

"Not exactly; I must first propose you at the meeting."

"Then I am to be a regular member of that august body of deliberators."

"No, indeed," replied Amy, quickly, "your membership will extend no farther than your clerical work. You will not be entitled to a seat in our councils."

"Oh, I understand, I am to be the outside man."

"Yes, that is it, I believe."

Tea over, Frank and Amy returned to the parlor, where Amy excused herself and went to attend to some household duties. Frank seated himself at the piano and let his fingers wander over the keys for a moment, then broke into the chords, and finally wandered off into one of Chopin's melodies, forgetting, for the time, where he was, and not until Amy's long-drawn breath close by aroused him, did he realize that he was not alone.

"Oh, Mr. Von Brean! What have you done?" exclaimed Amy, ecstatically.

"Why, Miss Harrington, I trust I have done nothing wrong," replied Frank, somewhat embarrassed.

"Such delightful music, and you not letting us know! I think it real mean in you to have kept us in ignorance of your wonderful talent."

"I had no idea of playing when I came in, but the impulse came, and as it was some time since I had played, I thought I would run over the keys just to keep in practice."

"Please play some more."

"Certainly, if it will give you pleasure."

He turned to the instrument, and running his finely shaped fingers lightly over the keys, struck into one of Mendelssohn's beautiful sonatas. Frank had received a thorough musical education, having had for his instructors the best talent in New York, and they pronounced him almost equal in execution to themselves. He was a born musician, and in his playing threw his whole soul into the music. When he had finished the piece he turned from the instrument to Amy, whom he found standing a few feet from him, with one arm resting on the back of a chair, her body inclined forward, one foot extended, her mouth partly open, and those wonderfully beautiful eyes turned full upon him.

"What a picture!" thought he, as he silently gazed into her lovely eyes, until the spell was broken by a deep sigh from Amy, as she said, softly—

"How beautiful!"

"I am amply repaid, Miss Harrington, by the knowledge that I am able to contribute to your happiness," said Frank, as he left the piano and went over to her side; but before he could form into words the thoughts which agitated his very soul, the door

bell rang, and at the same time the sound of several voices was heard outside.

Excusing herself, Amy went to the door, where she found several of the young ladies, members of the sewing society, awaiting admittance.

"The young ladies will please come to order," said the president, as she rapped upon the table to command silence.

"Where is the secretary?" asked one of the girls.

"The chair is unable to answer the question."

"I think it's real mean in Belle Johnston not to come," exclaimed Clara Vaughn, springing to her feet. "I gave it to her to read this afternoon, and she promised to bring it with her to-night, and if she don't come I'll never speak to her again."

"This meetin' is tooked up, and I call her to order," said Melissa Updyke.

"I'd just thank you to attend to your own business," said Clara, snappishly.

"Silence!" called the president.

Just then there came a knock at the door, and the tardy secretary made her appearance.

"It's time you were coming, Belle Johnston," said Clara.

"The secretary will call the roll."

As each name was called the answer came, showing that business of great importance was to be transacted. The reading of Clara's letter was, in itself, sufficient to bring every member out. To miss hearing the first letter received from the front was, indeed, out of the question. The secretary had scarcely taken her seat, as the roll call was finished, when half the members were on the floor trying to be heard.

"Miss President," "Miss Chairman," they cried.

"Sit down, every one of you, or I will declare the meeting adjourned," said the president, becoming very indignant at the uproar they were creating.

After the members had quieted down, the president said: "Now, Miss Birdie Miller, we will hear you."

That young lady arose and said: "Miss Chairman, as this is a special meeting, I move that we at once proceed to the transaction of the business for which the call was made. I call for the reading of Clara's letter."

"Why, that's just what I was going to move," exclaimed each of the other girls.

"I second the motion," said nearly every girl in the room.

The reader will remember the compact entered into by the girls, that the first letter received from a soldier was to be read to the society, when it would be determined whether it should be answered or not. This will explain the anxiety on the part of the young