

He sat in his room late one afternoon, thinking. To-morrow he would leave, perhaps never to return, and Beatrice—ah, well, she would fade from his memory as the mists before the morning sun. He would forget her and live down the terrible disappointment he had suffered.

He glanced out upon the lawn where a bit of brown caught his eye. It was she, always calm and beautiful, and as he looked he felt all his newly-made resolutions slipping away from him. The room grew hot; he was stifling. Hurriedly snatching his cap and jacket from the bed where he had negligently thrown them, he left the room, mounted his trusty wheel and rode away up the valley, into the green country where all cares seemed to vanish and everything was at rest.

On he rode, heedless of time or fatigue. A long, gentle slope in the road rose up before him, but he unhesitatingly began its ascent. Up the other side, over the brow of the hill, another bicyclist was coming.

Gaining the summit Theo dismounted for a moment to survey the scene, and then noticed the other wearily toiling up the slope. A moment later and Beatrice, for it was she, stood beside. He raised his cap in acknowledgement of her nod, and then remarked:

“You look tired, Miss Reynolds. Won’t you rest here a moment?” and at the same time he made room for her on the log beside him.

“Thank you,” she said, kindly, taking the proffered seat. “I *am* tired. That hill was so hard to climb, I really thought that I should never reach the top.” Then glancing at him she continued, “I am pleasantly surprised to meet you here. It was so lonely riding through the silent country. Are you returning to the hotel?”

“Yes,” he replied, “and it is time that we should go. The sun is already setting and these evenings are so damp and cool.

And then in silence they mounted and began the return. The long slope safely coasted and the valley reached, their pace slackened and they again fell into conversation.

“Have you spent a pleasant season?” she inquired smiling.

“Very, indeed,” he returned, “only it might have been much pleasanter.”

“You talk in riddles,” she said laughingly. “Please explain yourself.”