

head, and Lena had said farewell to her summer friend, and stepped into the carriage that bore her to the station several miles away.

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The reluctant year had ushered six precious keepsakes through the shadowy portals of its mysterious storehouse, and was preparing to yield up the seventh when Lena Ewing sat once more beneath the refreshing shade of Deacon Hammond's maples. The sun shone just as brightly as upon the first day she sat there; the birds sang just as sweetly, and the warm, odorous sunshine was just as full of subtle joy and beauty.

Lena was just as happy, even if a shade more thoughtful than of old, and very glad to be near her country friends once more.

A clear whistle pierced the brooding silence, and "Afton Waters" rippled through the summer air. A warm blood-tint faintly fluttered in Lena's face, as Frank Wallace crossed the common, and clasped the hand in friendly greeting.

Frank appeared much more dignified, yet as carelessly happy as the lad who nodded to her across Deacon Hammond's dinner-table a year previous.

Perhaps Lena felt just a little bit disappointed to see her once ardent wooer seemingly forgetful of their latter days of restrained courtesy, as well as the cause of them; yet it seemed very pleasant to renew their old, careless companionship. They played croquet together; rode, walked, read and talked; and Lena took great pride in noting the quiet manliness of her cordial friend, and set down all his characteristics and witty sayings in her memorandum. She secretly intended having Frank in a book one day.

Lena often questioned herself if Frank had forgotten that he once loved her, and when she had been near him a month, came to the conclusion he had, most decidedly.