derson Noble. Isn't that story good enough for your ladyship?"

After a pause, Dick said quite seriously, for him: "Gladys, dear, don't you think you could write the last part of that story, the name part, you know? I'll get the license, the ring, and the minister, and all the new visiting cards you need; and the only thing you need do is to say one little 'Yes.' Won't you say it, dear?"

But Gladys was politely trying not to cover a yawn. "Have you done?" she asked. "Don't you know how foolish you are to start all that nonsense again? You always close every sensible conversation we have by asking me to marry you, and it's absurd! Maybe I will write a story, and maybe, because I know you so well, it would be easy. I'll make a sort of revised version of you, the hero; but we won't upset, and I won't end by falling in your arms, and I won't marry you, there!"

"All right," said Dick, resignedly; "you will spoil the story, but it's your funeral, not mine, and"

"I thought we were discussing a wedding," she interposed demurely.

"Well, it's all the same," said Dick; "you needn't interrupt for a little thing like that, and, as I was going to say in the story"

But what he was going to say is still unsaid, for catching a glimpse of Gladys's face at that moment, he was so alarmed at the stony stare that greeted him that he hastened to change the subject.

July, now, and canoeing is still in high favor.

"How about your story, Gladys?" Dick asked when they had filled the canoe with water lilies, and were lazily drifting down stream.

She blushed a little. "Oh, dear!" she started.

"Yes," said Dick, leaning over; "what can I do for you?"

"Shut up, Dick;" but she deigned to smile a little. "You know I didn't mean, dear, in that way."

"Yes; but I did, dear," he boldly asserted. "If we were not in a canoe," she said with decided emphasis, "I would certainly throw a cushion at you."

"Do," said Dick; "they're stuffed with cork and float."

"Look here, sir, do you want to hear my story, or don't you? For if you interrupt again, you shan't hear one word!"

Thus threatened, with an expression of mock humility, Dick composed himself to listen.

"You see," Gladys continued, "I took your advice and put them in a canoe, and now I don't know what to do with them."

"Please may I ask something?" timidly questioned Dick.

"I suppose, if it's sensible."

"Are you speaking of cushions or people?"

Gladys regretted very much just then that she was in a canoe, for she could only punish him properly by total silence; and she knew that, having no other resort, she would punish herself even more by that course, so she decided to ignore his remark and go on.

"No, I don't know what to do with them, for I can't, or, at least, I won't, upset them, and I can't have a love scene, for it would be too ridiculous in a canoe; they couldn't, you know; they couldn't." She paused helplessly.

"Well, I don't exactly know," Dick helped her out. "I've never been there, you see; but I might guess."

"Anyway," she went on, "they couldn't; and who ever heard of a love scene where they didn't? So I don't see how I can end it, and I guess they'll have to keep on indefinitely drifting in the canoe."

Dick, deeply sympathetic, suggested: "Couldn't he paddle her to the shore? They could there, for there are some nice nooks about this river."