

of hills beyond were covered with the blue haze which is generally over them at that season of the year. The ground beneath was crisp and hard, the sky above bright and glorious, the hedges red with the hawthorn berries, and the tall green fir-trees stood up looking grave and stately in groups on the side of the hill.

"Isn't it a glorious day?" said Constance, nestling her hands into her muff.

"Yes; I say, Connie."

"Well?"

"I know a secret, but I must tell it to you."

"Do," said Constance, her eyes sparkling at the thought.

"Well, Maurice and I, you know, are great friends, he was very kind to me when I first went amongst the boys."

"He was your cousin, so of course he was."

"There's no of course in the matter, Connie, but he *was*, and I like him very