

DE NINETY AN' NINE.

Po' ill brack sheep don' strayd away, Don' los' in de win' an' de rain; An' de Shepherd He say, "Oh, hirelin' Go fin' dat sheep again."

THE 3 DARLINGS.

Gaynor was the middle one: there were three of them. Patricia was the eldest. The fact that never at any time had she been called Patsy or Pat describes her best.

twitching in agony. And Gaynor, born and reared in the atmosphere of the stables and kennels, knew that the animal in giving life would be denied it.

There was a faintly patronizing note in her sulky voice. It rasped Gaynor's nerves intolerably. She said suddenly, bitterly: "And quite a lot about himself, evidently. Decorations and wounds, of course. Oh, no, not married or engaged. Dear me, no, I can't abide living off the governor's money."

Spanish mahogany sofa—they were always crushed and limp from his broad back, always faintly reminiscent of Patricia's favorite perfume, after his going.

—that contraction off your head and drive over to the Hall with me to give your opinion on a new filly I've just purchased."

say 'Alan, surely the place'—meaning myself, naturally—must bore you. But he always smiles in that swift, fascinating way of his, and says: "Oh, no, Patricia. This place could never bore me. Only his eyes are on me, and they say, 'you instead of this place.'"