

"Yes State of New York".

"H'm. I don't know much of Canada, but I reckon 'taint so overcrowded but what it could hold you. If I could git anywhars else on the Lord's airth, I'd go thar afore I'd live with Yankees".

"Well, Mr. White, I'll tell you exactly why I don't live in my own country. A man in my line can't make a reputation in Canada, to our shame be it said, for it must certainly be our own fault that it is so. Everyone who wants to succeed in art or literature comes to the States. Look at Margaret Mather. She came over and steadily rose in her profession, until she is now one of the best actresses of the day. If she had stayed in Canada all the time where would she be now? And there is Grant Allen. He found his fame here in the United States. I don't think Canada ever produced a great painter. I hope to be one, but I knew I would not succeed in my own country, and so I left. No one can love his native land better than I, but what can I— one man—do? I hate to talk so of my dear home, but it is simple truth".

"It mout be, now, that the cold up thar freezes all thar energies and int'lec's", said Mr. White seriously.

"Oh, no", said Frank, trying to repress his laughter, "Their intellects are all right. They read the best of literature,—from the States, and mother England, of course. I don't know why this state of things concerning art and literature exists in Canada, for surely we Canadians can rival the Americans in those branches, as well as others. Three-fourths of our people never think of the matter. Well, I hope it will be different some day".

"Thar no tellin'", returned the other; "it ah safe not to show surprise at nothin'. I haint, ever sence the war".

"Philosophy among the mountains", said Frank lightly, "and by the way, what grand mountains they are. Do you think I can get about here without losing my way?"

"I reckon so. Sal will show you 'round some. She ah out doors half the time. She jes' lives in the air. When are your things a-comin'?"

"The man said they would be here at sunrise to-morrow".

"Wall, Sal 'll be ready 'bout nine to-morrow mornin, won't you, Sal?"

"Yes, Paw".

"I hope, Miss Sallie", said Frank, "that I will not trouble you by accepting your father's offer".

"O, no", she replied, the mountain ivy pink in her face deepening; "I don't mind a-going".

"Thank you", he said smilingly, and she couldn't help drawing her chair up a little nearer to watch his face, as he talked about his beloved Canada to her father, and explained that Canadians don't exactly live in snow houses, that the sun occasionally shines upon us, and that our summer brings as many flowers and birds as the same southern season. She looked admiringly at his longish wavy hair, and wondered if all Canadians wore theirs that way. She thought how much

prettier his smile was than that of a certain Jim Woods, who often visited them. She drew still closer, and even ventured to ask a timid question or two, and listened with a face that forgot to blush, and shake the curly hair around its pinkness.

And that night, instead of thinking of Jim Woods, as she usually did (for an eighteen-year-old girl, whether she is a drawing-room belle, or a simple child of the mountains, usually thinks of some man she knows, whom her imagination, more or less vivid, has glorified to an Apollo), Sallie turned her attention to this charming artist with the lovely hair and teeth, and tried to imagine what the pictures, which he had promised to show her, were like. Perhaps, O, perhaps he would paint her, she thought, and then reproached herself for the fancy, shaking her curly hair over her little face, and so went to sleep with our friend in her thoughts. Well, Sallie was not the only girl who dreamed of Frank Lyman that night. And he? Alas for romance! at that moment he was lamenting the fact of having just consumed his last cigar.

The next morning Frank was roused at what he considered, an unearthly hour and, after breakfast, lounged about until Sallie was ready.

"Ah you a-goin' to paint any this mornin'?" she questioned shyly.

"Perhaps I shall sketch some little bit which happens to please me. You see I am carrying my traps. And you, what are you going to do with these pails, if I may ask?"

"I'm a-goin' to pick dewberries".

"You don't expect to fill both pails, do you?" he asked as they walked along.

"Yes, indeed. Dewberries ah thick round yere, en I pick fast. I mout pick right smart more'n this, if I could carry more".

She had on a dark gingham dress, which was not nearly down to her bare feet, and a pink sunbonnet covered the curly head.

"Now, kin you walk fur?" she inquired.

"Well, I guess I'm good for as many miles as you can tramp", he laughed.

"I reckon you haint used to mountain walkin' though", she returned indignantly; "when you want to rest, say so. I'm a-goin' to a berry patch fo' mile away. The nearer ones ah all picked out".

"She walked on in vexed silence, and after a while he ventured—she was such a little thing—to peep under the sunbonnet.

"You are not angry, Miss Sallie", he said, smiling irresistibly.

"No, indeed," she laughed back, and they walked on amiably together.

"See that ar house down thar", she said, pointing to a white speck far below them.

"I think so".

"That's whar the other Sal lives".