

SUMMERS.

In summer, when the poppy-bed
Lies all the lawn with glory
To sweet eyes and down-bent head
He told the old sweet story.

In summer, when the joyful swing
The bride-bells swept the land,
He drew a golden wedding ring
Upon her trembling hand.

In summer, when the sunshine made
A pathway to the sky,
Upon his breast she laid her head,
And did not fear to die.

—Josephine H. Nicolls in Century.

A CAPER OF CUPID.

"You are a vexatious vixen."
That's what I said to Mary Brent.
"Apt alliteration's artful aid." Try
again," she smiled back at me.
"It's no more artful than you are," I
retorted.
"Am I artful?" she asked in the most
artless fashion.
"Of course you are, and in addition,
you insist upon having your own
way."
"And what of that?"
"It isn't always the right way."
"Orthodoxy is mydoxy in other
words?"
"I wasn't saying anything about or-
thodoxy," said I, rather miffed.
"So I perceived. It was simply my-
doxy."
"You think I want you to go my
way, do you?"
"Really, I have never given the sub-
ject any great amount of thought."
"Open confession is good for the
soul. I wonder that you confess to
such a disregard of my wishes, con-
sidering what we are to each other."
Mary Brent was my sweetheart, to
all intents and purposes, and I had
been her devoted admirer, not to say
slave, for months and months. We
were engaged, or at least I insisted
that we were to her, though I am free
to admit that she had never actually
coincided with me on that point. In-
deed, since I think of it in my cooler
moments, there is more than one
point on which we do not coincide.
But it is rather late now to refer to
the matter.

"And pray," she inquired, "what are
we to each other?"
"Much more than we are to any
other persons that I know of."
"Let me see," she said, holding up
her pretty fingers and counting.
"There's Frank and Will and Charlie
and Fred and Algernon and Dick and
the captain and Jack and—"
"That's enough," I growled, "un-
less—"
"Unless I continue the list to in-
finity with one other name, said name
being George," she interrupted with a
wicked little shrug of her shoulders.
My name was George and she evi-
dently was not forgetful of the fact
that on more than one occasion I had
coaxed her to call me by it, but with
only partial success.

"What's in a name, anyway?" I
said, as sullen as a whipped schoolboy.
"Nothing, of course, and for that
reason I can't quite understand why
you want me to drop mine and take
yours."
"I presume it is because that is the
custom," I smiled, for I thought that
was not such a bad point to make.
"Um—er—um," she gurgled, "cus-
tom? That's a good one, isn't it?"
"For heaven's sake don't pun at
such a time," I groaned.

I confess I was not feeling remark-
ably hilarious, and I fancy it showed
in my manner. If not in my face.
"Come now," she said, much more
kindly, "we are quarreling and there
is no occasion to become quite so se-
rious as that. If you want me to for-
give you, I'll be only too glad to, if
you evince the proper contrition."
She held out her hands and I took
them both in mine quickly enough.
"I'm sure," I said, smiling radiantly.
"I wouldn't like you half so well if
you weren't just the little mixx you
are."

I was going to kiss her. On my life
I was, and I stooped down in the pre-
scribed fashion for administering that
salute, but she dodged. "Thanks," she
said archly from the other side of the
other side of the room, "but that on
paper. I don't like verbal messages
in such important matters."
I made a football rush for her, but
she eluded me easily. I was consider-
ed rather handsome, though I was just
stout enough not to be glib on my feet.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary," I
quoted with a puff, as I gave up the
chase.
"Never pronounce 'contrary' with
the accent on the second syllable,"
she said with the air of a schoolmarm.
"But that would ruin the rhyme," I
protested.
"Fudge on the rhyme. Are you a
poet?"
"No, but I admire a lovely poem."
"Yes?" and she looked the doubt in
her mind of my taste in that regard.
"Yes."
"And pray what is your favorite
poem?"

That was a master stroke. I knew
it was for the blushed. Then she
stepped over to a vase of flowers and
got out a rosebud.

"Let me put this in your button-
hole," she said, coming toward me.
"In such important matters," I said
with mock formality, "I prefer a ver-
bal message."

She touched the rosebud to her lips
and handed it to me.

"How dainty, that her choice should be
A rose to bring her kiss to me,"
I said with a slight Siles-Weeg ac-
cent.

