

ancient harp, and upon her gilt furniture, and upon the Book of Beauty, still kept faithfully upon the occasional table next the sofa by the orderly little Duchess ; but the miniatures of the young Marquis, page to Madame Royale, of the Chevalier Charles, and the Chanoinesse Anne-Marie, have gone back to the Château de Courset—they are the property of Jean-Louis.

And the windows of the new morning-room look out upon a wide green park and a rolling river, and distant blue hills instead of into a London street.

For the house in Grosvenor Square is dismantled, and the rooms are empty. The policeman, passing on his beat, sees no more a lonely lady gazing from the window ; but instead, a board, with the inscription, To be Let or Sold.

*(Concluded)*