

the villages round about, as well as girls from the valley, and some of these made believe to laugh at Loorany, but the laugh was against them when they saw the boys and young men flocking after her. Mrs. Pruett had more than half promised to keep an eye on Loorany, and she did her best, but how can a pious, maimed lady keep up with a good-looking girl who is at an age when she is less a woman and feels more like one than at any other stage of her existence? Mrs. Pruett tried good-humoredly to put a curb on Loorany, but the lass laughed and shook the bridle off, and no wonder, considering the weakness of human nature. She was beginning to taste the sweets of her first real conquest, for here was Hildreth of Hall, the finest young fellow of the lot, following her about like a dog, and running hither and yon to please her whims and fancies.

It is true that John Wesley Millirons had been casting sheep's eyes at her for several years, hanging around the house on Sunday afternoons and riding with her to church on Sundays; but what of that? Was n't John Wesley almost the same as home folks? And did he ever see the day that he was as polite,