him as suited her fancy. Still, that she paid some attention to his wishes could be seen from her remark, after a few minutes' vacant silence on the part of both:

"If you are tired of staying here, Mr. Spooner, we can go to the tennis court."

He was sprawled out at her feet in a comfortable position, gazing out upon the valley, and only turned his head to look at her as he answered, while she was taken up with her work, in that preoccupation which is most provoking when one wishes to get an occasional glance as well as a few sentences from a girl.

"Why, Mim-Miss Brewster," he expostulated slowly, "you kik-can by no means have either of our interests at heart. Sis-sis-such a thing would make us unpopular forever. There are jij-just four men there, and a fifth would spoil their game. And if y-you were to go and sis-sit in the tent with the other girls, they couldn't discuss the latest g-gossip about you and me, and would hate you accordingly."

She smiled; "Your reasoning is powerful. Well, we will stay here."

She straightened up to thread a needle, while he idly stabbed a piece of bark. There was another silence, but not at all an awkward one. With them there was no need to speak unless one wished, for she was not a girl of many words, and Spooner had talked so much in his society career, as he said, that he had "kik-kik-come to understand the value of silence."

"Have you noticed," said she after a moment, "the remarkable gathering of gossips that we have here," and she indicated a group at a little distance. "The fine weather has brought them all out. There are Mrs. Von Blenkinsopp, and Mrs. Norman, and Mrs. North, and Miss Baynes,—and Mrs. Stevens has come over from the Cottage. With all the others to keep the ball rolling they must be having a lively time. Just hear their chatter!"

Spooner raised himself a little. "I'm afraid, Mim-Miss Brewster," he said, "that you miss the chief significance of that group. O-observe that solitary man—how he fif-fidgets on his chair—how his mirth rir-rings hollow. Did-did-do you suppose that my Uncle George would join such a kik-crowd unless he had some purpose to nin-nerve him to the deed? Remember, he goes to-morrow."

Miss Brewster started. "What!" she cried, while she smiled with pleasure. "Do you really suppose that is it?"

"I did-did-don't know," said Spooner. "But I know that jij-just now he's racking his brains to mim-make some plan to get Miss Ware away from the rest. I did-don't know if he would kik-come to the point, even supposing he got the chance. I'm only sure I wish he would. Bib-bib-but I'm afraid he won't get the chance."

"There's this evening," said Miss Brewster. "Oh, how I wish he would!"

Spooner laughed. "It would be pleasant, would it not?" he said. "Bib-but don't you see,—there's that old folks kik-kik-card party to-night, and he hasn't got the skill to get her away from the crowd, any more than at present."

She dropped her work in her lap, and watched the other group for awhile, while Spooner, beside her, did the same. "I declare," she cried at length, "I think it's a shame!"

"It is, surely," assented Spooner. "Bib-but I can't help being amused," he said with his slow chuckle, "to see the old bib-bib-boy sitting there on the edge of his chair, and just kik-kik-crazy to get her off by herself. Poor Uncle George, he's all out of pip-practice. Now a younger man, I for instance, or Kik-Crook, or Kik-Keene, could cut a girl out from a group like that in three mim-mim-minutes, if she would help. But he can't; and she nin-knows what he wants, but she can't, and so."

They watched the others once more. "Do