

her hair was red! But I demanded a curl, and as we had only my jack knife, it took a long time to saw it off. We were generous, however, for I got a curl which when pulled out was two feet long!

The next day I saw a long C. P. R. train slowly pull out of the station, and at one of the windows of the car I saw a rosy, tear stained, freckle faced, red haired little girl throw me a kiss, and I ran madly along beside the train, shouting senselessly her name, "Carrots! Carrots! Carrots!"

II.

THE SECOND—THE QUEEN.

For a long time after Carrots left me, I was really inconsolable. Mother said I "moped," and I know my appetite fell off for a time. As I said before, I was a sentimental chap, and Carrots was my first really great impression.

Other girls had no charm for me, and the set I formerly belonged to, and of which Marie and Ethel were the leaders, I had acquired an aversion and dislike for, almost equal to that poor little Carrots had felt. I grew to manhood with as much indifference for the opposite sex as I had had liking.

Then I fell in love a second time.

I met her at a dance in New York, given by an aunt of mine, whom I was visiting. Aunt Beth was a born match-maker, and was determined at all hazards to lead me "like a sheep to the slaughter." She was chatting animatedly to me, pointing out different girls, and telling me who they were, how much they were worth, and a lot of other bosh, when suddenly my eye happened to fall on a mass of red gold hair. I could only see the back of a girl's head, but something in its poise, the exquisite purity and grace of her bare neck and shoulders, and, above all, that hair, fascinated me. Ever since Carrots, I had retained a love for red hair. This girl's hair had only a suggestion of red in it, but the suggestion glorified its gold.

"Who is that girl, Aunt Beth?"

"Which one, Ted?"—putting up her pince nez.

"The one with the red hair and white gown."

"Um—m, let me see. Ah, yes, that is a Miss—— Now, I really can't recollect the name. But look here, Teddy boy, I want you to meet Miss Seymour. I went to school with her mother, and——"

"I want to meet that girl," I said persistently.

"Oh, by all means," said Aunt Beth, laughing; but as we made our way across the room, she managed to overtake and make me acquainted with Miss Seymour, the tall blonde she was so dreadfully anxious for me to become enamored of. She was really a beautiful girl; and as I stood there making pretty speeches to her, I forgot the other girl, when, by some peculiar circumstance, we moved down the room together until we were directly in front of her. I was bending over Miss Seymour, murmuring some foolish inanity, when I heard a voice and laugh that had the effect of making the blood rush to my head in a torrent, thrilling me from head to foot. I stopped abruptly in the middle of my speech to Miss Seymour, and turned quickly. A girl's large eyes were looking straight at me.

It is neither flattery to myself nor imagination when I say that I believe my presence had a similar effect on her to hers on me, for I saw her grow visibly pale, and then of a sudden flush even to the tips of her little red ears.

"Miss Seymour," I said abruptly, "do you know that young lady with the red hair?"

"Why, yes, of course. She is my cousin."

"Will you introduce us?"

A few minutes afterwards, I was sitting blissfully beside my divinity, and my first day of servitude had begun.

"I am glad you have freckles on your nose, too," I said boldly.

She opened her eyes wide, with mock astonishment. They were the first words I had found to say.

"Once," I continued, with deep feeling, "I was madly in love with a little girl who—who had red hair and freckles."

"Oh, indeed!" She made a mocking little gesture with her hands. "I hope," said she, "'red hair and freckles' doesn't describe me."