

To reconnoitre, and then made up her mind
 At least to pass by and see who he was,
 And perhaps hear some word about the weather.
 This was some Stark she didn't know. He nodded.
 "No fete to-day," he said.
 "It looks that way."
 She swept the heavens, turning on her heel.
 "I only idled down."
 "I idled down."
 Provision there had been for just such meeting
 Of stranger cousins, in a family tree
 Drawn on a sort of passport with the branch
 Of the one bearing it done in detail -
 Some zealous one's laborious device.
 She made a sudden movement toward her bodice,
 As one who clasps her heart. They laughed together.
 "Stark?" he inquired. "No matter for the proof."
 "Yes, Stark. And you?"
 "I'm Stark." He drew his passport.
 "You know we might not be and still be cousins:
 The town is full of Chases, Lowes, and Baileys,
 All claiming some priority in Starkness.
 My mother was a Lane, yet might have married
 Anyone upon earth and still her children
 Would have been Starks, and doubtless here to-day."
 "You riddle with your genealogy
 Like a Viola. I don't follow you."
 "I only mean my mother was a Stark
 Several times over, and by marrying father
 No more than brought us back into the name."
 "One ought not to be thrown into confusion
 By a plain statement of relationship,
 But I own what you say makes my head spin.
 You take my card - you seem so good at such things -
 And see if you can reckon our cousinship.
 Why not take seats here on the cellar wall
 And dangle feet among the raspberry vines?"