

those who curl their lips in a superior smile over youthful tete-a-tetes. A fragment may suggest a change that was slowly taking place in the deeper feelings of at least one of the unsuspecting dreamers.

"I do not see how you can paint flowers to look just like real ones, Lena."

Lena's eyes sparkled, and she laughed mischievously.

"Why, you foolish boy, I don't. But I mean to be a great artist some day; and when I am, you shall have a life-size picture of the elegant carriage with its accompanying statue of Weariness that—you know?"

[This was before the idea of reproducing the ocean life-size had been originated.]

Frank joined heartily in the merry laugh that ended the unfinished statement. Then his eyes took a strangely intense expression as he questioned hesitatingly:

"Lena, would you like to be a celebrated artist better than—or would you rather write, you know?" and he raised his eyes half deprecatingly;—"to be famous."

Lena did not meet his glance, but she understood. The lad had an intuitive knowledge that she wished to be an author of note when she grew older. Her eyes suddenly lost their striking brilliancy and were looking far away toward a pretty cloud that slowly drifted in the open space between two groups of trees; a strange wistfulness crept into their lovely blue, and she seemed to have forgotten her companion.

There was a long silence, in which Lena dreamed her own girlish dreams of the glory and fame for which she honestly meant to strive all her life; while Frank studied the girl's pale, delicate features, and wondered if he ought to wish for something a little more womanly, something very much more affectionate than the petite mortal beside him. He had seen considerable of the strange earnestness and almost incompre-