after which he went to make his adieux at the
Chinters. As he walked along the shore, great
dark clouds rolled up over the hills to
the eastward as gloomy as Dick's own troubled
thoughts, and when he had reached the
Chinter house the first drops of the approaching
storm began to fall about him. The
family were at supper, so he sat on the piazza
and watched the wind and rain come across
the lake, thinking how he should tell Jean of
his near departure, and if she would feel sorry
at his going.

Before he was aware of it she stood beside
him, a half-questioning smile, that was always
her welcome, playing about the corners of her
mouth. She burst into a merry laugh at his
melancholy expression, and perceiving her,
he rose and placed a chair; then wholly for-
getful of his customary tact he spoke what
was uppermost in his thoughts, and bluntly
told her of his summons home. The laugh
left her lips and she turned from the proffered
seat to the edge of the piazza, where the
rain had begun to drive in before the wind;
but it was only for a moment, and as she
came back she was smiling as before. It
was unpleasant outside, Jean thought, and
he had best come in and tell her why he
left.

She passed quickly by him through the
hall to the comfortable sitting room, where
Mr. and Mrs. Chinter were awaiting them,
and seated herself in a low chair removed
from the newly-lighted lamp.

Then Dick told them of his unwelcome
telegram, and how wonderfully he had en-
joyed his outing, and Mr. Chinter insisted
on his staying over night with them rather
than plodding back to the shanty in the rain.
"Jeanie ken drive ye over to th' train herself
in th' mornin' right from here," insisted the
old man, "and you ken stop at yer shanty
fur yer duds."

So he had stayed, and allowed Mrs. Chinter
to beat him a game of backgammon, pers-
suaded Jean to accede to her uncle's proposi-
tion, and retired wishing there were no such
things as partings in the world.

The next day was warm and pleasant as he
started out with Jean over the road he had
come with Happy, as it seemed, such a short
time ago. The boys at the shanty seemed
sorry at his going, though they had seen but
little of him during his stay; and of course it
was but natural that they should themselves
wish to see something of such an attractive
young woman as Jean. They gave him a
hearty good send-off, however, and the old
horse's head was turned toward the hills, away
from the lakes and the meadows which had
been so pleasant to Jean and Dick during the
past fortnight. The conversation on the way
to the station was not exactly brilliant, nor
nearly as personal as Dick had wished to
make it. Jean was evidently more than sorry
at his going, but with true feminine pride en-
deavored to keep her feelings from his know-
ledge. So instead of talking of themselves, as
they should have done, they discussed Mr.
Chinter, and Mrs. Chinter, and Happy, and
the horse they were driving, horses in general,
and had nearly fallen into remarks concerning
the weather when the little shed which made
apologies for being the railroad station came
in sight at a turn in the road.

Dick found he had twenty minutes to wait
for the train, and the first fifteen passed in a
decidedly more doleful state than the ride over.
Jean was continually looking at the horse, to
see that he did not run away, when it was
perfectly evident to any fair-minded person
that the horse himself was physically incapable
of any such proceeding; and Dick consulted
his watch a dozen times in as many minutes,
without obtaining the slightest knowledge as
to the hour of day. But when the faint
appearance of life that heralded the train's
coming at the little place bestirred itself, and
the engine's shrill voice was heard echoing
among the hills, they both realized what the
parting would mean to them. The feeling of
restraint disappeared as he took her hand in