

"Why, you play very well, indeed," says Jean; "you play very much better than I do."

"I want you to come out in the front and see a rose tree I planted when you were here six years ago," said Fritz, pleasantly. The two young people come out together.

"Why, how beautifully it has grown—I would not have believed it. Of course, you protect it in the winter."

"Oh, yes, very carefully—I tie it up in straw."

"What is the name of it?" asks Jean, innocently.

"I call it the Jean McPherson," says Fritz. "But I want to change its name to Jean Kingstone."

Jean darts a timid glance at his face as he takes both her hands into his own, and says, "Yes, Jean, dear, I want you to be my own precious rose."

"Thorns and all?" she says mischievously.

"Yes, thorns and all, if you like, but I don't think you have many, my dearest."