

She did not deign to answer, so I closed my camera and climbed the rock to her side.

"Is — is your brother about?" she asked, with her eyes looking over my shoulder and far beyond me.

"My brother?" I repeated, blankly.

"Yes," she continued, hurriedly. "I — we borrowed his basket yesterday—he said he would be here to get it this morning."

"Oh," I said, "I gave you the lunch. The basket is mine."

"But you're not the fellow who was here yesterday, are you?"

"The same," said I, "didn't you recognize me?"

"How should I, Mr. Walden?" said she, glancing down at my natty outing suit and smiling for the first time.

"To be sure" I said, I had forgotten that I had put on a suit of my own that morning.

An embarrassing pause ensued.

"I'm afraid you'll think I acted very rudely yesterday," she began, after a moment. "And I've felt so sorry about it since that I must make some apology for it."

"Don't," I said, with a deprecating gesture. "It was all my fault, and I deserved it. In fact, I'm very glad it did happen, for it has given a lively turn to affairs that I had not thought possible in such a secluded spot. I'm certain that life in this place will be more endurable hereafter."

She blushed charmingly. "You are staying here, then?" she inquired.

"At my uncle's, over there across the lake," I said, smiling. "And you?"

"Oh, we are camping yonder, just beyond that thicket of pines."

I could scarcely conceal my delight at her words.

"And when do you receive visitors, Miss ——," I paused, waiting expectantly. It was a bold stroke, but it failed.

"Oh, we're informal. At any time," she replied, with another dazzling smile. "Do come to see us soon," she said, as she moved away.

"But whom shall I ask to see," I said, "when I do call?" I was determined to know her name.

"I'll be waiting for you," she said. "Goodbye."

That evening, of course, found me down at their camp, and true to her promise she was the first to greet me as I came up.