

we had him safe on shore. The old fisherman said little, but half a guesser could tell that he was taking mental notes for a good story to his cronies.

Our coats were not half wrung out when we heard the whistle. Grasping our bass we ran for the train, where we had the fish put on ice in the baggage car to be kept for our breakfast next morning in Chicago; and never, since the days of salt and pepper fries on the banks of the old home place brook, has any fish tasted so good.

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### A MEMORY.

The lonely dusty country road winds its narrow way down the hill, past the broad white field, by the old oak tree with its waving branches and sharp shadows underneath; over the little bridge, past the old weather-beaten farm house with its big white pillars, and out of view around the curve.

At the top of the hill the figure of a wheelman is outlined against the sky as he begins the descent, and jogging comfortably around the curve comes a white horse driven by a gray-haired farmer and his wife. The wagon is old and gives forth a monotonous rattle. One wheel seems unsteady and wobbles in and out as it turns.

Just above the little bridge two persons stand undecided in the roadway. He is the taller and is looking down into her face while he speaks.

"I must say good-bye, then."

The face looks up at him. "I suppose you must. I hope you have had a nice time."

"I have had a jolly time, and am sorry—won't you kiss me good-bye?"

They have moved out of the road now. Her eyes are on the ground and he watches the blushes deepening in her cheeks. The wheel goes by with a rush and a little cloud of dust drifts slowly towards them.

"I—I don't kiss boys."

He gives a little laugh, and taking her hand helps her over the brook. The wagon passes with a rattle and a "Get up, Jenny, get up," from the farmer, and is then nearly obscured in the dust. With a quick motion he brushes the dust from her cape, but she does not look up.