

CHAPTER XXIII.

ZOE'S SOME DAY.

"There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,
To know how to smile, and be able to stare;
High breeding is something, but well bred or not.
In the end the one question is, What have you got?"

—A. H. CLOUGH.

The sun is shining brightly, pleasantly, over all London, England, even penetrating into the dim, dirty alleys, and tenements: but is ~~also~~ shining, with all its wealth of golden, cheering gladness, into the long, handsome gallery of art at the great London exhibition. Pictures and pictures of endless variety and beauty are here displayed. There is one especially that fascinates the eyes of all the thousands of curious visitors. It is hanging in a perfect light, in a heavy gold frame. Offers to purchase it have been innumerable, but a little tag on the corner announces to the would-be purchaser that it is already sold. The scene is a beautiful Italian garden. Seated in a swaying chair, on the pretty terrace, is a lady whose face people rave over, as being the image of Dolores, Sir Barry Traleigh's beautiful wife. The lady is engaged in writing a letter. The trees almost immediately opposite the terrace, conceals the indistinct form of a man watching. By the lady's side, lying with his dark curly head resting on the train of the lady's white lace dress, is a little boy, in a white embroidered frock, sleeping. The Prince of Wales, who opened the exhibition, was so struck by the merits of the picture, that he desired an introduction to the fair young painter. And Zoe was duly presented to our future king, who shook the girl's hand warmly, and wished her all good success in the future. Surely Zoe's "Some Day" had come with a wealth of splendor and glory. It had been at Sir Barry's direction, that his sister-in-law painted it, and he had bought it at a princely price to hang in the exquisitely furnished drawing-room at Castle Racquette. As Zoe expresses it, "Everyone and his brother are here." Sir Barry and Lady Traleigh have run down from Castle Racquette to London, to be the proud witness of Zoe's triumph. Dolores is charmed with her beautiful Scottish home, and is loved by everyone, as she deserved so well to be.

Jantie. Lady Streathmere, is the pride and delight of the husband's life. She rules her elegant home with a firm, but gentle hand, and though Burpee, Lord Streathmere, is not her heart's first love, still she honors and respects him thoroughly. The dowager Lady Streathmere is very fond of Jantie; she was very agreeably disappointed in the girl, and now she speaks to her friends in loud terms of "my daughter Jantie's excellence." While they were in Paris, they met Mrs. St. James. She was very gracious to Jantie, and made much of Lord Streathmere's pretty, demure wife. But her overtures were not at all successful. Lord Streathmere never liked her,