

—a king among men. He turns to his companion with a quizzical, half puzzled look upon his face and laughter in his eyes. The face upturned to meet his gaze is that of a girl of perhaps thirteen summers. She answers his glance with one of roguish enthusiasm, and exclaims :

“ Papa, I do believe we are lost. But could there be found a more delightful place in which to lose one's way ? ”

Waving her hand in the direction of the outspread landscape and raising herself on one foot in the stirrup, she sways as light and graceful as a fairy, opening a pair of large blue eyes rather far apart beneath a broad, low brow. A wealth of flaxen hair is floating over her shoulders, her color coming and going, showing the beauty of her complexion. A small, well-shaped head, ears as tiny as ears can be, pink as sea-shells and nearly as transparent, one tiny gaiter showing beneath the neat blue serge dress, she looks very womanly, and is often called by this loving papa his “ child-woman,” she is such a companion and such a good traveler. Reaching out her hand, she gathers a handful of rose-leaves, and crushing them inhales their fragrance. The tall hedge barring their progress claims our attention. An intermingling of magnolia trees (rising tall and stately, with wide-spreading branches loaded with its large broad leaves of that pale green tint so restful to the eye, glistening amid the leaves half hidden and half revealed are its huge snow-ball blossoms. Seeming to vie with these giant-trees, as well in height as in beauty, are innumerable wistarias with their rope-like stems and pale heliotrope blossoms, making a very bower of beauty as they rear their tall heads everywhere amid their branches. Climbing roses of various hues com-