"The devil quotes scripture for his
purpose," she laughed, "but you can-
not frighten me away with a verse of
poetry. I like it, and don't you
know, here she looked me straight in
eyes, 'I rather like you.'"

"I should hope so," I responded,
feeling extremely well pleased with the
turn affairs had taken, but still I
was not over enthusiastic, for the
margin of uncertainty was wide.

"Really, George," she began.
"Oh, Mary," I interrupted, "what-
ever you may be going to say, please
say that. George again. I never
thought there was music in my name
until this very minute."

"Now, don't interrupt," she said,
holding up a warning finger that I
felt like biting in my exuberance of
joy at her. "What I was going to say
was that if you only half tried you
could make me think the whole world
of you."

As if I hadn't tried and tried and

kept on trying. And whatever woman
loved a man because of his trying to
make her love him? I refuse to an-
swer the question in this public place
but I know what it is.

"What can I do?" I asked in desper-
ation.

"I don't know, dear," she actually
roared, so soft was she. "Surely, a
woman doesn't have to tell a man
that!"

"My love, my labor and my loyalty
are yours," I said, putting her hand
in my arm, and looking into my face
with those bright eyes of hers soften-
ed to a gentleness almost unnatural
to her.

Of course I tried to kiss her—what
man wouldn't have tried under such
circumstances?

"Not now," she said, darting away
all sparkling once more. "I'm going
to a tea. Wait till I go and put on
my wraps and go with me."

She didn't wait for an answer but
was gone on the instant.

"I'm awfully sorry," said I when
she came back, ready for the street,
"but I can't go. I have a business en-
gagement that must be kept and I
have only fifteen minutes left. You
know how it hurts sometimes to make
I would wait upon I must, and this
is one of the times. But I can trust
you now, and you will be all the near-
er to me for this sacrifice."

"You shouldn't be too sure," all wo-
manly she half pouted.

"But trust is the bond that binds us,
little one," I said with infinite tenderness.
At least it was as nearly infinite
as I could make it.

Thus taking me part at the door,
she went to the tea and I to keep my
engagement.

"Truly," I thought, as I moved
among the unthinking throng on the
busy street, "woman is heaven's best
gift to man, even if he hasn't quite
won her."

As I went home to dinner that even-
ing and the setting sun was throwing
its golden red shadows under the great
elms, I saw Mary Brent and Jack
Lester walking slowly along, so ab-
sorbed in each other that they didn't
realize whether it was twilight or a
rainy day last week. Then I thought
of the motto on our silver coins and
I concluded that possibly it was just
as well to confine the beautiful senti-
ment of trust to that and to that alone.

That was four years ago, and I shall
never—never—never—see Mary
Brent again.—Exchange.

The Awful Tyranny of Things.
Things! Things! Things! Nothing
but things—stuffing up all the cor-
ners; crowding one so that one can
hardly breathe; dogging one's foot-
steps so that one can hardly move.

Who does not pine at times for the
life of a savage? Yes, the reaction
must come. We shall not be able to
stand it much longer. Sooner or later
we shall all take ship for the desert
islands to avoid suffocation.

And perhaps, when they find we
have all gone, the factories will cease
pouring out rubbish, and the trains
stop carrying and scattering it about.
And the stuffed-up house will crum-
ble away and cover up all the things
they are so full of, until the city be-
comes a great smooth mound with grass
growing at the top.

But then our descendants will come
back from the desert islands with
spades and dig them all up again and
put them in rows in museums and
label them all with their wrong names.

We could not bear that. Perhaps we
had better save them the trouble by
staying where we are.—Pall Mall Ga-
zette.

The Natural Soap Mines.
The natural soap mines at Owen's
Lake, California, are accounted for by
a scientist who advances this theory:
The water of the lake contains, he
says, a strong solution of soda salts
and soda. In the water a curious
specimen of grub breed by millions.

These grubs go through their various
transformations, and finally emerge as
short-winged heavy-bodied flies, very
fat and oily. They live but a few days
dying and falling into the lake in such
numbers as to be frequently washed
ashore in layers more than a foot
thick. The only substance of the dead
flies blends with the alkali of the
borax and soda, and the result is a
thickness to the drift strata of the
dead flies, a foot deep of the flies mak-
ing a layer of soap nearly an inch
thick. These strata, repeated year
after year, have formed the celebrated
"Soap Banks of Owen's Lake," where
for a number of years past a large
body of men have been regularly at
work.

