

inaudible, but it made his heart beat fast; she was very conscious of him, and something intangible but sweet seemed to invade their hearts.

She felt as though she could not sew, and he found it hard to look at her. He was afraid of offending her and he was shy, and he felt he should be ashamed for her to find his glance resting upon her hands.

He kept his head down. But Ana would have liked to look at him, she would have liked to bask in the light of his eyes, for she felt happy enveloped in their warm glow.

Sandu did not lift his head. She dropped her ball of thread. Roused by the noise, Sandu jumped as though he had been burnt. He searched under the table and saw it.

She forgot to thank him, and he could not say a word, but their eyes met and they both blushed.

The time passed on.

"The mistress does not come," said Sandu a little later, "and I wanted to tell her that I had to stay some time where she sent me."

"She will soon come," replied Ana. "Sandu, you told Mother that I had been in the workshop?" she suddenly questioned, looking straight at him.

"I did not tell her."

"Then who can have told her?"

"It was not I, and I do not know who it was."

"How Mother scolded me! And she said I had stayed a long while talking to you. Was I a long time?"

"Certainly not; you just came to tell me to put the sandals in the boxes, and then you went away."

"Why doesn't Mother like my talking to you when Father says you are so good?"

He said nothing; she stopped; and a few moments later the mistress came in.

"It is a good thing you are back. I was waiting for you," she said hurriedly. "I nearly sent some one after you; you are very slow. Now, come and tell me what you have done."

In the ante-room he told her what he had arranged with her aunt, and then went off to bed.

The next day was Sunday. The men had little work to do, and by ten o'clock they were free. As usual on feast days there was wine on the table, and Master Dinu, having bought some thirty skins much more easily than he had expected to, was more cheerful than usual.

Sandu was more forthcoming than was his wont, and had washed and brushed himself extra well to-day. Ana, too, was smart, smart as always, but she had no time to sit as she had constantly to jump up to help her mother. Every now and then she threw a glance at Sandu, and a strange feeling of joy possessed her that he could see her, that he looked at her.

Only the mistress was as usual, and when the child complained constantly that his head ached she wanted the meal to finish quickly. She laid a wet handkerchief on his forehead and put him to bed. The child became quieter, and Master Dinu, after drinking the wine that was left over, rose from the table--a signal that the meal was finished. Then, according to his usual habit, he took up his hat, inquired if anyone wanted any money, gave Iotza what he asked, and