

invariably found his interest flag after drinking in the first few details of anything. "Why, if you aren't a party of complete 'bricks—' Seymour called you a saint, but I say a 'brick,' and if you aren't content with that, I don't know what *will* content you." And he stared at her with an expression of intense approval that was irresistible.

"But what I want to know is this," he continued in a tone of confidential deliberation, when her amusement had subsided. "However did you manage to get Charlie into such a pie? He and Seymour go together in these affairs; I should have considered Ned a more suitable subject for a purpose of that kind."

"O, I hadn't time to think, I suppose, I was in too great a hurry to get away—and besides I wasn't sure whether Ned was in or not. I'm glad now it was Charlie, for I don't think he'll look on these things with the same eyes now, as he used to, after what he saw of their value and necessity when nothing else could avail.

"Ah, well, I don't know much about it myself, but I suppose we must attend to them some time, though there's no particular hurry at present for any of *us* that I can see."

"Oh, but there is!" cried Minnie anxiously, "don't you see that the end may come any day, and that though we are young, we haven't any guarantee that we will live even one day more—there are so many ways we may die, and just consider that one of them might overtake us within an hour."

"O, yes, of course, it *might*," was his light reply, "but that's very unlikely. It's a rather dull sort of subject this—