one of the "August sweetings" she carried in a basket on her arm. She caught the mischievous smile on his face, and started to run. There were three steps, the wide piazza floor and another step. Three steps,— Frank's hand grasped her flowing skirt —a bound over the floor, a light leap for the hall, a springing motion,— a cry of pain, mingled with a burst of laughter, and Lena, a little bundle of smiles and tears surrounded by apples, lost consciousness. Frank took her in his arms and carried her into the cool front room, and when he placed her in the wide easy chair, she opened her eyes. He quickly unfastened the tiny boot, but it would not yield, and his knife hurriedly cut it from the swollen ankle.

Perhaps we all know what it is to suffer with a sprained ankle; but if we do not, we certainly do not wish to.

Lena had ample time, the two weeks following her mishap, to lay the plot for a most beautiful and startling romance ; she even had many paragraphs carefully written and revised in her busy brain:— they clashed sometimes with the glorious pictures that lay outlined upon the canvas of the mind, waiting upon dim, shadowy backgrounds for life and beauty in the world of art,— but she tried to keep them distinctly by themselves.

She also found many opportunities to study Frank. The result seemed highly satisfactory, judging from the frequent memorandums made of his speeches. She often thought what a queer figure he would cut in her romance : always singing, or whistling, or humming "Afton Waters." She often tried to tease him about his favorite melody, but it did no good ; if he commenced "Shoo Fly," it ended in—

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

But all those days of inactive idleness served to convince Frank that his little friend was quietly soaring away from his