

never see it, if you could help it. But I think I should see it for all that. She who was once Helen Herncastle, can never be Lady Tregenna."

He turned away from her—such keen disappointment, such bitter pain, written in his face, that her heart relented. She liked him so much—so much that she began to wonder if the liking were not loving. It was hardly possible such noble, disinterested, enduring love as his should not beget love.

"Oh, forgive me," she penitently cried, "if I have wounded you! Indeed I did not mean it! I *do* like you; but it is for your good, your happiness, I speak. Cannot you see that?"

"I can see nothing but that without you my life will all go wrong—will be utterly miserable. Katherine, I love you! What more can I say? Love me in return, and be my wife!"

He held out his arms. For a moment she stood irresolute—longing, yet dreading to go, for his sake.

"Come to me!" he pleaded—"my bride! my wife! Forget the past has ever been—it shall never come between us! Come, and make the happiness of my life!"

And then, as he enfolded her, and her head fell on his shoulder, Katherine knew that peace had found her out at last.

She told him all her story—every detail of her life, painting what was dark in its darkest colors. He should never marry her—not knowing the worst. Among the rest of that strange fancy for Redmond O'Donnell.

"I don't pretend to understand it," she said. "It may have been part of the fatality that has been at work from the first to care for the two men, of all men, who could never care for me—Gaston Dantree and Redmond O'Donnell. The first was but a foolish girl's foolish admiration for a handsome face; the last—ah! well, it *might* have ripened into love, but it is gone now—gone forever. I would never give you or any man on earth my hand, if my heart might not go with it. You do me great honor, Sir Arthur Tregenna, in asking me to be your wife; and as you trust me, so you will find me—your loving and faithful wife to the end."

Three weeks later, in the lovely April weather, Sir Arthur Tregenna, Bart., and Miss Katherine Dangcrfield, were quietly married in London. Married from Henry Otis' cottage, in a quiet church in the neighborhood. There was but one bridesmaid—Lady Cecil Clive. And in her white robes, her gossamer veil, her bridal blossoms, the sweet, tender, tremulous happiness of her face, Katherine was lovely. Lord Ruysland gave away the bride. He had come express from Baden-Baden