

and calmness suggested and half-revealed, a power which awes and yet charms, a sweet tide ebbing and flowing between the buds of summer and the winter's ice, majestic and yet tender—such is the Norwegian fiord, and such—your eyes."

That is what Jack Van Tassel would call a "buster."

I did not smile. I have often wondered since why and how my sense of the ridiculous took wing at that moment, but it did. I was merely conscious of the fact that either Mr. Dallas was a fool or that he thought me one. As more complimentary to her majesty myself, I took the former horn of the dilemma. I remarked that I thought we were going to have rain. He glanced upward quickly, and then at my face.

"I—I beg pardon?" he said, with a pained, rising inflection as though my weather interruption had bruised him. And then, seeing that the clear, blue-and-gray fiords were searching the skies in an exceedingly prosaic way, he consented to be meteorological, too, and remarked that he thought possibly—in fact, probably that—but—here again his tropical glances took a passionate plunge into the fiords—if it should happen to rain, he had an umbrella at Rodick's and—. He said this with as much empressment as though an umbrella was some sacred variety of shelter of which he possessed the only specimen extant; and as though a cyclone was about to break loose, and his powerful arms were the only things between me and immediate destruction.

How comes it to pass that, thoughtless and regardant only of superficial things as we women are, there are wonderful moments in which, like an olden seer, we read the inmost secrets of character, and catch a swift, sure glimpse of our future with it, like a scroll unfurled? All that Reginald Dallas was and all that I would know him to be, stood out like a Rembrandt in that moment, clear and vivid as though from solid darkness the lamp of the lightning had flashed upon it. I knew him as if I had known him years, and I knew, too, that one woman, at least would teach him a tiny lesson.

Roderick's was in a little more than its usual uproar, for the City of Richmond had just brought up an army of Harvard kids, whom anxious mammas

and sisters were tucking away in pairs somewhere up under the garret, and I had some trouble in finding Lulu. Finally I discovered her on the gallery that runs toward Sproul's, arranging the list with Mrs. Sackett, who was to be the giddy chaperon of the "picnic," as she would persist in calling it. Lulu rose delightedly as I called to her, and was coming forward with the most radiant smile, when she suddenly saw Mr. Dallas, involuntarily stopped as though some one had struck her a blow, became almost deathly pale, but controlled herself and came forward to kiss me. Her lips and hand in that brief moment's emotion had turned to ice, and I could see, though she spoke to Mr. Dallas in a commonplace way enough, all that had passed between them. Lulu is one of the loveliest girls I have ever known—a true, beautiful nature, and refined to her finger tips. But she and her mother have not, I fancy, much of this world's goods, and he—well, she had amused him; I saw that at a glance—in the intervals of his chasing the golden butterfly he had seen her, he had idly wooed for an hour, or a day or a week—just long enough to know that her love was his, and then—why is it that the pleasure of the chase is all men care for? The prize won, ceases to be of value. * * *

I must take you now wholly across the week which followed. You may guess the incidents. He was madly devoted—openly so. Even at Bar Harbor, where the very tides murmur of love, the birds sing it, the requiem of the cypress is breathed over love's multitudinous grave, and earth and sea, sun and changeable sky are but the abode and the canopy and the lamp and the mirror of mad midsummer love—even there was this adoration of my interesting self almost painfully conspicuous, drawing the eyes of the dowagers and almost frightening mamma, although I know—dear, intuitive soul that she is—she saw exactly how matters stood.

We had done Anemone Cove, Schooner Head and Somesville together; we had clambered Newport Mountain; we had threaded the maze of Duck Brook and sat by the cool plashing of that dainty cascade; on Eagle Lake we had drifted hither and thither, the idle wind and my parasol our guiding swans, just near enough to our chaperones, just deliciously far enough away. Well, the end was coming and