

"Oh, we couldn't think of taking your dinner, Mr. ——."

"Walden," I finished, obligingly—"Ken Walden."

I thought I saw the tall girl start perceptibly, but as I looked more closely, I was sure I had never known her, and passed it over as a fancy. They still hesitated.

"Do take it, I insisted." "You have scared the fish out, and I shall go home for dinner, so it will be of no use to me." Which was a delicate lie, for a purpose.

Thus importuned, they accepted, and a moment later walked away. Suddenly the tall girl turned and came back.

"By the way, Mr. Walden," said she, "to whom shall we return the basket? Is your home near by?"

"Oh, as for that," I said, "I shall be down here again, more than likely, to-morrow morning, so you can return it then."

And that night my dreams were a confused jumble of enormous fish which swam in milk and ate eggs, and of a girl who pelted me with stones and lunch baskets.

"Well," said Uncle Henry as I appeared at breakfast, "what's on hand to-day?"

"I guess I'll try 'The Point' again," I drawled. For I was ashamed to show just how eager I was to go. "They didn't bite yesterday, but I'm sure I'll have better luck to-day."

Once out of sight in the woods, however, my languor vanished and I actually ran, for fear that I might be too late and find the basket on the rock with some formal little note of thanks pinned thereto, whereas it was my fondest hope to meet and have a chat with the girl of my dreams.

It was with a great sigh of relief that I at last reached 'The Point' and failed to detect any sign of the borrowed basket. So I jointed my rod, reeled out my line, and prepared to enjoy a moment's sport while waiting for the return of my property. My wait was longer than I had anticipated, and finally, near noon, I threw down my rod in disgust, and picking up my camera, sauntered around to a position where I could obtain an unobstructed view of 'The Point.' This done, I adjusted the shutter and with a final careless glance, pressed the button. As I did so, something moved in the finder. I glanced up in surprise, and there, looking down at me with an indescribable expression on her face, stood the fair unknown.

"Good morning," I said, cheerily, rising my cap.