

anger were successively depicted on his countenance, to be followed ultimately by an expression of grim determination. A rattle, clash, bang announced to the world at large that the time-worn vehicle was about to begin reluctantly another journey, and with a final puff of smoke which left a faint odor of gasoline on the air, it started off, piloted by the young man with the determined face.

Perched precariously on the veranda railing, Sandy watched the halting approach of this venerable object with keen interest. No second glance was needed to tell her who was coming, only one person in town owned a car like that. With a final protecting lurch and groan the car halted in front of the house; its occupant disentangled himself from the steering gear and assuming an air of nonchalance (which he was far from feeling) strolled leisurely up to where Sandy swayed perilously on the veranda railing.

"Hello, Ted," she hailed him; "you're just a few minutes too late; Marion left with Jack Warren just a little while ago, but you may wait here and talk to me until she returns if you like."

"Thanks, Sandy, you're awfully kind," replied Ted, "but I didn't come to see Marion. I was hoping you'd consent to cheer up a lonely old bachelor this afternoon."

"I'm tremendously flattered, I'm sure. Won't you sit down?" (Sandy wriggled off the railing and motioned him toward the cushioned comfort of the hammock.)

Ted did not require a second invitation and was soon forgetting the early afternoon's humiliating episode under the combined influences of cool comfort and a charming companion.

This formed the beginning of many pleasant days of friendship between Ted and Sandy. Marion, if she noticed it at all, remained unconcerned as long as Jack Warren was in town. Then a great catastrophe occurred, at least, it was a catastrophe to the greater part of the female population of the town—Mr. Warren returned to his native city. Marion was for a time almost inconsolable, but after all there was Ted, impossibly dull, of course, after Jack, but still she would have to make the best of it.

A rude shock, however, was in store for Marion. Coming out of Tillson's drug-store three days after Jack's departure, she bumped into the much abused Theodore himself, who looked astonishingly cheerful for one suffering the pangs of unrequited love.

"Hello there, Ted," she smiled, "where have you been keeping yourself lately? I haven't seen you for ages."

"O, it's Marion," was Ted's unenthusiastic rejoinder.

"Of course, whom did you think it was? Are you going to the dance over at the Point tonight?" Of course he would ask her to go after that, he always used to, but she wished he'd show a little more interest.

"O yes, that reminds me, (Ted looked more interested) would you mind telling Sandy that I may be a little late tonight? The old bus has gone on strike and will have to be persuaded with tact to resume labor. Well, I must run along. I'll probably see you tonight. Please don't forget to tell Sandy,