

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONCLUSION.

ON a September evening of the following year the sun's declining rays are resting lingeringly upon an old-fashioned house in Somerset, and gilding its windows till they look as if they were ablaze in honour of some festival.

Standing on the turf that skirts the south side of the house are two people: one a dark graceful man, the other a lovely woman with burnished hair and deep gray eyes. The vine leaves that grow about the windows and creep over the posts of the doorway are gently swaying in the breeze, and softly whispering to each other as if loathe to disturb the tranquillity but forced to express their admiration—as one stirred by exquisite music would fain burst into applause though reluctant to drown the faintest echo of its sound.

As far as the eye can reach stretches the park of Bishop's House, which is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Anstruther, most unexpectedly made so by the death of the former's uncle. In the distance some deer are cropping the grass beneath the