I keep by myself mostly. The fishing is fair, the shooting moderately good, and the tennis ground capital.

I mustn't forget to mention our young person, Miss Way—Miss Wayward, it should have been. Imagine a country belle of eighteen, dark, petite, restless as a kitten, independent and authoritative in her manner as if she were of the realm, ignoring etiquette whenever she pleases, and that is often, and you get a faint idea of Miss Frances Way. You should see her—but no, I don't think you would approve of her. She amuses me immensely. You ought to see her sit down by poor Sniggin's, the Tech. man, and pretend to help him study. Then she comes to me, and asks in an irresistible, girlish way if I don't think it would be a good day for gathering ferns? She is such a perfect contrast to the "Boston girl" that I find her very refreshing. How I should like to see Mrs. Wingate open her eyes at her!

This is a long letter, but I haven't got half through with the beauties of Homer's.

There is Miss Way starting out in a leisurely manner alone for a walk before supper, with a book under her arm. I suppose her ardent admirer, old Benbury, will follow her. Good-bye.

Yours,

Laurens.

For some time after reading this epistle Mr. Thornbury sat whistling softly, frowning often to himself, and twisting his yellow mustache. Then he read it again, with running comments.

"She amuses him. Oh yes! No doubt. Very refreshing.' Just going out to walk. Her ardent admirer, old Benbury, will follow her.' I'll bet any odds her ardent admirer young Laurens followed her. How sharply he ends up the letter, though he wasn't half through with the beauties of Homer's. I always thought Arthur would make a fool of himself in some such way. What an awful thing it would be if he should bring home a pert country girl to the old house. Something must be done about it, if I have to do it myself."

A shade of decision passed over his face. He rang for a servant to bring him the railway guide, after consulting which he walked briskly away to his rooms.

III.

On the evening of the following day Miss Way's quick eye detected the presence of a stranger in Mr. Homer's wagon as it returned