

Lady Mary Hunt to marry me and she has consented."

Again the silence, the heavy, living silence. She stood with her arm round his neck; he felt the arm tremble; that was all.

"I am glad," she said at last.

"I thought you would be, dear. I knew it. I—— For we—— Things turn out so differently in life from what one expects." He hardly knew why he said that; he was thinking of his own crushed ideal, the thing that might have been!—that might have been!—and never would be now. "The only happiness left on earth is common sense—to take life as it comes, and do one's best. You are so sensible, Margie; I can't think, as I've often said, from where you get your delightful, helpful common sense. From your mother, to a certain extent. But your mother was more—how shall I call it?—sentimental."

"Perhaps," said Margaret. "Papa, I should like to sit down."