

"The other Sal?"

"Yes, my half sister. Paw ben mar'd twice, on they named me Sal too, becuz I was the livin' image of the other Sal when she war a baby. We don't favor now, though", she said, tossing her head, "en Sal ah on'y twelve year older'n me. Paw tol' her you war a-comin', en she wants to see you".

"I hope to meet her".

"I reckon you will, Mr. Lyman", she said innocently. "I wonder why you came yere?"

"It was by chance", he returned. "I very often do silly things, Miss Sallie, and a week or so ago I did something a little more idiotic than usual. I couldn't decide where to spend my vacation, so I took a map of the United States, and spun a nickel on it, deciding to go where the coin alighted. I half-hoped it would veer over into Maine, but it didn't. It slipped down to Virginia, and rested on Albermarle County. I came, as you see. When I started, I thought it was foolish, but since I have seen you, I don't regret."

The words slipped out before he thought, and he could have pinched himself for having said them. She was so innocent, and could not be supposed to know that he uttered just such unmeaning compliments a dozen times a day to all the women he knew.

The girl looked down shyly. What did he mean?

"Because, Miss Sallie", he added in a constrained voice, "I think you have a nice little face, and want to put you in a picture".

She flushed with pleasure, yet felt only half satisfied.

"Put me in a picture?" she cried. "I haint worth it, Mr. Lyman".

"O, yes, you are. But I hardly know how to paint you. If you were tall, now, I might make a Hamadryad of you, but no, your face does not suit for that. Could I make you a nymph, or —"

"Why don't you paint me like myself?" she questioned.

"By jove! I will! and call the picture 'the child of the mountains'. I want to do a good deal of work this summer. Miss Sallie, I do hope it won't be very warm".

"The breezes ah cool", she said. "I reckon the heat haint a-goin' to stop you paintin'".

"Miss Sallie, are we not almost there?"

"I said fo' mile. Ah you tired?" she said, smiling wickedly, for they were going upward now, and it was rather steep.

"O, no", he returned indifferently, while his labored breath belied his words, "I only felt curious to know how far we had gone".

She walked on more quickly than ever, and he endeavored to keep up with her. He determined not to be outdone by a girl.

"O, this view", he panted, "is so grand. Let's stop, Miss Sallie, and look at it a moment".

"You kin see it better if you come higher up", she said, perceiving his extremely deep artifice.

He yielded weakly, and struggled on.

"Miss Sallie, I— I—", he began at last, and sunk under a shady tree.

She threw her head back so far that the sunbonnet slipped from her curls, and a peal on peal of laughter came from her pretty lips.

"O", she gasped, forgetting she had only met her companion yesterday, "O, Mr. Lyman, ah you the man who was good fur as many miles as I could tramp? You look like you could walk fur as me, O—o—o".

He was vexed, but no one could withstand such bubbling laughter. He joined in directly, and confessed that he was beaten.

"These yere mountains ah ha'd to climb," she said, sitting down beside him. "You see, I ben used to 'em all my life. Ah you warm? Give me your hat, en I'll fan you".

It was very pleasant to lounge on the grass, and look at that pretty, unconscious face, Frank thought lazily. She did not talk any, and soon his eyes closed.

When he woke up, a nice little lunch lay beside him, but Sallie was gone. He did not work much, sketched a scene or so, decided on one or two bits he would paint, and wondered where his companion was.

It was mid-afternoon when she appeared, a little flushed and tired, but with two splendid pails of berries.

"I see you have not been enjoying *dolce far niente*, Miss Sallie."

"I don't know what *dolce far niente* ah", she said wearily.

"Well, never mind", he said consolingly, "there are a few things I don't know".

"They can't be much you don't know", was her reply. There was no envy in her tone, only genuine admiration.

He dropped his eyes, and felt that she had unconsciously reproved him.

After a while they started homeward, Frank silent, and Sallie a little grieved at his silence. Hardly a word was interchanged on the way.

Jim Woods came after supper, and when Sallie saw him walking through the gate, she ran up-stairs to bed, cried herself to sleep, and couldn't think why she did such a foolish thing.

It was a sober little figure that walked beside Frank next morning, for she felt that she had offended him in some way. But he chatted gayly, bringing the smiles back to her face, and making her sit for the picture, which he laughingly said, was to make him famous.

She felt so glad and light-hearted, that meeting Jim Woods on the way back, she smiled sweetly on him, and fibbingly said she was sorry she had not seen him last night.

"If you go on like this, Sallie", said the artist, "I shall begin to think you are an April face. Sometimes you