

mere's mother was not present at the marriage; she was in the south of France, and she dared not risk her health in our clear, cold Canadian winter. The happy couple went away immediately on an extended European tour.

"I am off to-morrow, my dear, for far off Scottish home; will you not say farewell, Miss Litchfield?"

The sun is streaming in, in all its full, glorious tints through the stained glass windows of the pretty sitting room, and falls and lingers lovingly on Dolores' head, bent over the table writing. She starts as Sir Barry speaks.

"To-morrow!" she repeats, gazing at him as if his words were some foreign tongue, to her meaningless. She loves this man standing there, but her proud heart is too lofty to let such a feeling be fancied, let alone proved. And so she hides her feelings behind an icy exterior. And Sir Barry has given Dolores, his own Dolores—as he calls her passionately to himself—up almost in despair.

"Yes, it is a long time now since I have seen the dear old place, and I dare say they are requiring my presence there. I have done all I can do here, there is no need for my remaining longer, there will be no one to be sorry I am gone. Good bye, Miss Litchfield, I am sorry I have always seemed to displease you, very sorry, but when I am gone, then perhaps you may sometimes think of me kindly in my far off lonely home."

Sir Barry's voice breaks in a highly suspicious way. He is holding his hand out to Dolores; but Dolores' eyes are full of tears, she cannot see the outstretched hand. What makes her sit there, feeling so silly? What will Sir Barry think of her? She tries to throw off the strange feeling that is stealing over her senses, but Sir Barry's words were so pathetic they struck direct to Dolores' rebellious, loving heart. She drops her head on the table and weeps.

"Dolores, my darling, do you care so much that I am going?" He steps over to her side. "Is it go or stay, Dolores?" Sir Barry asks, with a peculiar catch in his clear, firm tone.

"Stay," comes the reply from the bowed head on the table, and Sir Barry stays.