

for the purpose. And the great Cornish baronet was his son-in-law at last.

There was a breakfast at the cottage, and Mrs. Otis cried a great deal. If Henry Otis felt, in his heart of hearts, like keeping her company, no one there discovered it. He bore it with philosophy, but then he had vowed to get the better of his ill-starred passion, and he was a man, whether to himself or others, to keep his word.

Immediately after the ceremony, the "happy pair," (words of bitter satire often—words true in the highest sense here,) started for a prolonged Continental tour. Lord Ruysland went back to Germany. Lady Cecil returned to Scarswood, to my lady's dreary wailings, to Sir Peter's prosy companionship, to the weary toil of training the obstreperous twins in the rudiments of English, French, music, and drawing. Toil, dreary beyond all telling, but bravely, thoroughly, and cheerfully done. If Redmond O'Donnell's bronzed, somber face, and stern blue eyes came back to her from over the sea a hundred times a day, his name never once passed her lips.

She sits, this April afternoon, under the hoary oak, her hands playing listlessly with her pencils, the tender green of earth, the tender blue of sky, the sunlit loveliness of both unseen. She sits thinking—she is far away in the past—so far that she wakes at last with a start. Thinking is profitless work, and presently, with a long, tired sigh, she takes up her pencils and Bristol board and begins to work. But thought follows her even here—the landscape she would sketch grows blurred before her eyes, and it is a face she draws—a face, every expression, every outline of which is graven on her heart.

She hears a footstep approaching up the avenue, but no one in whom she is the least interested ever comes to Scarswood, so she does not look up. She goes on with her work, so absorbed that she forgets all about the intruder. He sees her afar off, and pauses a moment to look at her. The afternoon sunshine gilds the sweet, fair, drooping face, and kindles into a halo the bronze hair. Slowly he draws nearer, stepping on the grass that he may not disturb her. He comes close—so close that he can look over her shoulder and see what it is that holds her so absorbed. Then he speaks, close beside her, and very coolly:

"If you intend that for a fancy face, Lady Cecil, I have nothing to say. If for a portrait, then I must tell you it is most egregiously flattered."

She starts up with a cry; for it is a likeness of Redmond