

The long, flowing, golden curls fell loosely over one shoulder, a tiny one nestling about as beautiful a forehead as ever supported a crown of the most royal.

The mouth, slightly too full to be called rosebud, curved in a sweet smile, as if in response to the enchanting beauties about her, and even the dog, a handsome St. Bernard, as he lay with one eye open, sleeping the sleep of fidelity, sighed with an air of satisfaction.

At each changing expression of his mistress, he rose, stretched, yawned, and siezing a new opportunity, bestowed caresses on the plump, well moulded hands of his adored.

Tabby, too, a large Angora cat, nestled at her feet, sleeping away the drowsy hours, thereby adding one more jewel to the ornaments by which nature surrounded her.

As she lounged in this posture, gazing at the small streak of azure blue, which peeped between the towering maples, her thoughts turned to nigher things, and thinking she heard music on the waters, she languidly raised herself on one elbow, and peering far down the river, from whence proceeded the sweet, harmonious blending of the violin and 'cello,' she listened enraptured.

Soon the whispering of the breeze, mingling with the murmuring of the waters, lulled the senses to rest, and throwing herself back upon the ground, she slept.

After a few minutes had elapsed, she rose, sat upright, and gazed steadfastly over the