Lord Mansfield and the Army Officer.
An old army officer, who knew little
of law, had been appointed Governor
of a West India island. The most ap-
palling duty which the Governor had
to perform was the administration of
justice, and in his ignorance he ad-
dressed Lord Mansfield in a tone of
great concern, saying he knew noth-
ing of law, and asking what he should
do as the presiding officer of the local
Court of Chancery on the island to
which he was going. "Put, man,"
said Mansfield, "decide promptly, but
never give any reasons for your de-
cisions. Your decisions may be right,
but your reasons are sure to be
wrong."

Didn't Want to Snooze.
A whimsical old Englishman who
died over a century ago left a will in
which he stated what he wished done
at his funeral. His first request was
that six of his friends be invited
accompanied by five of the best fid-
dlers to be found in the town. Sec-
ond, he wished no tears to be shed, but
on the other hand, insisted that the
sixty friends should be "merry for two
hours," on penalty of being sent away.
And, finally, that "no snuff be brought
upon the premises, lest I have a fit of
snoozing."—Harper's Young People.

Not to Be Taken Seriously.
One of the curious outcomes of Mark
Twain's assertion that there are only
thirty-three jokes in existence is the
fact that he is constantly receiving
letters from men and women who de-
sire to refute his statement by send-
ing him an entirely new and original
joke.

Infidelity has one inherent and fatal
weakness—it points the human soul
only the road to death. There can be
no moral impulse without faith in a
future life.

THE PRINCESS MADRINA.

THE noble house of Sauburg, as
no doubt you remember, was
rich only in titles and diplomat-
dated estates. But after the
lease of their town house to the father
of Dick, their American boy friend
things were not quite so bad. The
Princess Madrina noticed this when
her mother presented her with a little
pony and cart. To be sure, the pony
was blind in one eye, and he was so
old that he could scarcely go faster
than a walk. Still the young Princess
and her baby sister Wilhelmina great-
ly enjoyed going about the quiet coun-
try roads. The faithful Gretchen al-
ways went with them, because it
would not be proper for two real
Princesses to go riding unaccom-
panied.

One autumn day, toward four in the
afternoon, Madrina, with Gretchen by
her side in the little cart, set out for
a drive down a road that sooner or
later would bring them to the bustling
little town of Mickleheim.

Three-quarters of the way to this
town Gretchen's old mother lived
alone in a poor little cottage. This
was their destination. Madrina left
her nurse here for a little while while
she and her old pony went along up
the road. This day she went a bit
further than she had ever gone be-
fore. There was a sort of delightful
thrill in seeing how near she dared go
without entering the forbidden town
of Mickleheim, of which such exciting
stories had been whispered about
among the servants at home.

A great blue butterfly buzzed about
and then suddenly lit on the pony's
flank and bit viciously. The poor old
beast gave a vexed kick and broke in-
to a feeble gallop. Madrina flicked off
the fly with her whip and laughed
aloud at the unaccustomed speed. A
casual touch of the whip kept him
bustling along for nearly a mile.

In the pleasure of the brisk motion the
Princess forgot time and distance, and
it was only when a turn in the road
revealed the spires and turrets of
Mickleheim that she realized she had
gone further than her mother would
like.

She started to pull in her pony, but
that was not necessary. Already
he had come to a dead stop. He
lowered head and lolling tongue. He
staggered a moment and then quietly
dropped down in the middle of the
road. In an instant Madrina was out
and at his head, trying to get him on
his feet again. It was of no avail.

As she looked blankly about her she
caught sight of a barn or rod or two
from where she stood. Perhaps some
farm hand might be lingering there
after his day's work, and when she told
him who she was of course he would
help her.

She loosened the harness and man-
aged to pull the cart clear of the
pony, and then she started for the
barn.

Her heart sank as she stepped in
through the open door and saw that
it was empty. Evidently it was a de-
serted building. In the gloom of the
furthest corner she could make out a
pair of dirty steps that ran up to the
hay loft. Suddenly she became aware
of what sounded like the subdued mur-
mur of voices. She glanced upward,
and saw a streak of light coming down
through a crack in the floor above.

