

hensible longings of the youthfulness that seemed to be unconsciously studying and trying to bear a heavy share of the great world-heart's weary throbbings. He also had his own secret hopes and ambitions, and could sympathize with Lena in her desire to be among the foremost in the world's people,—but he could not understand the brilliant flush that suddenly sprang into her cheeks.

"Lena, what of all things in life can give you—would make you happiest?"

The girl had just reached, alone, the topmost pinnacle of fame, and the praises of the multitude rang in her ears and throbbed through all her being. She started and recollected herself; and after Frank had repeated the question, and she had been silent a few moments, she smiled and said:

"You would laugh at me were I to tell you."

The lad avowed he would not, and after all that sweet dreaming, Lena's true womanly nature asserted itself in her reply:

"I believe a home with one I loved"—blushing—"would make me happier than all the fame or fortune the whole world could bestow;"—dreamily—"it would be so nice to have pretty children to play with and care for, and—"

An undertone of sadness rippled through the light laugh that abruptly broke the thread of her speech.

Frank drew a deep sigh, but it ended in a smile of satisfaction. His companion did not seem so far away from him after her confession, and he impulsively dragged into close companionship with his habitual thoughts a germ of something that had previously lain far too deep in the inner sanctuary of his heart to be touched by common musings.

A short time after, roaming through the woods, they came out by a meadow that lay at the foot of an elevation of land sloping down from Frank's father's house, and there a little difficulty presented itself,—for Lena, at least.