

has to turn aside from his own noble and exquisite ideals to suit the market and to earn money. I won't any further shackle his arm. I won't any further cramp his hand—his hand that should be free as the air to pursue unhampered his own grand and beautiful calling. I will never marry him unless I can bring him at least enough to support myself upon.—And just the other day, you remember, Warren—that day at San Remo when I admitted at last what I had known so long without ever admitting it, that I loved you better than life itself—I said to you still: 'I am yours, at heart. But I can't be yours really for a long time yet. No matter why. I shall be yours still in myself, for all that.'—Well, I'll tell you now why I said those words.—Even then, darling, I felt I could never marry you penniless."

She paused, and looked up at him with an earnest look in her true gray eyes, those exquisite eyes of hers that no lover could see without an intense thrill through his inmost being. Warren thrilled in response, and wondered what could next be coming. "And you're going to tell me, Elsie," he said, with a sigh, "that you can't marry me unless you feel free to accept Whitestrand?"

Elsie laid her head with womanly confidence on his strong shoulder. "I'm going to tell you, darling," she answered, with a sudden outburst of unchecked emotion, "that I'll marry you now, Whitestrand or no Whitestrand. I'll do as you wish in this and in everything. I love you so dearly to-day, Warren, that I can even burden you with myself, if you wish it: I can throw myself upon you without reserve: I can take back all I ever thought or said, and be happy anywhere, if only you'll have me, and make me your wife, and love me always as I myself love you. I want nothing that ever was his; I only want to be yours, Warren."

Nevertheless, Mr. Alfred Heberden did within one week of that date duly proceed in proper form to prove the claim of Elsie Challoner, of 128, Betchingley Road, in the parish of Kensington, spinster, of no occupation, to the intestate estate of Hugh Massinger, Esquire, deceased, of Whitestrand Hall, in the county of Suffolk.

The fact is, an estate, however acquired, must needs belong to somebody somewhere; and since either Elsie must take it herself, or let some other person with a worse claim endeavour to obtain it, Warren and she decided, upon further consideration, that it would be better for her to dispense the revenues of Whitestrand for the public good, than to let them fall by default into the greedy clutches of the enterprising pawnbroker in the Borough Road, or be swallowed up for his own advantage by