from the village with the mail. As the wagon approached, Laurens looked, at first carelessly, then intently, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it, Mr. Laurens?" asked Miss Way, with vivid curiosity.

"Oh, nobody but my old friend Ned Thornbury."

"You don't seem very much delighted to see an old friend."

"O, I thought your manner didn't express great joy. Perhaps I was mistaken. For my part, I'm awfully glad to see another gentleman. Anything for variety," she added flippantly, with a side glance upward from under her dark lashes.

The meeting was sufficiently cordial, and Laurens, after sitting with his friend at his late supper, brought him out to the porch for a cigar. The club news and various items of society talk formed the basis of their conversation, and after agreeing to try their luck at the fishing the next day, they parted for the night.

It was not till after their return from this expedition that an opportunity arose of presenting Thornbury to Miss Way. That young lady seemed to have assumed a new part, and appeared a very model of maiden shyness and reserve. She listened to Thornbury's conversation with silent but charming attention, and joined in the amusements of the evening with a quiet gracefulfulness with which even that fastidious young gentleman could find no fault. When the gentlemen were alone, Thornbury took occasion to say that he thought Miss Way's forwardness had been painted in much too vivid colors. Laurens did not make much reply, and the matter dropped.

For the first few days of Thornbury's visit there was certainly little cause for active interference in his friend's behalf. Miss Way seemed to devote herself rather to the student than to either of the Bostonians, apparently rather to Sniggins' surprise. She played tennis with him, made him the bearer of bundles of ferns and birch bark, and employed his time with making handles for baskets of moss, and cutting strips of all sorts of things for her rustic work, of which she always had her hands full.

One evening, coming out late from supper, Laurens found his friend sitting on the steps of the porch talking politics with Miss Way, who sat on the steps below at a little distance, and turned her face up toward him with the air of one who is quaffing deep and refreshing draughts of knowledge. She was certainly a capital listener, only asking a question now and then, though her questions were sometimes of a radical nature, such as children ask, and required much theorizing in their answers.

The conversation lasted till Laurens called them in to join in a game of whist, during which Thornbury adorned himself with his most polished drawing-room manner, which seemed to meet Miss Way's approval to a high degree. Laurens did not play so well as usual, and the rubber went against him and his partner, to the jubilation of Miss Way, who took Thornbury's arm and walked about the passages, listening to his discussion of the theory of whist—a game which she had informed Laurens a few days before she quite despised.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Laurens that night.

"Oh, she's really charming! But quite different from the forward country belle that I imagined."

"There isn't quite so much need of protecting me from her wiles as you thought when you planned my rescue, I suppose."

"Don't be absurd, Arthur. But if you choose to look at it in that way I don't know that the danger is any less."

"I think you have assumed the post of honor at present."

"I? Oh, no. She listens to my talk, but she has the corners of those eyes of hers on you most of the time."

"Your imagination is much to generous."