

do to allow yonder well-tilled acres, that sumptuous dwelling, all those flocks of sheep, and herds of sleek cattle to pass into the hands of any other girl. Imagine pulling down the boundary line and joining the two farms into one! Imagine how your "guv'nor"—as this well-bred Mr. Ham styles him—would open his eyes if any other person should nave the temerity to ask for Miss Aster.'

'Then would you be really glad to see these two farms joined in one? To see me marry Mr. Ham?' Her tremulous eyes questioned his face eagerly. When she began her queries there was in them a flash of mocking mirth; but that had disappeared, and there was now only to be observed a grave, questioning expression there.

My reader is probably desirous of hearing something about Aster's face, notwithstanding the assumption that it was beautiful. As a rule we expect to find chestnut eyes with ruddy-golden hair; but this was not the fact in Aster's case. Her eyes were the colour which men like Théophile Gauthier attribute to Venus: they were not blue, neither were they brown; but they presented in the most fascinating *ensemble* a grey which at night was a fathomless dusk, and by day that green which you perceive where the sea is a hundred fathoms deep. With the light upon her eye there was a glint of emerald, that witching glare which made Becky Sharpe irresistible. Now imagine an eyebrow, dark as the raven's quill, over-arching such an eye, and contrasting itself with the burning gold of the hair, and a skin of Parian white and purity. Then contemplate a softness beside which the velvet upon the petal of a pansy would seem rigid; and this eye large and timorous, and fringed with long, dark lashes!

I do not like the work of cataloguing 'divine wares,' especially when my most elaborate estimate must present a picture crude and mathematical compared with the ideal.

This girl's nose was Roman in type; and was precisely like that which the engraver gives to Annette Marton.