

“ Well, *isn't* that odd. Who would ever have thought of having him in these parts. Now, Connie, doesn't he look a dolt?”

“ He looks very cold and miserable, poor fellow; but Ernest, I couldn't see him long enough to know any more.”

Ernest began to whistle, and Constance watched the gig driving on quickly through the village, and wondered whether those in Arthur's home would be as much delighted at his getting the prize as she should have been, had Ernest brought it back with him.

