been prominently identified with horse-racing. He was not the modern idea of a horse-jockey, nor racing-man, nor in fact was there anything about him which would remind one of the turf at the present day; for his horse-racing days had long been over, and beyond a keen interest in the sport, and a vivid recollection of the way it was carried on in his day, he had nothing in common with the turf. Many were the stories he used to tell us, and many the laugh we have had over his experiences.

It was one evening after dinner when we were sitting in the library, with no light but the huge log fire in the old-fashioned fireplace, that he related the tale I am about to write now. We had just lighted our cigars, and Mr. Palethorp was still holding his in his hand, gazing at it meditatively. We were all quiet, waiting for him to say something. Finally he spoke.

"Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to talk with. We owe the proverb-giving Spaniards at least one for that!" said he, as he lit his cigar; "and these old imported cigars incline me to add, old cigars to smoke." For my father had a mania for getting old cigars, as he imagined they had a better flavor.

"Yes," said my father, "I know that young America goes in for Habanas fresh from the maker, and strong enough to drag a dray; but that taste begins to decline long before the boys reach the shady side of forty, and they learn that such things as nerves are about."

"Right you are! My experience exactly; and cigars such as these lose nothing by keep-