

sloped, warm and bright, to face the sun. A new wonder met Jean; for it was spring-time here, and great masses of the spring anemone in bud and bloom were in full possession. On the knoll above the flower had run its course to ripened seed; but lower down, following up the receding snow, it was in the act of answering the summons of the sun. Jack promised a greater variety in two or three weeks.

George and Billie now pushed on in advance, Jean calling out to them that she was hungry and expected a good supper. Winding up Green Valley, she and Jack stopped many times to pick tempting blooms, while he gave her an occasional lift over broken ground. The two grew unmindful of all but the gladness within. They talked as they had done for years, looking into each other's eyes, in which nothing but frankness and truth appeared.

"We have been out but a few hours, Jack," she began, "but it seems impossible that I can have seen so much in so short a time. While looking down from that height, I felt as if I had travelled out over the ice and snow. Please don't laugh at me, Jack," she continued, "but I should like to write a story of what I have seen since I left the valley." "And your title would be?" "Yes, Jack, 'A Romance of the Mountains,'" she replied.

They were passing through a belt of open ground dotted with boulders, on one of which they sat down, looking over the meadows. Jack took her hand and asked, "Am I to be in your 'Romance of the Mountains,' Jean? We have drifted along to this from so many years past that I do not remember when we began. You know, Jean, that I love you; and I need you so much now. Am I to be in your Romance?" Her color deepened. He caught up the other hand; and as he turned her face towards him she looked up, and answered, "Yes, Jack, in my Romance through life."

They reached the cabin light-hearted; but they left their flowers behind. Billy had set a big vase in the centre of the table to receive them. "This is decoration night," he said; "something for you to remember, Sis." They had to hasten from the room to hide their blushes. As Jack went off to split the kindling wood, he whistled a few bars of "Away Down in Dixie" to prove that he was thinking of nothing in particular.

Such a supper, and such an evening! But George and Billy furnished most of the merriment. Jean and Jack were rather quiet. Their sweet little secret would be all their own for a time. At last the party got up to prepare for the long trip of next day. Everything was laid out in