

Awed and trembling, Jeanne closed the door without a sound upon that holy place of love and sorrow. She dared not enter, nor make her presence known. It was, to her, as though the soul of Louis were keeping guard over his wife's secret anguish ; as though she, too, had " watched an angel pray."

Jeanne and Denis were married in London, later in the summer, and they kept the date, place, and hour of their wedding a secret from all save their nearest relatives, that it might be as quiet and private as possible.

Yet when the time for the ceremony arrived, there sat Cecilia, in a front pew, with her eyes starting out of her head.

During the honeymoon, Jeanne had the happiness of beholding at last the home of her ancestors, though she was disappointed to find it no fine palace, but a plain three-storied, green-shuttered mansion, with slated roof, and a tall poplar set at each corner, standing among coppices, streams, and pollards, in the flat, uninteresting country of the Boulonnais.

She has, however, the consolation of living in as romantic and turreted a castle as Ireland can boast ; in a country not less wildly picturesque, nor less well-timbered and well-watered than her native Wales.

The Marney Collection is displayed to advantage in wide and lofty galleries, where space and light abound, and where the owners need fear no deterioration from London smoke or fog.

The Marney thousands have restored Cuilmore, and brought peace and plenty to many humble homes. The old servants have been pensioned off and dispersed ; only Dunham and Mrs. Pyke live with Jeanne, in a corner of the great castle, with a maid to wait upon them in their old age ; in the evening they play double-dummy together, and think, doubtless, of their old mistress, and wear out such portions of her wardrobe as Dunham does not still feel it her duty to hoard in cupboards, with little bags of camphor among the folds.

The Romney portrait looks down upon poor Miss Caroline's