

thing she would but cannot grasp. What a brow! Character and symmetry combined in perfect harmony. No trivial, self-conscious school-girl there! If features and expression mean anything, I have found the maiden, who, 'mid the pomp and artificiality of wealth and luxury, has kept the graces and arts which these must bring and with them, simplicity and purity of mind—the rarest gems of all among womanhood's graces."

At this moment the subject of his eulogies turned and focussed for a moment her liquid, melting eyes on the suddenly embarrassed young man. He hastily looked out of the window, and was surprised and not at all pleased to find that the train had nearly arrived at his destination. For a moment he hesitated whether or not he should throw engagements to the winds and follow the enchanting creature to her bourne. He thought of his expectant hostess, the incomplete house-party, the indignant remarks should he disappoint them, but he thrust them all aside. Such perfection was seen but once in a life-time, and was it not worth the maddest chase for one chance in a thousand of meeting her? Possibly their train might collide with another; she might fall and sprain her ankle; he might help her with her parcels—women travelling always have parcels—a thousand contingencies might arise and nine hundred to one he would meet her. A covert glance directed at the enchantress showed him now that she was drawing up her handsome furs, pulling on her gloves, and evidently preparing to leave the car. Then Dick all at once thought what a fool any one would have been to have thought of following her. Of course it had been merely a joke on his part. He hadn't had a serious thought of doing such a thing. He hadn't grown altogether childish in an hour; and he drew himself up to his full six foot three and looked very imposing and not at all foolish.

Nevertheless he looked eagerly to see if he could not help her off the train, but she had nothing to carry excepting a book. But Great Heavens! the cover caught his eye; it was his own, his last. After that he walked on air; nothing mattered now; she had read his book, and knew him, knew his inmost soul. There was a sweet bond of sympathy between them, an invisible thread of intercourse joined their hearts. He could speak to her through his pen, and she would know and understand—how this feat was to be accomplished is not to the point.

By this time he had leaped off the car steps and was awakened from his reverie by the cheery voice of his old college friend.

"Hello Dick, old boy. Glad to see you. How are you? Awfully glad you came. We weren't quite sure you wouldn't after all spend Christmas scribbling in those wretched quarters of yours, and Marion was preparing all sorts of invectives against your non-appearance. Genii now-a-days can walk over all conventionalities as they please and be lionized for it. This way; you are to come with me in the cart, Jack will look after the rest. You didn't see anyone you knew, did you, coming down?"

Dick was really glad to see his old friend, but his answers to the friendly inquiries about his success and interests, and to the old-time reminiscences seemed decidedly vague, and his manner pre-occupied. However, they were now approaching the home of his friend and the scene of the gaieties for the ensuing week, and it was absolutely necessary to waken up.

It was nearly time for dinner, so Dick was shown to his room to dress after a hurried greeting to his hostess. Soon after he was the centre of an admiring circle in the drawing-room, receiving all the attentions that American youth can heap upon a favorite; but this agreeable way

of passing the time was interrupted by his hostess breaking in and carrying him off to be introduced to some one else.

"It is my cousin, Mr. Henderson. Poor girl, she lost her father a little while ago and she was grieving for him so that I thought she was getting a little morbid, so I just made her come. She is used to having such a gay time that she was missing it very much. You must take her into dinner. I know you will like her. Everybody does."

Hereupon he raised his eyes and saw—the Madonna, looking lovelier than ever in her simple black evening gown. Could it be possible that the gods had prepared for him, unworthy as he was, such an honor, so complete, so overwhelming, so unlooked for! He felt that he was acquitting himself very clumsily, but what could he say that would be worthy of such a listener? He ran through the whole catalogue of poets and called on the shade of each to help him; then he glanced up at her. Ah! surely those brilliant, far-reaching eyes could pierce through the enigmas of Browning, could soften over the lyrics of Wordsworth, could sparkle in sympathy with every sentiment, every passion of the human heart. Nothing was beyond the reach of those exquisite orbs.

Fortunately she did not wait so long for a subject suitable to the mighty brain of her companion. She broke in on his soliloquies with a clear, sweet voice that charmed as much as her face.

"Mr. Henderson? Ah, I was wondering all the way down on the train where I had seen your face and I couldn't remember. But of course it was in a magazine, likely. You live in New York *n'est-ce pas?*" Mr. Henderson? It is so strange we have never met before. I am sure most of the girls in our set know you. Don't you adore New York, Mr. Henderson?" Dick wasn't certain that he was so frantically fond of that place, but he would have said so, if he had had time. "I have lived there all my life nearly, and I would simply die if I had to go anywhere else," the fair nymph continued. "Before darling papa's death I had such heaps of fun. I never knew what sadness was, but I have had so much trouble, don't you know."—A heart-rending little sigh punctuated her sentence.—"It was always my prayer from my earliest childhood, that I might die before dear papa, and then when I lost him I thought I should really die too, and I don't know how I can ever live without him. You know last year,"—here she brightened up a little—"I had such a lovely time, it was my first season and I was shown so much attention. Don't you love dancing, Mr. Henderson? I simply adore it, but of course," she added hastily with a rather ambiguous sigh, "I can't dance for a while now. But you write, do you not? How enchanting it must be to be able actually to write stories. I have read some of your books and I liked them ever so much, especially the last one, but I never understood why you didn't make them marry in the end. It's such a stupid ending having them die, and it made me cry like everything. Did you really copy your plot from Romeo and Juliet? I just thought you did," as Dick nodded assent, "it ended so like it, and I thought it was so awfully clever of you, don't you know."

"Dick smiled grimly to himself, "I wasn't mistaken about her wonderful literary insight at any rate."

After the ladies had left the dining-room, Dick's quiet and thoughtful manner brought down on himself the good-humored bantering of the gentlemen.

"Haven't succumbed so suddenly have you Henderson?"