

And then he crossed the street, and she saw him, and now she was no longer pale, but rosy red as he held her hand.

"I thought you were gone away," she said.

"But I have come back. Will you come into the square? I have something to tell you."

The square is very quiet at that hour of the morning. The children have gone home to dinner, their elders have not yet come out to play tennis, and sitting there under the great plane trees, somehow Lawrence Waldron managed to tell Olive the whole wonderful story.

Beginning with how he loved her, how he had loved her all along; how he had gone away because he thought Arthur cared for her.

"And you? Oh, Olive, my darling! what answer have you for me?"

He held out his hand, and Olive put hers into it, and that and the look in her blue eyes was answer enough for Lawrence Waldron.

For a few minutes, sitting there hand-in-hand, talking of this wonderful love of theirs, Lawrence forgot everything else. When he remembered and told the rest of his story, it was some time before Olive could grasp it, though, after all, it was simple enough.

She had known, of course, that her grandmother was Olive Dimocke; she was called after her. They had a bundle of letters of hers; one from her father, old Geoffroy Dimocke, telling her she had chosen her lot, and she was no longer a daughter of his, dated from the Court.

"You never said where you lived, or spoke of the Dimockes, or anything, and we—of course we have always been abroad. Oh, what will mother say?"

"And now it is all yours, my darling, and you are a wealthy little lady."

"All mine! But how could that be? How could I take it from you?"

"Well, then, you will have to take me with it. Yours and mine."

And so they went home and told Mrs. Deering, and looked over the letters, and considered the proofs which were all so plain.

And Mr. Warren came and was disgusted with the straightforwardness of everything.

"But, Lawrence, I hope you are not going to do anything madly quixotic."

And then Lawrence said something that made Mr. Warren clap his hands with delight and chuckle to himself for the rest of the day.

"Miss Deering and I have come to a compromise," was what he said.

"She is going to have the Court, but she is taking me with it."

They were married in October. Constance Churchill was bridesmaid; Arthur Faithful best man. These two had not met since Olive's engagement.

After the bride and bridegroom were gone, they stood together a few minutes in Arthur's studio. The guests had strayed up here to see Mr. Faithful's pictures and pretty things, and now they were gone down again, and Arthur and Constance were alone. Miss Churchill was looking splendidly handsome in a soft, yellowish gown and wide plumed hat. There was more color than usual in her cheeks, and her grave eyes were very soft and tender as she stood looking at Olive's portrait.

"She is very lovely," she said.

"Yes," Arthur answered absently.

"You—you cared for her," she said, turning round at him.

"Never; if you mean that I loved her. Constance, there is no use telling you what you know so well already. There is not much use thrusting yourself upon a woman who shows so plainly what a contempt she has for you; but if you care anything at all about my future, I should like you to know that I really am going to work. You have roused me to some purpose. I am going away for a year or two."

"Why are you going away?"

Constance did not look at him as she spoke.

"Why, to see if I can forget; because I am not a stick, or a stone, to stay here, and be treated as you treat me. I do not complain. What right have I to complain of anything you do. I know it is almost an impertinence for me to love you; but a man can't help those things, and I think, Constance, if you had cared a little, you might have done anything you liked with me."

Constance looked at him. Who could have called her proud and cold now, with her flushed cheeks and dewy eyes?

"Will you let me try now, Arthur?" she says. "Is it too late?"

Over the mantelpiece in Mrs. Waldron's boudoir hangs Arthur Faithful's portrait of that lady, which he has given her as a wedding present. Husband and wife often stand in front of it, and talk over old times; and Lawrence tells his wife how he lost his heart to her blue eyes and winsome ways the first day he saw her at Mrs. Mansell's; and she tells him the old story he knows so well, how she had so longed to go to that party, and had no truck to go in—no money to buy one; and how she had made up a bundle of things and taken them down to old Marks.

"My poor little wife!"

"And only think, Lawrence, we might never have seen each other—you and I—if it had not been for my going to that party, and for dear grandmother's old yellow brocade."

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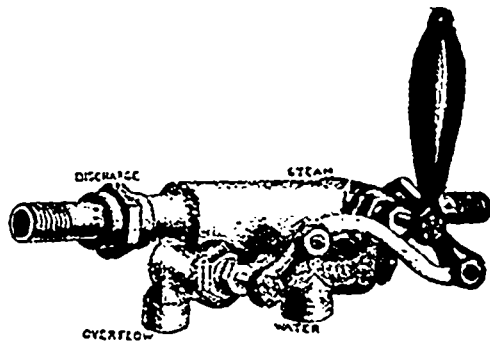
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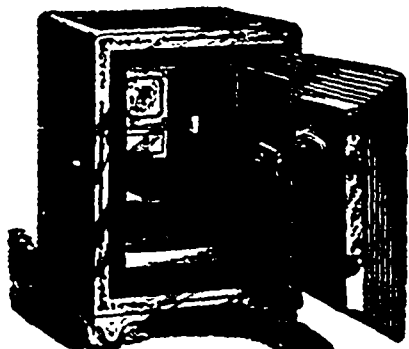
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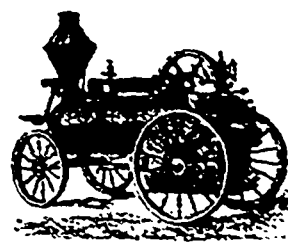
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