With never a thought of the danger
she might be running, being simply
intent on finding aid for her pony and
returning home as soon as possible,
she groped her way up the steps and
felt about till her hand pressed some-
thing that yielded to her touch. She
had the door half open, when she
stopped with a little gasp of terror at
the scene before her.

Through the thick haze of tobacco
smoke she could see a group of beard-
ed, rough looking fellows, all listening
intently to the words of a quiet, spec-
tacle man who sat at a rude table
covered with papers. Above his head,
on the wall, were crossed two flags—
those dreadful red flags.

The very instant her face appeared
at the doorway the spectacle man was
uttering in incisive tones, "To-night,
along with the others, the Sauburg
castle must be razed."

Madrina uttered a little cry and
slammed the door. Quickly she fled
down the stairs and out of the barn,
but not before she heard a wild dom-
estical above and the voice of the
leader crying, "Catch that child. She'll
blab on us!" The darkness saved Madrina
that night.

Away she flew down the road that
leads toward Sauburg. As she panted
along she could hear the savage shouts
of men and the sounds of running
feet. Once she heard some one gain-
ing on her, but fear gave her greater
speed, and after a bit she fell panting
upon the roadside, safe for the time
being.

It might have been fifteen minutes
later that a body of mounted troops
came trotting toward her, and with a
sob of joy Madrina sprang out and
hailed them. She had soon told her
story to the handsome officer in com-
mand, and presently most of the sol-
diers had gone in pursuit of the men
who were planning to destroy her
home, while the officer and a few com-
rades escorted the tired Princess home
to her distracted mother. . . . Well,
as a result of that night's adventure
the old pony died, and the villainous
men were caught. Two weeks later a
beautiful pair of ponies were led up to
the very portals of Sauburg Castle,
and everybody, including Dick, who
was calling there, came out to inspect
them. The groom who brought them
powed low to Madrina and handed her
in an envelope bearing the imperial coat
of arms. The note read:

"The emperor presents his compli-
ments and pair of ponies to his loyal
subject, the Princess Madrina of Sau-
burg in recognition of her services in
helping to bring some rogues to jus-
tice."

"Aren't they dear?" cried Madrina,
and she named them Emperor and
Mickleheim on the spot.—Douglas Z.
Boyd.

HORSELESS AGE.

Then We Shall Indeed Have Clean Streets
in Our Cities.

A contemporary newspaper writer
has made a column of pleasant reading
by forecasting the great increase in the
pleasure of living in New York that
will follow the disuse of the horse as a
motive power for vehicles. He points
out that although the use of cables and
electricity for hauling street cars has
turned a great number of horses out of
town, and the increasing prevalence of
electric cabs and delivery wagons im-
plies the departure of many more,
horses are still used for the trucking
and heavy work, and the spread of as-
phalt is limited by the necessity of
leaving in many streets and avenues
the stone pavement which is required
for work too heavy for asphalt. But
when the autotricks prevail and do
the heavy work of the town, and con-
trivances of compressed air or electric-
ity have superseded the horses for
that, as they promise to for most other
uses, then stone pavements may be
abolished altogether. The smooth
pavements which succeed them may
be kept much cleaner than it is possi-
ble to keep blo. a pavements. The dirt
which now comes with traffic will be
largely done away with, and the horses
themselves will have ceased, in great
measure, to augment the labor of the
street cleaners. There will be no dust
then, or at least not much. Lines of
horseless stages will supplement the
street cars, and the clamor of trucks
wheels over stones will have departed.
A clean city will influence the people
who live in it to an increased cleanli-
ness.

It is delightful to think how clean
the cities will be when the changes al-
ready fast progressing are complete,
and the horseless wagon has driven out
the horse. Nice people must remem-
ber, however, that cities have other
means of defilement besides the horse,
and that the great work of disinfecting
the sidewalks will still be of the
dogless dog. The natural dog, re-
signed by the Creator, is, like the
natural horse, a delightful creature in
the country, and fit to be the friend of
rural man; but for street use in town
the dogless dog is one of the most vi-
ciferous wants of the time. No doubt
we shall have him presently, but mean-
while, if we get rid of the horse, we
must walk circumspectly when we
walk abroad.—E. S. Martin, in Har-
per's Weekly.

Engines Exchange Compliments.
The Railroad Gazette record of train
accidents for January was not so long
as it might have been, for two en-
gines which tried to touch noses out in
lowa failed to carry out their evil pur-
poses. For the particulars we are
indebted to an eloquent contemporary.

