

She spent the week with the Butlers, who were now too well used to her eccentricity to attempt any protest against this new phase of it. They had all reconciled themselves to her refusal of Lord Rainford; even Marian Ray had accepted the inevitable, and she and Helen had a long quiet talk about the matter, in which they fully made up what had almost been a quarrel between them about it, and Marian told her the latest news of him, and how splendidly he had behaved about her, justifying and applauding her with a manly self-abnegation which permitted no question of her conduct throughout.

"Yes, he is very generous," said Helen, with a sigh; and something happened that day which made her feel that the word was hardly adequate. She had gone with Marian, who wished to give some instructions about a picture she was having framed, to the shop where Helen had her memorable meeting with Lord Rainford; and when the business was finished, the proprietor said, with a certain hesitation: "Miss Harkness, you remember being in our place about a year ago with an English gentleman who was looking at some imitation Limoges in the window?"

Helen looked an amazed, and perhaps alarmed, assent.

"He came back and bought them after you went away, and said he would send his address; but we've never heard of him from that day to this, and we don't want his jars *and* his money. I thought perhaps you could tell me who he was."

"Yes," said Helen, "it was Lord Rainford. But he's in England now."

"Oh!" said the proprietor. And as she said nothing more, he presently bowed himself apologetically away.

"Why didn't you let *me* give his address?" asked Marian, who had been checked in a wish to do so by a glance from Helen.

"I don't believe he ever intended to take them away; he thought they were hideous," Helen answered. She