

servants," she said, with such a comical air of distress that he had to laugh again.

"You need not have more servants than you like, and if you can't manage them, why, we must pay someone to manage them for us," he said gaily. Then his voice grew graver as he asked: "When are you going to tell me that I am forgiven, Katherine?"

Something in the look on his face reminded her of the day when she had risked her life to save him from the flood, and the memory broke down the rampart of offended pride which had sprung up in her heart when Mr. Clay made his astounding revelation.

"I don't suppose it really matters what our position is as long as we love each other," she said unsteadily. "And so—and so you are forgiven; but don't do it again."

"My dear, there are no more titles in our family that I know of," he answered, as he lifted her veil to kiss her; "so there is not the remotest chance that you will ever have higher rank than a countess's."

"I don't want to have higher rank than a countess's," she answered soberly. "But I mean, don't keep things back in future, Jervis, or I shall always be in fear. I want to know the bad as well as the good!"

"Do you call it bad to find yourself a countess?" he asked, with an air of mock horror.

"I find it difficult to get used to the idea," she said, with a rather watery smile; for the greatness thrust upon her was by no means to her mind.

Later on, when she came out with her husband to drink a cup of coffee with the group under the trees, although she was the same Katherine, quick to smile, and with a pleasant word for everyone, there was