

and she quite unconsciously drew a more impenetrable veil than ever about the hallowed spot where the visionary being dwelt; yet, after all, the cool night breezes straying across the swaying hammocks in front of Deacon Hammond's house, kissed lips and cheeks far warmer than usual, as Lena Ewing recalled again and again the new and strange expression in Frank's lustrous eyes.

Frank Wallace retired early that night, and lay awake until near morning, trying to solve the problem life had suddenly placed within his heart. Why, he questioned, need Lena have looked at him with a whole volume of reproaches in her mild blue eyes? What had he said so very offending? What if he could not woo in the language of novel-heroes? Of what moment could it be to her that their sunny, frank acquaintance-ship were disturbed for a brief time, if it darkened a whole life-time for him? And yet he really loved Lena better after all those mute reproaches and hours of self-communing.

Perhaps a careless observer would have marked no difference in the conduct of Frank and Lena while together; indeed, the change was an indescribable one to those who were most unhappily concerned. Lena strove to appear just as kindly in her manner toward Frank, and he tried to forget his unwarrantable mistake, yet, despite all, a very embarrassing restraint underlay all their struggles, and they slowly drifted farther and farther apart.

When Lena was about to leave the quiet village, Frank took both her hands in his for a moment, and asked if she would ever spend a vacation there again. She looked up into the eyes that beamed so sadly upon her, and answered falteringly that she had promised good Deacon Hammond to return the following summer, if possible.

A brief, tiny pressure of the hand, an unexpected "God bless you!" as Frank's lips lightly touched the veiled fore-