

his mind moved here and there following her words, picturing her, white and flower-like against a dark oak paneling, or old brocade, or hanging of faded tapestry.

Yes, it was a beautiful house. He had that to offer her, and money too. There were women who would take him because of what he had to give. And there was something else. What was it? Oh, a title. Not much of a title. He could n't believe she would be influenced by a trifle like that. She was too perfect, too wonderful. A great many men with nobler titles and more money must have asked her to marry them, or they would ask her in future; for she was still very young. So far she had never fallen in love. She had told him so.

"Not seriously in love," she had said, half laughing, and half in earnest. "There was only my cousin. I adored him when I was child. But I have n't seen him since I was sixteen. And now I'm twenty-one. He was most awfully good looking, and I thought he was a knight and a hero. Perhaps if