

hope then we will see Miss O'Donnell down at Scarswood shortly."

"Well, yes. I suppose Rose will come. She is very anxious to see *you*. In fact, she wanted to accompany me on this occasion, but I objected."

"Objected! Why?"

"I preferred to come alone. Other people may be very anxious to see you as well as Rose—may they not? And you know I never like third persons during my interviews with you."

She still looks down at the emerald turf, still traces figures with her parasol. He looks at her, and there is silence.

"You have heard of Sir Arthur Tregenna's marriage?" she says at length with a sort of effort. Women are always the first to break these embarrassing pauses. "No doubt he sent you word?"

"He sent me no word—how could he? He thought with you I was in Algeria. Still I heard of it—from whom do you think? Our mutual friend, Charlie Delamere."

"Ah! Charlie," with a smile; "he knew your address then?"

"Yes—after six months of Louisiana, I grew sick for news of England and my friends. I did not care to write to any of those friends direct for sundry reasons, so I sent a line to Charlie. I got all the news I wished immediately—Sir Arthur's marriage among the rest. He's a fine fellow, and in spite of the Miss Herculane episode, his wife suits him. *She suits him*—all is said in that, they will be happy."

"I hope so," she answered softly.

"Your father is in Germany, Lady Cecil?"

"He is always in Germany of late—he seems to make it his home. Poor papa!" A sigh.

"And you," the blue eyes that can be so keen, so hard, so steely, so tender, alternately, are watching her with a light she feels, but cannot meet. "And you still reside with your cousin and Sir Peter. I am glad, by the bye, that they are reconciled. Doesn't the life strike you as rather a dull one?"

"Not particularly. I hope I have common-sense enough to know life cannot be all sunshine and roses for any of us. Scarswood is always a pleasant place, and I am too busy to find much time for idle repinings. Work is a boon—I have found that out. I am the children's governess, now, you know. So," with an effort to change the subject, "you have given up all thoughts of Algiers. Lanty Lafferty will rejoice at that! How is Mr. Lafferty?"

"Very well, and strongly matrimonially inclined. He is