They drove over the hills to the "shanty," which was just such a place as Dick had expected to find when he left the city,—a tumbled-down house gloriously situated, two or three young fellows, an old negro who did all the work that was ever done about the place, and over the door a placard which read:

**BREAKFAST**

*When you get up.*

**LUNCH**

*When you can get it.*

**DINNER**

*When it's ready.*

There was the lake high above the sea-level, and the wooded hills that rose still higher; the sun that had seemed like a different planet with its face washed of the smoke of the city; the glorious air, the bracing weather, the birds, the flowers,—and Jean!

He had met her first the very evening of his arrival, as Davis and he were climbing one of the neighboring hillocks to view the surrounding country. The sun was setting over the top of the hill as they stopped to rest at a point overlooking the lake, whose waters shone like molten gold as the sunlight kissed them. There was a snatch of a song, ending in a laugh, behind them, and he had turned to see a girl coming down the path from the hilltop. The sun blinded his eyes so he could not see distinctly, but the fancy struck him for the moment that she might have been an elf or a fairy tripping down along the sunbeams, she seemed so light and lovely. When she had stepped from her background of splendor, two glorious eyes were turned toward him, two pretty lips spoke in response to Davis' formal introduction, and a dainty hand was held out in greeting. In ten minutes he felt as though he had known her a year, and at the end of the walk down along the lake to her house, it seemed to him that they had been acquainted all their lives. His idea of a country "beauty" had been a young lady of buxom appearance, with a red-and-white face and immense hands and feet, who always stood in some awkward position chewing the corner of her apron, and responding to all remarks and queries with the expression "Law!" And here in the wildest corner of Connecticut, was the freest, brightest, most original and most fascinating little creature he had ever met. She wore no apron at all; in fact, her dress resembled some of the plain gowns of his sisters which he remembered cost such extravagant prices. Not only were her hands and feet well proportioned, but her whole figure was a model of symmetry; and her face,—well, Dick retired that night very much disturbed in mind over Jean's face. They met again the next day because he intended they should, and because he had volunteered, without any apparent cause, to row down the lake to the Chinter house for a supply of milk and eggs, which the shanty was not in need of the least bit in the world.

Dick had wondered if he should find her washing dishes or helping in some other household affair when he arrived, and he kept his eyes on what he supposed were the kitchen windows as he walked up from the shore, until somebody called from a group of trees near where he had left his boat, and he returned to find the real object of his visit very comfortably arranged in a hammock swung between two immense oaks. This so disconcerted him that, after saying "Good-morning," he blurted out something about hoping he wouldn't keep her from her duties if he stopped a moment; at which she laughed rather longer than seemed necessary, and arising from the hammock with a grace which he had never thought possible in any human being where a hammock was concerned, said:

"O dear; no! I called you back from the house because there is no one there. Uncle and Aunt have gone to town."

He then explained that they were out of