

"Wish it to be at once then, my boy, and make your father and mother happy," said Sir Richard, with a resounding slap on his son's shoulder, followed by a hearty shake of the hand, and then, turning to his wife, he said, "and he will make us happy, won't he, my lady?" Lady Fordyce answered, "Yes, indeed; for if he is happy himself, our happiness will equal his." Then she kissed and blessed her son and went quietly away to cry softly to herself at the thought that she was no longer first in her boy's heart.

In compliance with his parents' wishes and meeting no objection from his beloved—who was alone in the world, with the exception of an aunt with whom she lived—Harold hurried matters on, made himself and his people happy, and was off on his honeymoon trip before the fashionable world of London had the least suspicion of his intentions. It was all easily done, as Miss O'Hara and her aunt lived in Dublin. When the news did reach London it created a sensation, and many and varied were the comments it raised, and much disappointment was caused by it to the worldly, matchmaking mammas and marriageable daughters of Vanity fair.

In a certain house in May Fair, five o'clock tea and the quiet marriage of Harold Fordyce, the heir of Monkswold, were being discussed. Mrs. Lattimer, the hostess, took no part in the discussion but listened, laughingly, to it all.

"Who is she?" inquired one.

"Never heard of her before," was the reply.

"Got any people?" asked another.

"Must be somebody surely, or Fordyce would never have married her."

"I am not so sure of that," remarked a stout old dowager, "that gentleman had such an opinion of himself that he considered the world as nothing and thought he could shock it as he pleased."