

patient waiting, found her alone in the garden at Torresmuir, and asked her if she could trust him to make her life happy, and if she could ever consent to be his wife. And Molly did not say no.

In the days that were to come, when a troop of children made gladness in Rutherford's house, and Molly was proud of their beauty and their noisiness and their mirth; even then John Hannington's foreboding was not justified. His child was never neglected, never set aside for any of the new comers. Her mother and her stepfather had indeed a special tenderness for her; she was their darling, and in due time their helper and their comfort. But they never grudged her to their old and true friend, Lady Valencia. In her house, little Valencia Hannington spent many weeks every year; she was Lady Val's greatest interest in life. Many people said that Lady Valencia's great wealth would some day be left to her namesake, and that Val Hannington might yet be one of the richest women in England, but that day does not seem likely to dawn just yet. For Lady Val is as strong and brisk and active as she ever was, and the only trace that her great sorrow has left upon her is a wistful sadness in her beautiful eyes, and an ever increasing tenderness for the lonely, the sorrowful, the weak—and perhaps, we may add, the wicked—of the earth.

With one more scene from the life at Torresmuir, our story will fitly end.

It is a bright summer morning, and Stella and her husband stand on the terrace, discussing their plans for their day, reading their letters and opening their newspapers, after the pleasant fashion that obtains at Torresmuir on sunny mornings, when the post comes in. Presently Stella turns her head, and laughs for very happiness. A sturdy little fellow, with great brown eyes, comes stumbling and panting up the slope of the hill towards the terrace, with something tightly clasped in his dimpled hand. Master Alan makes his way straight to his mother, throws himself upon her with exuberant affection, and then displays what his hand contains. It is an oddly shaped stone—something like a lump of dull glass—and at sight of it, Mr. Moncrieff utters an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

"Where did you find that, my boy?" he asks.