

CHAPTER II.

A TETE-A-TETE.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy."

UNDER the flickering shadow of the apple trees that extended from the side to the rear of the "big house," a black boy, with laughing eyes and gleaming white teeth, stood waiting to take "Miss Liliass'" pony. He had surreptitiously left his field work more than an hour before, to hang around in readiness for this important duty.

"Well, Sambo, how has Aunt Judy been getting on since I have been away?" inquired the young lady, as she sprang lightly to the ground.

"Oh, fust rate, Miss Liliass, only for the rheumatiz; and her tea and sugar's been done this while back. She's been takin' on to see you again."

"I intend to go to see her this very afternoon," Miss Liliass replied, as, gathering up her long riding skirt, she