An Old Maid's Love Affair

A CHILF oupering down the lane, the path a little rocky and uneven, alight Clara, beautifully clad, her head high and smiling. The musk of her headdress and the fragrance of the roses in her hair filled the air. She seemed to have come out of a world of dreams.

"Ah, good gracious! what are you doing out so early?" said her friend, Mary Hill, as she came upon her in the early morning light.

"Why, I was just out for a little stroll," replied Clara, "to enjoy the fresh air and the beauty of the morning."

"How delightful! What do you have planned for the day?"

"I was thinking of going to the park and seeing some of the early blooms."

"That sounds lovely. Do you think you'll stay for long?"

"No, I think I'll return home soon. But I'll be back before dinner."

"Ah, you're quite a romantic, Clara."

"I suppose I am. But it's the simple things in life that bring me joy."

"And they brought you to me this morning, didn't they?"

"Indeed they did. I always feel so happy when I have company."

"Well, then, I'll be here when you return."

"Thank you, Mary. That was very kind of you."

As Clara turned to go, she said, "Mary, I have something I want to tell you."

"What is it, Clara?"

"I've fallen in love!"

"Oh, my! Congratulations!"

"I know! I've never been in love before, but I feel it's the most wonderful feeling in the world."

"And who is the lucky man?"

"I don't know yet. But I'm positive I'll find him."

"I'm sure you will. And when you do, I'll be the first to know."

"Thank you, Mary."

As Clara walked away, she felt her heart pounding with excitement. She knew she was about to embark on a journey of love and adventure. And she was ready for it.