

"Do you really love me so much?" she whispered.

"You know it," he said.

The Beauchamps have been married a year. They have a flat in London, but they visited the Costins, in New York, for three months last winter. Charles writes more than he used to, and better. He is as happy as Victoria—and she is the happiest and the most attractive young woman in the world. Kent Savage says so.

Poor old Kent! He is busy now trying—with small prospect of success—to persuade Costin to issue a weekly magazine to be devoted exclusively to the publication of his verses.

Rum Island continues to lie off the coast of St. Mark's, ringed by its calm lagoon and its hedge of coral reef and flashing surf. No sugar is made there now. The boiling-house is idle, the little windmill has nothing to grind. The jungle creeps down the eastern slope upon the acres of old Colonel Mansard's clearing.

Paul Alexander, his grandmother, and Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis Washington occupy the plantation-house in peace and plenty. Paul has a gold watch. He no longer sits and sulks with his head between his hands.

On the western coast, in the shade of white-woods and manchineels, six little ingots of