

Love in Youth

"Sure," replied Mr. Foxwell; "when you make up your mind to yield, give yourself with all your soul: you ought to try to leave him an incomparable memory; but never forget to make him conquer you every time afresh; love, too, is an art."

Jenny laughed delightedly.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, you ought to be a professor of the art of love at Bryn Mawr," and she laughed again mischievously, forcing him to join in.