

"What?" said Amy, seeing Frank hesitate.

"Young ladies," said he.

"There, now, I knew you were making fun of me."

"I wonder when the little creature got into the room," said Mrs. Harrington.

"It came from toward the fire place," Amy replied.

"Then it must have come up through the hearth." And true enough, when *mousie* was frightened, he ran to the fire place and disappeared down a hole in the hearth.

Owing to the accident, the family circle broke up earlier than usual, and with many regrets from Amy for Frank's injury, the good nights were said, and they retired. As had been predicted by Mrs. Harrington, the rain turned to snow, and by morning about four inches had fallen, and it was still coming down in large flakes, covering the shrubbery and ground with a beautiful mantle of pure white. When Amy awoke, she sprang from her bed and ran to the window to see whether her mother's prophecy had been fulfilled. As her eyes beheld the trees and ground covered with snow, she clapped her hands with delight. She hurriedly dressed herself and ran down stairs, where she met her mother, who was already up and busying herself with her household duties.

"Oh, mamma! Isn't it beautiful?"

"What, dear?"

"Why, the snow. Has Mr. Von Brean come down yet?"

"I think not; at least, I have not seen him."

"When he makes his appearance, I am going to snow-ball him," said Amy, as she put on her hood and mittens.

She then went out on the porch, where she prepared several snow balls, to be in readiness for the attack. She was not kept long in waiting, as she had scarcely closed the door behind her when Frank's footsteps were heard descending the stairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Harrington," said he, as he entered the room.

"Good morning, sir. I hope you rested well."

"Quite well, thanks to your care in dressing my wounded thumb. The camphor has relieved me of all pain, and I hardly realize that I was hurt. I see your predictions regarding snow have been verified."

"Yes, Amy will get her sleigh ride now."

"I wonder," said Frank, "that she is not up now, enjoying the sight of the snow as it falls so gently to the ground, carpeting it with its soft, white covering."

"Amy is out now, enjoying a run through the snow," replied Mrs. Harrington.

"Indeed, then I have been playing the sluggard, and, with your permission, will go and look her up."

He went out on the front veranda, and not seeing Amy, started around the house, and as he turned the corner, spat, spat, two snow balls hit him in the back, and Amy's voice was heard laughing in great glee.

"Oh! but won't I pay you for that," cried Frank, as he turned and started toward her; but as he did so, another ball took him in the chest, and as Amy threw this one she started around the house on a run, Frank after her with his hands full of snow, declaring he would wash her face. Around the house ran the pursued and pursuer, until Amy saw that he was gaining on her, when, darting among some shrubbery, she managed to elude him for a time, and before he could straighten himself out again, she took the back track around the house. Frank ran in the opposite direction, and as each turned the corner they met, when Amy stopped suddenly, picked up a handful of snow, and before Frank could prevent it, rubbed it over his face, then continued her flight, screaming with laughter.

The breakfast bell called them now, and Amy obeyed it immediately, leaving Frank to follow at his leisure. Upon going into the house, he found Amy, in the family sitting room, standing by the old-fashioned fireplace warming her hands, her face burning with a healthy glow, and her eyes bright and sparkling. Frank thought he had never seen such radiant beauty before.

The snow came down all that day, and soon the jingle of the sleigh bells was heard mingling with the merry voices of young people, as they enjoyed their first sleigh ride that winter.

"Won't we have a jolly time now?" said Amy, as she and Frank stood looking out of one of the parlor windows, watching the large flakes piling one upon another as they settled gently down. Frank was standing close by Amy, so close that he could feel her warm breath as she turned to speak to him. He felt that he must speak of the deep love which was consuming him. But now that he had made up his mind, he found it difficult to frame his thoughts into words. He stood looking at her for some time, then managed to say, "Miss Harrington."

Amy turned her eyes toward him, and instinctively her womanly nature told her what was coming. She made no reply, but averted her eyes and steadfastly gazed out of the window. Her dream came back to her now in all its dreadful distinctness. She saw Tom with his face pressed against the window pane, looking at her, the warm blood oozing from beneath the bandage about his head, and his lips were parted as he tried to speak to her. Amy covered her face with her hands to shut out the ghastly sight, and