

The woman replied: "I must not say."

Then her companion said: "At least, Frances, in remembrance of former times, of the years during which we have shared a common roof, and, as I hoped, matched our thoughts to a common groove, let me kiss your lips."

As he spoke he raised his left arm, and was about to put it about her neck, but Frances stayed the sacrilegious hand with one of hers, and said: "Would you violate, Carl, the chastity of my lips? They must not be kissed but by an accepted lover."

The suitor's face fell, his hand came back to its former place, and thus he replied: "This bright forenoon you have made dark, my cruel love. Shall I believe that you would ruthlessly dash my hopes aground? Your winsome voice bears contradiction to the tenor of your words, and makes refusal sweet. Concede to me the gift of your love, and I will treasure it as no other would."

"I must for your sake speak frankly, Carl," returned the woman; "I can not bid you to hope. But we are young. Shed not the tears of disappointment at this tender age. Save your heart for one more matured. You want a woman, Carl, not one whose maidenic days are scarcely accomplished."

But Carl replied: "Do not belie yourself. You are a woman, and have that maturity which years do not bestow."

He winked his eyelids as he spoke and shook off the irrepressible tears. His companion said: "At least, Carl, do not let this momentary unsuccess unman you. On my life I would kiss away those true tears, if my lips were not constrained by holy vow. Deracinate the pang. Let not a silly virgin wound you to the death. Lead to the kitchen, Carl, and assist me with the dinner."

She arose as she concluded her reply. He followed suit, and kissed without prevention the hand which he still retained; afterward he said: "Pardon this liberty, dear Frances; even your hand is of precious value in my sight. How much then do I not long for yourself complete!"

Frances smiled, and said: "I forgive this petty indiscretion, in the memory of your many virtues. Lead me hence."

As he led her from the room, the suitor repeated:

*"I come to bear thee from a wild  
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;  
By this soft hand to lead thee far,  
From frantic scenes of feud and war."*

But you, my love, are fairer than Ellen of the raven hair."

### SECTION 3.

During the afternoon, Frances and Carl with three other persons, were seated about the dining table. A clock on the wall sounded one stroke. Then the woman at the foot of the table said: "The clock has divided between one and two. If, Ludwig, we shall arrive in Adams by thirty minutes past two, we must start in fifteen minutes."

At her words a youth arose, and donned his overcoat and cap, meanwhile saying: "The cutter will be at the door to receive you in ten minutes."

Ludwig left the room, a sound of bells was heard, the man at the head of the table turned in his chair to look out, and said: "Rodney has come."