

"After which he proceeded to review his own character and prospects in a depreciatory way, that led me gravely to doubt the accuracy of his judgment in that respect; and he finished up at last by laying those very objects he had just been depreciating, his hand and heart, at the foot of the throne, metaphorically speaking, for the sweetest girl in all England to do as she liked—accept or reject them."

"And the sweetest girl in all England?"—Elsie asked, smiling.

"Unconditionally accepted with the most pleasing promptitude.—You see, my dear, it'll be such a splendid thing for Warren, when he sets up house, to have an influential art critic bound over, as it were, not to speak evil against him, by being converted beforehand into his own brother-in-law.—Besides which, you know, I happen, Elsie, to be ever so much in love with him."

"That's a good thing, Edie."

"My child, I considered it such an extremely good thing that I ran upstairs at once and had a regular jolly old-fashioned cry over it.—Elsie, Arthur's a dear good fellow.—And you and I can be married together. We've always been sisters, ever since we've known each other. And now we'll be sisters even more than ever."

THE END.