

The damsel drew nearer his inclined head, and kissed him on the lips, saying: "Be this my pledge of chaste and inviolable love. What is the poet's line?"

*In amity and everlasting love."*

Rodney replied: "I am reminded, my darling, by your lovely, tear-stained face, of the Eucharist's verses:

*The rose is fairest bathed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.*

And may we not augur from this beautiful starry evening, while Cynthia is shining in nocturnal splendor, a happy and beautiful life, a life of love, Frances!"

"So let us, Rodney," replied his love. "Until when I am dead, I want your strong arm, as now, ever around me. I want to cling with every tendril to my umbrageous oak. I am happy, Rodney."

As she finished speaking, the horse, without command, assumed a quicker pace, Rodney's one hand imposed upon it only a mild restraint, and the lovers sped rapidly along the beaten track.

#### SECTION 5.

During the same nite, a woman was sitting by her table, reading a large bible opened thereon. While she read the clock struck ten; and, immediately afterward, a door opened and Frances entered the room. The incomer surveyed the reader, and said: "I am surprised that you have not retired, grandmother."

"Ten is not a late hour," said the woman continuing to read.

The damsel resumed: "When I have laid aside, in my room, my coat, hat and gloves, I will return and speak with you for a few minutes, grandmother, after your reading is finished, and if you are not too sleepy for further sitting."

"I will await you, Frances," replied the older woman. Thereupon Frances retired, and the reader continued to read till her granddaughter returned, carrying a lamp. The younger woman took a chair close to that which the other occupied; the reader marked the book with a pen, checked a slip of paper, and closed the latter into the book, having blotted both. Then she said: "Of what do you wish to converse, my daughter?"

The younger woman answered by saying: "Of what occurred while Rodney and I were returning from church; he proposed, grandmother."

"And how did you treat his proposal?" inquired the dame; "did it fall on good ground?"

Frances replied: "It fell on ready ground, at least, however the weeds may choke afterwards. I accepted him, grandmother."

"You announce it composedly," responded the grandmother, "for one of the feminine gender. I assume, then, that you love Mr. Cozmel."

"With all my heart," said Frances. "My life is indissolubly bound with his. My young being had gone forth, good grandmother, and now to-nite, it returned bringing with it another."

The speaker paused, but in vain, for a reply. She then resumed: "But why, dear grandmother, do you shed these tears? I expected a joyful congratulation—if, indeed, you approve my choice."

To this the elder woman rejoined: "I was thinking, Frances, while you finished your recital, of the time when your grandfather, Ludwig, sat