

He was the son of a neighboring farmer: a careless, obliging and warm-hearted boy, and he took quite a fancy to Lena: if you had questioned why, he would have unhesitatingly replied, "She is such a 'cute little thing," and would have wound up his logic with a whistled bar of "Afton Waters."

Frank was quite boyish about some things, and very manly about others; indeed, his manner plainly showed he was hovering upon the verge of years that would speedily bear him beyond the gilded portals through which all his sex pass so proudly.

He often took Lena for a drive after a slow, ungainly-looking horse, and she always entertained him with serious thoughts and quaint nothings, uttered in her own pretty way; and one time she laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks, when their spirited animal stopped short to rest at the bottom of a slight hill.

He made sport of her fervent liking for the pretty wild flowers that blossomed all about the country; yet he gathered handfuls of field daisies, countless roses from the sweet-briar bushes, and broke off whole limbs from the apple trees, just for the fun of seeing the little face buried in the fragrant blossoms, and hearing the exclamations of delight that interspersed the deep, long breaths that drew in their delightful perfume.

One morning Frank declared he had seen some very large violets in the wood the day previous, and as Lena was eager to procure some, they started away in high glee to find them. The wood was some distance from Deacon Hammond's, and after arriving there, they gathered a huge cluster, and then they sat down upon a grassy knoll, while Lena artistically arranged her pretty wild-flowers. She pinned a little knot of them upon the deep collar of Frank's coat; and as it was cool and shady in the wood, they sat there a long time; yet their conversation was not just what would naturally be expected by