

and Heather had a special fancy for the large square hall, which was fitted up as a living room, and for the quaint, long drawing-room, with its nooks and corners and cabinets of old china.

The garden was charming, and there was a delightful orchard, where Heather and Sydney had swung as children, between two old mossy, apple trees. A farm, now managed by a bailiff, surrounded Chesterton, and the old-fashioned farmhouse and dairy opened into the orchard. As Heather walked across, with the dogs at her heels, and Rory pattering on his short legs beside her, she pointed out the swing to Carus, and the initials that Sydney had cut in the rough bark of a pear tree. There they were—S.M. and H.B.—notched on a dozen tree trunks. 'It was his favourite amusement,' whispered Heather, and then she stooped down to caress Rory, who was regarding his new mistress with rapt adoration.

'It is a dear old place, Carus.'

'It is indeed; and I think we could be very happy here, little one; but we are bound to live at the Stone House.'

'I know that; it is a lovely house,—far better than this—and I would not leave it for worlds; but, Carus, what are we to do with Chesterton?'

'Oh, that is the question?'

'Yes; and I have such a grand idea—it came to me last night when I could not sleep. I just lay in the moonlight and thought and thought until my head ached.'

'That is why you had such pale cheeks this morning, sweetheart.'

'Oh, but they were such nice thoughts, Carus. You know Chesterton belongs absolutely to me—I can