

"Well, A. P.," he said, when Lou had given up the game to help get lunch, "what do you think of Miss Arling?"

Henty blushed from his adam's-apple to the tips of his ears, one grand and final blush.

"Evan," he said, "I'm in love."

"I thought you'd fall in love with her, A. P.," was the reply. "Frankie is the finest girl in town."

"For you, maybe," said A. P., "but not for me. Nelsy," he continued in confusion, "we have known each other a long while. What would you think of me if I told you I loved your sister?"

A smile, happy yet troubled, was the answer Henty got.

In the afternoon Evan sat reading beneath the old maple trees that had shaded his school-books from the sun in the beloved school-days gone by. Lou came out and stood beside him a moment, and when he looked up she bent over him, with the lovelight in her eyes.

"Brother," she said, "I knew you would bring him to me, but I never dreamed he would be so grand!"

The brother laughed and teased her. When she had gone he sat musing on the wonders of a girl's heart. There came to him, as there had often come, the sure knowledge that he possessed such a treasure; but this time came also the fear that that treasure might unwillingly be given to another, for reasons that puzzle men.