milk at the shanty, and that Davis had sent him down to borrow a little; Dick was going to say "buy," but somehow, when he looked at her, he changed it to "borrow." She signified her willingness to give him all the milk he wished, and busied herself folding a shawl preparatory to starting for the house; but by this time the man of the party had recovered his composure and was comfortably established under one of the trees, earnestly requesting Jean not to leave the hammock on his account. Jean resumed her airy couch, and after a time all feeling of awkwardness wore off, and they entirely forgot the milk subject.

He told her of the happenings in the city he had left, and because Davis had told her he was dubbed "Jove" while in college, he explained in a modest way the reason of the appellation, and ended by going over some of his college scrapes, which delighted her immensely. She talked somewhat of herself, and pointed out the attractions thereabouts, and they got on famously,—so well, in fact, that by the time she had invited him to lunch with her instead of going back to the shanty, it was "Jove" and "Jean," and the feeling of good fellowship which they had had when with Happy Davis the night before held sway again, and Dick stayed until Mr. and Mrs. Chinter returned, and then went back to the shanty without a drop of milk or a sign of an egg.

So things went on, and he spent much more of his time at the Chinter house, and in wandering over the hills with Jean, than at the camp, much to the discontent of Happy and the other fellows, who evidently had some hopes in the direction of Miss Chinter themselves.

The more he saw of her the more he wondered how she could have lived her life so far removed from civilization, and yet be so thoroughly sophisticated.

Her choice of words, her seemingly studied ease and freedom and grace of movement, her every look and tone, could hardly have been excelled by the most finished coquette; and yet she seemed so wholly unconscious and natural in it all that Dick gave up the problem, and simply admired and enjoyed her, and thanked his fates that she was just as she was, and that he had met her.

One night she sang to him while they were sitting before the house looking over the lake, accompanying herself on a guitar, and Dick realized that she was gifted with a wonderful voice, and one that had received careful training. After that she sang often, and sometimes they sang simple things together, which she seemed to enjoy, and which "Jove," as she always called him now, delighted in.

Until he had known her a week he had never realized how really beautiful she was. When she had come to him out of the sunlight the first time they met, he thought she was unusually pretty, and not a bit of a "farmer," as he had thought to style her to Happy. He had noticed that her eyes were fine and rather large, that their lashes were long, and that she had dark-brown hair.

Now he realized that she was as beautiful a woman as he had ever seen,—not a senseless girl, nor in any way resembling a well-made doll, but a superb woman. She was not large to the extent commonly styled "plump and pleasing," but a trifle slight. She would have been judged remarkably handsome by every man in a city ball room, and desperately unattractive by most of the unmarried girls. Dick thought her superb, and his opinion in such matters was recognized as correct in most of the cities of the East.

But a telegram came over to the shanty one afternoon about two weeks after his arrival, addressed to Mr. Richard Howland; and when Dick opened it he saw that his outing was over, and that business in New York, and afterward his duty to society, as it is termed, would keep him from Happy's shanty and Jean for an indefinite time. So he picked up his luggage and prepared for an early start,