

like the boy who had sent them, very well, anyway!

On Sunday nights, most of the group attended the service in the Congregational church, the girls partly from religious motives, and partly, no doubt, to have some place to go. The boys went because the girls were there.

The latter (or boys) all sat in the back seats and before the benediction was fairly finished tore out of the lobby and lined up in long rows on either side of the walk leading to the church door. A girl was loathe to be the first to pass through those waiting lines, so all made a pretense of adjusting hat or cloak, of visiting with neighboring families, or drawing out a book from the Sunday School library (a shelf against the far wall) to put off the ordeal as long as possible.

Faces were delicately flushed and voices pitched a little high, as finally, giving their skirts a flounce, the girls came through the church door, and down the steps to the waiting lines below.

Eyes straight ahead, on each countenance was an expression of supreme indifference, belying the turmoil beneath - the hope, or satisfaction or disappointment as some swain stepped up, and mumbling somewhat bashfully, "May I see you home tonight?" took the lady's elbow and steered her in the proper direction.

In due season the boys came to be so sure of their lady's favor that they ceased to ask for the privilege of being an escort and just fell into step beside the chosen one.

On the school grounds at recess, one day, the girls in a group were voicing their protests at being "taken for granted" by the other sex.