

"Your remarks are in rather bad taste,"—he rejoined, coldly, helping himself to another glass of wine.

She rose from her chair, and came round the table to where he sat, laying a heavily jewelled hand on his shoulder.

"Well, you've got *me*!" she said—"And all I'm worth! And you 'love' me, don't you?"

She laughed a little.

He looked full at her,—at her worn, hard, artificially got-up face, her fashionable frock, and her cold, expressionless eyes.

"Oh yes!" he answered, drily—"I 'love' you! You know I do. We understand each other!"

"I guess we do!" she thought to herself as she left him—"And when I'm tired of being called 'My lady' or 'Your Grace' I'll divorce him! And I'll take care he isn't a penny the richer! There's always that game to play, and you bet the Smart Set know how to play it!"

But of the ways, doings or sayings of the Smart Set the village of St. Rest knows little and cares less. It dozes peacefully with the sun in its eyes, year in and year out, under the shadow of the eastern hills, with its beloved 'Passon' and now its equally beloved 'Passon's wife,' as king and queen of its tiny governmental concerns, drawing health and peace, contentment and tranquillity from the influences of nature, unspoilt by contact with the busier and wearier world. 'Passon Walden's' wedding-day was the chief great historic event of its conscious life. For on that never-to-be-forgotten and glorious occasion, the tenantry of Abbot's Manor, together with all the villagers and the school-children were entertained at an open-air festival and dance, which lasted all the afternoon and evening, on the broad smooth greensward encircling the famous 'Five Sister' beeches where bride and bridegroom had looked upon each other for the first time. What a high tide of simple revelry it was to be sure! Never had the delicate tremulous green foliage of the rescued trees waved over a happier scene. 'Many a kiss both odd and even' was exchanged among lads and lasses at that blithe