It was near Sioux City, the trains be-
ing a passenger and a freight of the
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and
Omaha. A special freight train bound
south ought to have waited at Leeds, a
few miles north of Sioux City, for the
northbound passenger train, but the
conductor and the engineer of the
freight train had forgotten about the
passenger and "they were steaming
ahead at a furious rate, without a
thought of danger." The conductor
and engineer of the passenger train,
having the right of the road, were like-
wise steaming ahead, with a similar
absence of thought; but danger was
right there, and ever since that hour
the conductors and engineers have
very frequently shuddered.

"If the morning had been foggy, in-
stead of bright and clear," says The
Sioux City Times, "or if either of the
engines had not been on the alert as
they were, it seems certain the
monster locomotive, with its load of
fat stock hurrying toward the market,
and the panther-like passenger engine,
long and slim, with its burden of hu-
manity, would have rushed together in
deadly embrace. The two engines
caught sight of each other at the same
instant. Then there was quick work
in the cabs, and in thirty seconds the
two stopped on the curve near the
residence of Alderman Tredway, with
a distance of about two blocks between
them."

"The engineer of the passenger
train, pale with excitement, leaned out
of his window and asked John B. Cos-
grove, section foreman for the Illinois
Central, 'What in Sam Hill is that up
the track?' Second section of 15," an-
swered the track boss, who had seen
the danger the train were in and who
is said to have signalled the passenger
train. He also was doing some ner-
vous shaking. "Toot, toot!" shrieked
the passenger engine. "Toot, toot,
toot-el!" sullenly responded the big
mogul, which began to move its train
backward."—Railroad Gazette.

Bird Migration.
Recent estimates of the speed of mi-
gration flights have been curiously in-
flated by an idea of one of the most
conscientious of observers, the late
Dr. Gafke, and the wide popularity of
his fifty years' record of bird migration
watched from Helligoland gave wide
currency to his views. They assigned
a rate of speed to birds when migrat-
ing which on any ground but that of
actual observation was quite incredi-
ble. The two test cases were that of
the gray crow, which he estimated at
108 geographical miles an hour, and
that of the small blue-throated war-
bler, to which he gave an even higher
rate of progression.

Some birds cannot fly slowly. These
include nearly all the ducks, Widgeon,
teal, mallard, pochards, scaups, and
long-tailed ducks always fly "full bat."
But then they, when crossing the sea,
can always pitch on the water when
tired out. There is another class of
birds which usually fly at a great pace,
though they can and do "ease off"
when they like. These are all those
speedy, sleek-winged birds like golden
plover, snipe, knots, plovers and other
shore birds.

SYMPATHY.

If we should be so quick of heart,
Each blossom's blight,
That we could feel each shadow's gloom,
The fairest of earth's blue-golden days
Would turn to night.

If we should grow so swift to feel
Each human pain,
That for each aching human heart
Cure ached again,
Life were all weariness, and joy
Grown poor and vain.

Some sounds were lost in silence, though
We reverent hark:
Some sights are shut from anxious eyes
By pitying dark,
The limit of the soul's out-gift
Has finite mark.
—Harper's Bazar.

A COUNTRY GIRL.

Lola Mott, with her dove eyes and
shy ways, was going to the city to live
with her mother's brother and his
wife and be educated. Afterward she
was to stay with them, or come back
and live on the farm with another
uncle, a brother of her father's, just
as she might choose, for Lola was an
orphan.

Her city aunt had come down for
her, bringing all sorts of finery with
her, and promising a great deal finer
when they got to town.

Mrs. Warburton did not attempt to
conceal her contempt for her pretty
niece's present surroundings, laughed
about the little trunk which con-
tained all Lola's available possessions,
and confidentially informed her as
soon as they were at a safe distance
from the farm house that the Warbur-
tons were quite a different set from
the Motts.

Lola stood not a little in awe of her
grand and decidedly handsome city
aunt; admiringly in awe, that is. She
was secretly in ecstacy at the prospect
of the grandeur she was going to, but
she was very fond of Uncle and Aunt
Mott too, and her eyes filled with
tears as she remembered how sorrow-
ful they had felt at her going, and
how pitifully her Aunt Mott had said
to her Aunt Warburton:

"You'll teach her to feel above coun-
try folks, I calculate, Salome!"

