

seemingly at Nyle, whose color came and went in painful intensity.

"You ask me to go to Audrey?" she said slowly, doubtfully.

"Has he been ill long?" Cecil thought to ask, as she went forward. "I had not heard a word, Miss De Vere!"

"He has not been ill!" the girl gasped. "He was brought home—accident." And then she fainted away.

Nyle reeled also. Miss De Vere! she grasped her sinking self with a superhuman effort of will-power and rallied. "Cecil!" she uttered, in low, strained tones. "Who is this girl?"

Cecil glanced at her in surprise, while all the time she worked over the unconscious form. "This is Audrey's sister," she said. "Did you not know? Are you going to him? Do you know where they live?"

"Yes, I know!" Nyle said, and she rang the bell for a servant to bring restoratives. She stayed to help lift her to a more comfortable position and then she went to Audrey. It was only a few moment's drive in a cab drawn by swift horses, but it seemed long, long to the girl whose love was not to be restrained longer from lawful enjoyment of communion with its object. How full of tangles had their acquaintanceship been. The last one was unravelled now, however, she hoped, and she was to possess the happiness she had thought was denied her.

"My darling!" she whispered, her eyes exquisitely tender in the dewy emotions of their expression, and her sweet lips quivering as she bent over the bed where lay the man of all men, to her, the dearest. "Audrey, my love!" she said softly again, and his eyes unclosed, those magnetic eyes whose look could so unnerve her. There was nothing more said. No explanations, no surprised questions. They read in silence the story in each other's eyes, and the future was written for them. Audrey was not, indeed, able to speak, but it was unnecessary.

Audrey did not die, of course. He recovered very rapidly, the accident he had met with being less serious than supposed. He recovered and took his place in the world again, and his engagement ring shone on Nyle's finger. The story of his estrangement from all of his family, but Grace, in their false pride over his taking the humble situation of book-keeper, rather than "keep up appearances" at the expense of their creditors, was briefly told, and Nyle wondered no longer about the circumstances of her mistake. Grace had become independent, too, and sought to keep near her brother, without burdening him with her support. When they met by accident and took up house together, they had tried to cultivate the society of their parents and brothers and sisters, but the family living in High Square and the family in Lowe Street were divided by a deep chasm.

"Never mind!" Nyle said, as soon as she had been told of this, "When Audrey and I are married, we will show them."

But Grace, her sister-in-law to be, raised wet eyes and whispered, "No, no! We must never wound them!"

"They have wounded you!" Nyle returned. But even Audrey said, "No, we must just go our way quietly and not show any resentment. Besides, Nyle," he added very tenderly but very gravely, "When you and I are married, we shall not be in a position to raise our heads very high above anyone. I am only a book-keeper, you know."

Nyle flushed. She opened her lips to speak, but closed

them again. Audrey took her in his arms and kissed the pink cheeks. He looked deep into her eyes and said, "Will you marry me the day Cecil and Gay are married? On the 6th of October? Say yes, darling."

She said it. And when he was gone burst into tears and cried out, "Oh, must I lose it all? Must I give it all up? I did not know it was so dear to me."

What was our Flower Garden maid coming to? Was she regretting her decision to become a poor man's bride? Certainly, it looked like it, when she told Cecil a few days after that she did not want to be married on the 6th of October and go into a cottage. Those were her very words! "I don't want to, Cecil!" she repeated, piteously.

"Well, why don't you tell him!" was all the comfort she got. It was no wonder if her cousin thought her a most fickle, unstable little goose.

"I believe I will!" Nyle decided. And Cecil said:

"Of course, tell him. You mustn't let such a little thing as telling him how you view the situation bother you."

"He will hate me! He said he could never love a downright butterfly."

"Well!" Cecil laughed. "He speaks riddles. He is willing to tolerate you, and I am sure you're a most frivolous specimen."

"How shall I ever make a cake? Or bread! Dear me, Cecil, I *must* tell him."

And she set about it the next time she saw him. Not, perhaps, in just the way you might think was in good taste, but in a way very much to the point if you really understood what she was talking about. She took a kiss from him with no decided unwillingness, and stole an arm around his neck. Strange way to act if she was going to break her engagement.

"Audrey, love!" she said, "I don't want to give up my money. Let me tell you how I can keep it. Let me tell you about how I came to get it in the first place."

"Do you think I do not know?" he interrupted her. "I do. But you must give it all up before you come to me. I have seen what effect money has on you—Nyle; you were a much better girl when you were in Mayville. I wish you to go back to that pure, Christian life. Say you will be my penniless bride."

She laid her head on his breast and was so still his face gloomed.

"Is it possible you hesitate?" he asked, disappointedly.

"Yes," she whispered, "I hesitate. Because you do not know the story aright. We may marry and keep the money I now control without—"

"You cannot come to me a wealthy bride and make me happy, darling. I am so thoroughly sick of the miseries of wealth, the shams of society—all the thousand and one phases of life in a brown stone front, that I long for a little cottage where we could hide ourselves from the glare and the rush of the world. Dearest, I would not marry you if I thought you would still cling to society. I want my pure, sweet girl of the Mayville life, not the begemmed queen of Flutterby Terrace."

"But think what good we could do with money. Together, we could do so much for the furtherance of Anti-Poverty society schemes."

Audrey looked down into the depths of his beloved's eyes.

"I have seen you in two conditions of life, Nyle!" he said, slowly. "I have noted your character under the shadow of