A MAID IN ARCADY

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A Maid in Arcady by Ralph Henry Barbour

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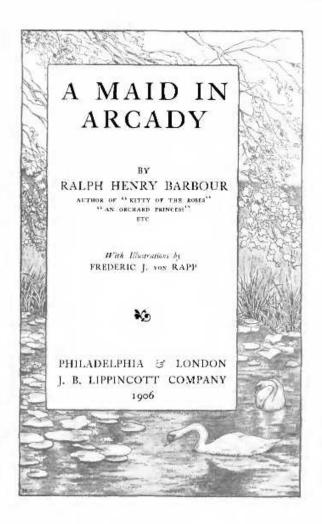
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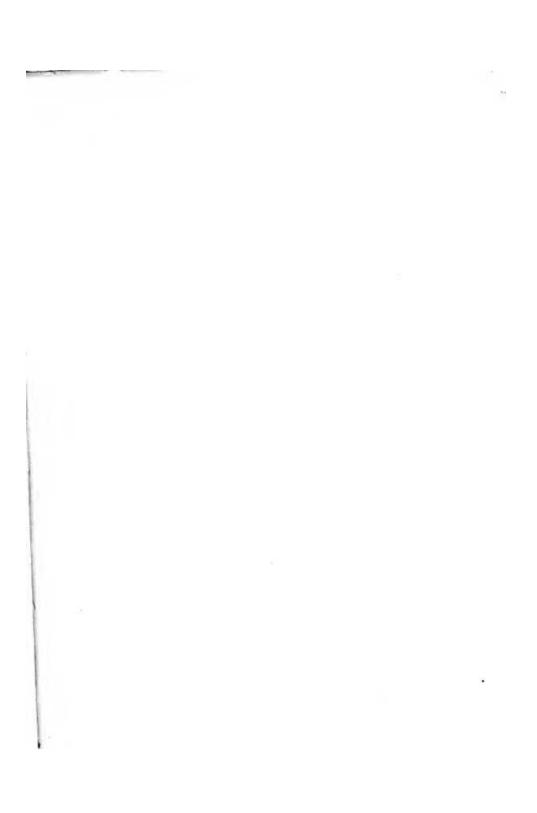
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ILLUSTRATIONS

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"I shall write an advertisement myself," he said	
The stream sulked in a deep, pellucid pool	10
Who would have thought to find a Greeian goddess under New England skies?	20
Slowly she raised her white arms	29
"I think I have explained matters, don't you?"	52
"I hope you like my pool?" inquired a voice	61
She was throwing crumbs of bread to the swans	113
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A MAID IN ARCADY

I.

The clear water of the little river, in which the willows were mirrored quiveringly, shallowed where a tiny bar of silver-white sand thrust the ripples aside. Thus confined, the stream sulked for a moment in a deep, pellucid pool, and then, with sudden rush and gurgle, swept through a miniature narrows and swirled about the naked roots of the willows.

With a quick plunge of the paddle Ethan guided the canoe past the threatening bar. A drooping branch