

her head became dizzy and dropped forward until it rested on her chest.

Frank did not notice the change which came over her, and continued: "Miss Harrington, it is useless for me to longer hide from you the intense burning—of my very soul—my deep love for you." He took her hand, which hung limp and lifeless by her side, unable now to make any resistance to his caresses, and continued, pleadingly: "Amy, can you, will you, be my wife?" Mistaking her silence for consent, he said, passionately: "I knew, my darling, you would not refuse my love. You will be mine; yes, mine forever."

Recovering from the stupor in which the recurrence of her dream had thrown her, Amy took her hand from his and drew back, not in anger at what he had done, but to show him how utterly useless his pleadings were. She looked him in the face and said, kindly, but most earnestly—

"Mr. Von Brean, I regret exceedingly that you should have allowed yourself to entertain such feelings for me. While I shall look upon you as a dear friend, I can never be your wife. It gives me pain to say it, but I can give you no other answer."

"Do not decide hastily, Miss Harrington. Take time. Remember the wealth I shall lay at your feet, and the position in which I can place you. Take a week, or two weeks if one is not long enough, to think the matter over, or even longer; only do not decide now. Do not tell me you can never love me; but if you do not love me now, that you will try to do so in the future. Won't you, darling?"

"No, Mr. Von Brean, do not allow yourself to indulge in false hopes, as the answer I give you now must be final. Let us be friends, but nothing more."

Thus ended the second chapter in Amy's life—one which her father would have ended so differently. Amy knew this, but she could, or did, not try to have it otherwise. She spoke truly when she told Frank that it gave her pain to reject his love, for she had learned to think more favorably of him as they were thrown more closely in each other's society, and she would have been glad had he never spoken to her of his hopeless passion.

"Let us remain the friends we were yesterday," said she, at parting.

The next morning, Frank informed Mrs. Harrington that he would leave that day for New York.

"Why, Mr. Von Brean, you astonish me. What takes you away so suddenly?"

"It is necessary for me to be in New York. Besides, my father seems to think I have prolonged my stay in Wapakoneta quite long enough."

"We shall be very sorry indeed to lose you, as we have come to look upon you as a part of the family. Does Amy know of your intended departure?"

"I think not. I have not seen her yet this morning, and I only decided late last night that I would go to-day."

"She will regret your going," said Mrs. Harrington, not dreaming that her daughter was the immediate cause of his precipitate flight.

"Frank went out to the stable to give John some directions about the transportation of his baggage, and on his way he met Amy."

"Good morning, Mr. Von Brean."

Bowing very low, Frank replied: "Good morning, Miss Harrington."

"You are out early. I hope you are not afraid I was going to steal a march on you as I did yesterday morning," said Amy, not betraying the least sign of what had occurred the day before.

"No, Miss Harrington, I return to New York by to-day's train, and as it will take me some time to pack my baggage, I arose early for that purpose."

"If we may judge by your haste in leaving us, you must have received sudden news urging you to return home. Does my mother know of your intended departure?"

"Yes, I informed her a few moments ago."

"Believe me, Mr. Von Brean, when I say I shall be sorry to have you go."

"On the contrary, I had supposed the knowledge of my going would be a matter of congratulation to you."

"By no means. Mamma and I had hoped you would remain with us through the winter. Besides, you forget you have not resigned your position in the Young Ladies' Sewing and Aid Society."

"True, I had forgotten that. When does your society meet?"

"Not for a week yet."

"Then," said Frank, "with my thanks to the president and members of your society, I must place my resignation in your hands."

"What if I decline to accept it?"

"In that case, I shall, with all respect to you, be forced to still leave it in your hands, to be presented to the society for such action as they, in their wisdom, may deem best."

Breakfast being announced, they went into the house together.

"Mamma," said Amy, when they were seated at the table, "Mr. Von Brean leaves us to-day, so he informs me, and I am sure you will join me in urging him to remain. I have already exhausted my powers of persuasion, without effect, therefore I turn him