farewell, and told her, speaking hurriedly, how pleasant she had made his stay, how highly he regarded her, and how he hoped she would remember "Jove," for a time, at least. Then he spoke of the future, grasped both her little hands and held them firmly within his while he told her all—all but that he loved her, and should always love and cherish her, and would come back to take her with him, which was what she seemed to wait for him to say as she stood there listening with her eyes cast down and her face turned slightly from him. The train rumbled into the station, and she had not spoken in return. There were few people leaving the cars, and no one but Dick to go away. She raised her great, sad eyes to his, and mechanically said some words of Godspeed; but he hardly understood her, he was looking so intently on her face. Then there was the hissing of steam, and the train began to move away. Her little hand was pressed firmly within his, and leaving her he leaped on the platform of the last car. She stood gazing after him with the same intense look as the cars moved on, and until the station was shut from his sight by a bend in the road he saw her still standing there alone.

The train roared and crashed its way down into the city, and since then other trains had carried him to different places along the shore, all equally unenjoyable, until he had given up the farce and come back to New York to think the matter over. Whether it was sympathy that made him think of her, or whether he really loved her, was what he had left to time to tell him; and while, beyond the fact that she lived her life comparatively alone, he could see no reason why she was to be pitied, still, this isolation of a girl so lovely as Jean was worthy of anyone's whole thought and consideration. She was a country girl, and yet, among all the city bred young ladies he had met since leaving her, he had found none better mannered, nor apparently better educated, than Jean herself; and as far as beauty went she was certainly superior to them all.

Did he really love her,—that was the question. Or if it was that he was incapable of wholly loving any woman after knowing her but two weeks, would he really love her if he went back to her now?

"Cupid will tell you when your lady love's a-weeping" she had sung to him once while they were in the grove of oaks by the shore, and he seemed to feel that she would like to have him near her now; for he had known that she would miss him, and that she cared for him ever since they parted at the station. She had given him a toy whip gayly decorated with ribbons, once, in jest; and as it now hung across the antlers of a deer's head opposite him, he wondered what his aristocratic relatives would say if he should ask for the little hand that had wielded it, and it should be given him. What would the world say? And then, again, should he go back to her, or not?

Dick's pipe burned low, and the coals of the fire which the chill wind of the November night had fanned into light and warmth grew fainter and fainter, and turned into ashes, as his thoughts traveled back over all the happy days with Jean,—for they had been happy days, happier than he had known in his life before. He had always felt gay while with her; she seemed to have an influence of mirth and joy over him, and he was never bored with Jean as he has been with so many girls. He had not written since he left, because he had wished to cut himself entirely off from her and try to forget, but to-night he wished he could have heard in some way how she had taken his departure. Suddenly he remembered that he had received a letter from Happy in the afternoon, and had thrust it into his pocket when some business prevented his opening it. He quickly reached for it in hopes of some news of Jean. As he drew the missive from its envelope a newspaper clipping fluttered to the floor at his feet. He opened the letter and read:—