Mrs. Warburton had laughed and re-
sponded with a courteous negative,
but so indifferently spoken that if she
had dared, Lola would have flung her
arms about her Aunt Mott's neck in
addition to exclaiming with suppres-
sed indignation, "she never, never
could feel above anybody she loved!"

The city was like a fairy land to
Lola.

The question her aunt had talked
so much about proved scarcely what
is generally understood by the time
Lola had a teacher in music, and one
in dancing. For the rest she had a
hair-dresser and mantua maker, who
did their best to disfigure that wild-
rose prettiness of hers and only partly
succeeded.

Simple Lola was romantic.
Very soon upon her coming to the
city she had met her hero and duly
shrined him in her waiting heart. It
was one day when she had been out
shopping with her aunt. The horses
had started just as she was entering
the carriage, and she would have fallen
but for the swift and strong arm of a
gentleman who was passing. She was
conscious at the moment only of an
overpowering confusion and a pair of
beaming dark eyes. Her aunt thanked
him for her, and she, scarcely daring
to lift her eyes yet, became somehow
aware that he was tall and distin-
guished looking and had a beautiful
smile.

"It must be love at first sight," sigh-
ed Lola, as she dropped her head upon
the pillow that night and fell away
into happy dreams.

After that she saw him from afar
often, when she was out with her
aunt in the daytime, and she knew by
his glance in her direction that he re-
membered her. That was food enough
for her romantic heart for a time.

But she never met him at any of
the festivities which she and her aunt
frequented night after night, till even
Lola's frequent fresh eyes showed signs
of weariness and she began to think
bells and parties were not the height
of felicity after all.

One day, she had left her aunt at
Madame's ordering a dress and gone,
at her desire, and upon an indispen-
sible errand to another street. It was
so near she had not taken the car-
riage, and returning in a sort of
trance at having met her hero square-
ly, and involuntarily given him a
blushing little nod of recognition, she
took a wrong direction, and before she
knew it was walking in a dream, she
found herself involved in one of those
street crowds which, in New York,
swarm like magic at the slightest ex-
cuse.

Then she suddenly discovered where
she was, but before she had time to be
frightened, scarcely to be bewildered
by the loud talking and rough
jostling about her a voice at her side
said:

"Please to take my arm. I think
you must have lost your way." And
there was her hero again.

He smiled at her surprise and con-
fusion.

"I was not following you," he said
"though it looks like it. I am glad I
came this way, however, for you might
have got into trouble. This is a bad
locality."

He left her with a courteous bow as
soon as he had put her fairly in the
right way again, and silly Lola's little
feet were shod with clouds the rest of
the day.

"It is just like a story," she said to
herself with sighs of rapture. "How
nice it was to meet him so, and how
handsome he is! He must think me
an awkward simpleton, though, for I
scarcely dared to look at him. I won-
der if he did?"

Lola had not met her hero for some
weeks, when in coming from breakfast
with a party of friends, she saw him
on the ferry boat.

He lifted his hat and smiled, and
Lola felt that her dimpled cheeks had
turned suddenly to full blown cher-
ries.

"Where in the world did you get ac-
quainted with Corydon Rupert?" whis-
pered one of her companions.

"Dear me, why?" demanded Lola,
not daring to look that way again.

"Oh, you are such a simple little
thing, and he never goes anywhere
hardly. He's an excellent fellow, you
know."—End of story.

would meet at her country house,
which would allow her to see him
sooner to a wild run or talk of
marriage.

"My dear," said Lola, "I don't
want to see him. I don't want to see
your Uncle and Aunt Mott. I want
to speak to them here. They've come to
make a visit of course, and it will be
then to recognize them when we go
home."

"But what will they think?" asked
Lola, under cover of the railing, and
of the others, very much startled and
longing to look toward them. She was
daring to go off to see her Aunt Warbur-
ton.

"They will think we haven't seen
them, of course. They are on the
right side, sitting just inside the saloon
saloon, and looking as though they
saw us," she exclaimed in painful
complexity.

"They have, and are smiling at us
frantically. Don't you look!"

"How can I help it? I must speak
to them, aunt."

"Yes, and have Corydon Rupert see
what a beautiful set you belong to,
your Uncle and Aunt Mott, shyly."

She had seen Lola's blushes and
knew the